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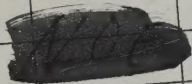
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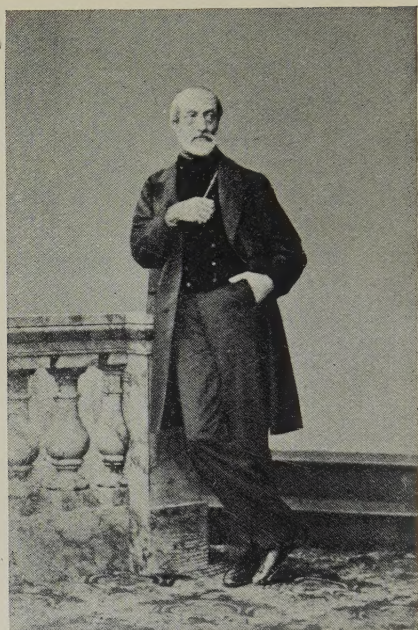
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MAZZINI'S LETTERS



JOSEPH MAZZINI

MAZZINI'S LETTERS

TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY 1855-1860 EDITED
AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. F.
RICHARDS ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS
AND MAP. IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II

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Mazzini, Giuseppe,
1805-1872.

Mazzini's letters to an
English family,
1920-22.

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FOREWORD

THE self-revelation of Mazzini in these letters is, if possible, greater than in those received by the Ashursts during the ten previous years. In this second volume, though there are fewer passages that give us direct insight into his religious faith, the extraordinary altitude of character reached, the singular width of outlook, the power of seeing from the point of view of others which invariably tempered his judgments—these things distinguish the portion of his involuntary autobiography comprised in the years 1855 to 1860.

It is interesting to examine into what made this man what he was, for his was not the artistic temperament actuated by outside matters rather than by hidden aspects of the inner man. It was that higher type that lives from within ; that puts its own impress upon its surroundings instead of taking any impress from them. In Mazzini we encounter one of those rare minds whose thought goes to form the mould that must slowly but inevitably shape the thoughts of men for many a generation. It is well, therefore, so far as we may, to ascertain the sources of his power, for it is the penalty of such pioneers of the road Humanity is treading, to be allowed no privacy, no secret of the method of their own advance, which study of the various aspects of their life can unveil.

Writing to Matilda Biggs in December, 1856, he tells her about a gift he is sending for her and her daughters—*Terre et Ciel*, by Reynaud ; and of the author he says : “Reynaud is one of ours, one of that small church of wanderers through the world who are not Christians because they are deeply religious and believing that a new religious manifestation is approaching and will save mankind through faith and unity, from selfish anarchy and selfish despair. He is remarkably pure and virtuous in his private life : remarkably conscientious in all that he writes. Besides that,

he is a deep thinker, and one of the most learned men in France : learned in the scientific branch, in Eastern studies, in everything, almost. As we are only the *Precursori* of the new Faith, we do not assume *now* to have a complete unity of doctrine ; you must not, therefore, take his book as an *exposé* of our Faith . . . but all he says is belonging to one Tendency, and in the fundamental doctrine of pre-existence we all agree. . . .”

Mazzini not only foresaw the way ahead, but forefelt the change that must inevitably come over the received conception of the human being. Upon a fancy-bordered card—perhaps to mark a birthday—he wrote some words in June, 1858, which show his view of the woman-question then beginning to agitate the more thoughtful minds :

“Above man and woman there exists something which is common to them both ; the one trunk upon which are grafted the two varieties of human nature. Philosophically speaking, there exists neither man nor woman ; there exists only that human nature which it is the mission of woman and of man to evolve.”

To him, man and woman—Intellect and Intuition—represented the two wings without both of which Humanity can never rise to its destiny. Though their functions are different, and because they are different, their work must be equal, neither being fully capable of performing its function without the other. For as in material things mankind first conquered the earth, next the ocean, and then, even as early as the fifties, had begun to conquer the air, so in Mazzini’s creed, the physical and mental faculties, which have been regarded as more especially man’s, having become efficient, subservient instruments, must be supplemented by the full power of the moral faculties, where woman having been the guardian, must now step forth as lantern-bearer and combatant to make those faculties in dual human nature also competent and subservient agencies of the divine spirit within Humanity.

Mazzini saw Humanity *in solidum*. But he held that each individual unit is necessarily of benefit or otherwise to the life of the rest, “both here and elsewhere” ; for to him the sense of unity with those who had passed out of incarnate existence was complete. “We believe,” he wrote in his grand *Letter to the Œcumenical Council*, “in *one heaven*, in which we live and move and love ; which embraces—as an ocean embraces the

islands that stud its surface—the whole indefinite series of existences through which we pass. We believe in the *continuity* of life; in a connecting link uniting all the periods through which it is transformed and developed; in the eternity of all noble affections . . . in the influence of each of these life-periods upon the others; in the progressive sanctification of every germ of good gathered by the pilgrim soul in its journey upon earth and elsewhere.”

Even, therefore, as John Huss proclaimed “The Cup for all,” Mazzini proclaimed “Progress for all”; and he clearly perceived that the speed of the fleet is that of the slowest ship. The undeveloped portions of the Infant of God must be given their chance to develop, otherwise that Collective Being cannot advance to its destiny. To Emilie and to Jessie White, when they were rather violently reacting against some of his opponents, he once sent a “little maxim,” enjoining them to realize: “That there are in the actual world neither angels nor devils; that our task down here is not that of the last Christian Judgment, but that of saving, if possible, from the devil, those who have a leaning towards him, and of helping up more and more those who aspire towards the angel; that at all events we must make the best of the former for the good of the latter, and that we must look more to the aim to be reached for *all* than to keep ourselves proudly unblameable and independent individualities.”

Here we have the secret of his tolerance, of the temperance in his estimates which are so conspicuous in the following letters.

Writing to Emilie of calm, of which she had great need, he pointed out that calm can only come after the storm; and he regards it as relative, for he remarks that not calm, but serenity, is absolute. It is obvious that he himself had, through inner storms, arrived at that calm of spirit in which alone the inner vision can unfold; and this inner vision threw upon his hope and faith a light of certainty which made him write as one with knowledge of some aspects of life unheeded or unseen by the majority. Another passage in his *Letter to the Œcumenical Council* runs: “You believe in a Divine hierarchy of natures essentially distinct from our own and immutable. From the solemn presentment enfolded in the symbol of the Angel, you have deduced no better conception than that of a celestial aristocracy—the basis

of the conception of aristocracy on earth, and inaccessible to man. We recognize in the *angel* the soul of the just man who has lived in faith and died in hope; and in the inspiring or guardian angel, the soul of the creature most sacredly and constantly loving and beloved by us on earth, having earned the recompense of watching over and aiding us on earth. The ladder 'twixt earth and heaven of Jacob's dream symbolizes for us the ascending and descending series of *man's* transformations on the path of initiation in the Divine Ideal, and of the beneficent influences exercised over us by the beloved beings who have preceded us upon that path."

To Mrs. Peter Taylor he once wrote: "The Christian manifestation remains the most sacred revelation of the ever-onward-progressing spirit of mankind working its way towards an ideal which must sooner or later be realized. I love Jesus, as the man who has loved all mankind, servants and masters, rich and poor, Brahmins and Helots or Pariahs. The Day [Christmas Day], therefore, is a sacred one to me."

He knew that the future Religion—the development of the *spirit* of the Christian revelation—would give a deeper, truer understanding of love. "Love," he said, in an address at Milan in 1848, "is the flight of the soul towards God, towards the Great, the Sublime, the Beautiful, which are the shadow of God on earth. . . . But let your love be the love taught you by Dante: the love of souls that aspire together and do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature here to reach. . . . To love is to promise and to receive a promise for the future. God has given us love that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower which springs up on the path of duty, but which cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. . . . The time will come when, from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past and comprehending its secret, you will smile . . . at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome."

Here, then, we see the mainspring of his own conduct and the explanation of his power to "hate the sin but never the sinner"; and if in the following letters we are allowed to perceive the scars he carried, we see also that he possessed that achieved and unconquerable peace of spirit which was also Dante's.

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MAZZINI'S LETTERS

MAZZINI'S LETTERS TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY

1855

ONE of the first letters of Mazzini in 1855 is addressed to Emilie, who had gone to Genoa in search of health after the trial of nursing her mother and the final break-up of her own domestic life.

The political situation in Italy at this moment was even peculiarly thorny. In Piedmont, in addition to every other difficulty, the burning question of Church property was evoking strong language from the Pope against those who would interfere with it. Throughout the peninsula conditions remained such that no population could endure them without struggles; for the scanty advantages admitted to the people by law were everywhere easily set aside by the men in authority. Rottenness, military despotism and sheer tyranny still characterized the powers in Rome, Lombardy and Naples. In neither Government could these odious defects reach to a much lower depth.

During the whole of 1854, England and France had sought, by suggestion both of bribery and coercion, to win Piedmont to their side in the Crimean war, because to do so was the surest way of securing the much-needed aid of Austria. Austria held to the belief that the moment she sent her armies to the East, Piedmont would fall upon Lombardy and Venice. The Allies had therefore offered to guarantee her frontiers if she would give them active support, while at the same time they dangled before the Piedmontese Cabinet the idea that Austria would surrender her Italian lands if she were enabled to extend her borders to the East. While Piedmont wavered they also dropped her an unpleasant hint that Austria possibly might occupy the fortress of

Alexandria in the event of her non-compliance with their wishes. Dreading isolation, and still more dreading the enmity of the two great Powers, she gave way. The definite proposal of alliance made to Piedmont by the Allies in December, 1854, was therefore accepted in January and ratified by the Turin Chamber in February, practically without conditions. In this ratification Cavour's policy triumphed. He was carrying out the idea of D'Azeglio that French support would prove essential to Piedmont should she endeavour to win other Italian provinces to her crown. He also saw that the little mountain Kingdom would gain something in status by participating in the war, for nothing need be feared on the score of the efficiency or equipment of the troops that she could send; and by fighting she would earn the right to a seat at the Congress which was sure to meet for the settlement of the Peace Treaty.

Nothing could have been more opposed to Mazzini's principles than an alliance with Louis Napoleon, the man who had destroyed the nascent liberty of Rome; or than a virtual alliance with Austria, the arch-enemy of Italy. He was, with infinite patience, struggling to organize the Party of Action upon a practical basis, and to prepare it against any possible crisis. To reunify the elements scattered by the disaster of 1853, and by all the known and unknown treacheries following upon that blow, was indeed a task that few could have undertaken. He was even now scarcely aware of the extent to which undermining by perversion of his ideas had been carried, nor did he know how numerous were the clues to his actions acquired by the Government of Austria through extorted confessions; though the persistent and frequently successful hunting out of his adherents revealed that much, somehow, became known.

But, like an older apostle, though troubled on every side and perplexed, he was not in despair; though cast down he was not destroyed; and though persecuted he was never forsaken by the faithful few, among whom, and one great source of his strength, were the noble Ashurst sisters.

To Emilie, in Genoa. January 23rd, 1855.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had your very good note from Paris. . . . I write a few words in haste, being obliged to write other letters. What I

foresaw, happens : arrests amongst my own people at Milan. The numbers and the names leave me no doubt that it will be a decisive blow to the scheme. The gloomy mood in which I am you can fancy, so do not revolt at this hurried scrap. I am full of fond affection and wishes and hesitating hopes. . . . I want you to get strong, calm, earnestly looking at what remains after the wreck, valuing the deep affection that you have from me and from others ; then Art, Life, whilst some good may yet be achieved, and duty, and God. Your getting calm, resigned and trustful will give me calmness and strength : I too need it, in this troubled world of mine.

I told every detail of the journey to Caroline and your father, who, strange to say, asked me three times or four about you, and where you would be at such a time, and when you would be in such a place, invariably replying to my answers "poor Tem!"*

I am glad of Bem having come out of his obscurity ; I want to know the price of his ticket, and how the rest of the journey was managed concerning him.†

I send [this] through my friend, because I hope you have sent for him, and because I do not wish that letters *poste restante* should come multiplied to you. Tell me how you are after all the fatigue of the journey.

Ever your loving Joseph.

For the second time you allude to impending new sorrows which will need strength from me. If what you say arises merely from knowledge of tendencies, "character," general feeling, etc., never mind ; I know all. If from some *fact*, then I think that I ought to be told plainly. There is nothing that I cannot calmly front ; but I hate a sword of Damocles.

To Emilie, in Genoa. February 2nd, 1855.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have been and we all have been very much agitated about you : we expected a letter before, believing that you would stop one day at least in Turin and write from there.

It must be very cold in Genoa ; it is in Turin, I hear ; it is everywhere ; it is here intensely. The ground is, since one week, covered with snow ; constantly freezing by night ; and it is very difficult to walk. I feared it would be too cold for you on the

* Mr. Ashurst's mind had been failing since his wife's death, and Mazzini notices these signs of interest with pleasure, as Mr. Ashurst generally appeared indifferent to what passed around him.—E. A. V. [Emilie Ashurst Venturi.]

† Emilie's little Cuban dog. He had been shut up in a basket, but howled so piteously that the French officials allowed him to emerge.

Mont Cenis; . . . The journey must have been expensive above calculation. Of course your father will do what I told you he would; but his mind is so weak and so little to be relied upon, that the times of the *envoi* must be uncertain. So that you must, as agreed between us, rely on me [for money] and write freely and in good time, "let me have this or that." You must not find yourself in material embarrassments for one single day: "non ci mancherebbe altro." But do so like a true brave loved sister as you are, and do not let me have to calculate and foresee: I do exaggerate [to myself], and fear to not be in time, and it harrasses me.

A *chaudière* is a sort of warm box for the feet: am I to teach this sort of thing to a *lady*? What on earth must Bem think about the strange things he has gone through, Alps and all! I feared he would perish with cold on the Cenisio.

Dear, I am very grateful to Med[ici] for all that he feels about me; but it is and will be a source of deep grief to me that he should love me in such a mistaken way. My health, my calmness, my strength, are mainly depending on my country's condition. And at the actual moment, was not love of others keeping me up, I would sink under the *tedium vita*, under a despairing feeling which grows all-powerful and makes life a burden, under the bitter sense of the dishonour falling on our country and on ourselves—the men who have sworn in brotherhood and love and mutual enthusiastic sacred trust, to stand *ora e sempre* for Italy and to fight incessantly her battles against her oppressors. This sacred oath I still adhere to: Medici the friend of twenty years, the man whom amongst patriots I loved and esteemed the most, has forsaken it. All this grumbling about incidents, related [hearsay] accusations, unpleasant intermediates, is below us, and does not constitute the point. Medici knows perfectly well that the day in which he would have told me: "I want to act; I think the time has come; let us consult and devise with one another," there would have been no intermediates between us. Has the time come or has it not? If it has, let us think of the how to act and absorb every minute of our life to it: if it has not, let me know the why, and let us direct our efforts to undermine, to destroy it. This is our duty: all the rest is unworthy. It is unworthy and unmanly to sit, Ortis-like,* mourning and moaning on a nation who fought bravely and conquered in 1848; it is unworthy to utter Alfierian commonplaces of patriotism after 1849. It is bad to allow Garibaldi to call us, who taught him patriotism, "ingannati o inganitori" [deceived or deceivers]: it is bad to not stand up resolutely for our own creed, for our old friends, bad to not say

* Reference to "The last letters of Jacopo Ortis," published, in Italian, in London, 1811.

openly to the young people "you can act and ought to act": bad to not go, he, Cosenz, Pisacane, and ten others, to the wealthy and say "you can give and ought to give": bad to encircle me, his old friend and comrade, with solitude, and then complain that I try to act with inefficient means: bad to allow the ministerial and moderate press to heap every day insults and calumnies on me, and to say that even amongst the republicans I am deserted by the best, and to not stand up and declare: "we are all with him and his friends as far as his creed and his proclaiming the necessity of action go: we may differ on minor points, but we hope we shall one day or other agree even on those, and it must come to that where there is mutual esteem and affection." It is bad to have Austria engaged with all her forces elsewhere,* to have France and England unable to carry out the war and more unable to help her against us, to have the people of the towns everywhere ready to act, and to not start up and say, "we are the men who fought and won with you in 1848 and '49: here we are: up! to your duty!" This is my ground for grief; my ground for blame; my ground for saying with a feeling of unutterable anguish, that of a whole generation of friends who had sworn to one another, I stand alone and deserted in the midst of fallen souls. This is what preys on my mind, and would forbid me to smile even if I could, to-morrow, triumph for the country. God forgive them! I can only mourn, and protest to the last.

Arrests have been taking place in Lombardy, Tuscany and everywhere. Meanwhile, Italians from Piedmont will go and fight for the law of Mahomet by the side of an Austrian flag.

Dear, I am bothered with old Vai, who comes in through snow and ice, having his wife in bed since a fortnight, to implore that I would buy a *straw hat*!!—and with Doria, for a different purpose. I cannot go on and will not lose the post. . . .

I have been dining the before yesterday evening at the Nathans' with Camp[anella]. Mrs. N. enquired very affectionately about you. Poor Arethusa [Mrs. Milner-Gibson] has lost her father suddenly; she ran to the country; but could not reach in time to see him living: she writes to me very distressed.

Of the first part of your letter I cannot speak: it is sorrowful, very sorrowful to me to revert to the past; I would not care for the sorrow if it could be of any use to you; but it cannot. May God give you calmness and all the few blessings you still can have, as I give them from my inmost soul. Calm, trusting a

* Austria, trembling for her great trade route of the Danube, though she had not come actively into the war, had concentrated her troops upon the Serbian border after the invasion of the Principalities by Russia in June, 1853.

devoted, fond, brotherly affection, and working good through Art and in every other way within reach, you still can be, dear, a good angel to me.

Your

JOSEPH.

2nd February.

To Emilie, in Genoa. February 3rd, 1855.

February 3rd.

Here is the second half of a [bank-note], dear, with a blessing. The night has been dreadful here ; rain, wind, snow. It is cold still. Yesterday night I have seen your father, and played at cards as usual. He was more cheerful than all days before. When you see my man, devise with him about the sale of the autographic Album. They do not make enough of the resources I open to them. If the sale was duly organized, they ought to sell throughout Genoa and all the province, one thousand. Ever yours in haste. I wrote yesterday. Love from your

JOSEPH.

Mazzini had been bringing out a collection of the autographs of noted persons living and dead, which it was thought might prove of general interest. The plan, if successfully put through, would have brought a considerable sum to the slender exchequer of the Party of Action.

To Emilie, in Genoa. February 9th, 1855.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I avail myself of my own correspondent, because you have as yet no address, and I do not like the thought of your having to *go* to the *poste* during a weather which most probably is bad everywhere. Here, it is horrible. The snow is *en permanence* ; it is trying to thaw just enough to create an ocean of mud for me ; then a cold wind rises again : the ground gets slippery to excess, and snow falls.

We have no letters, no *Italia e Popolo* for three days ; what are you and Genoa about ? I have not been particularly flourishing these last days : I am well as usual now ; only my head slightly aching. I have seen William and Bessie. They seem to have settled on the Wimbledon house. I shall be sorry when your father goes. We scarcely speak ten words with one another : still I like to see him in his armchair playing at cards and looking smiling whenever he has got *vingt-et-un*, which happens extremely often. He seems not fit for a removal ; all habits must grow dear

to him in his actual state : besides I fear that he will feel more lonely than he does now.

I have been dining yesterday with the Massons at St. John's Wood : I like Masson very much. The Taylors were there. And Douglas Jerrold was to be, but a previous engagement prevented him. I had most reluctantly accepted, partly to please a wish of yours : I remember you wanted me to enlighten D. J. on Greek matters.

The account about Turner makes me sympathize very much with him : I had not the slightest idea of the *man* ; and all that Ruskin says of him gives me a wish of re-examining the Artist and of going through the series of his paintings in order of dates, but this is impossible ; and besides I cannot now study or contemplate : I can only dream of action, which will end by making me unfit for anything, if I do not succeed in having it. I fancied I was far more calm and resigned about realities and events in time and space than I am. The idea of the shame falling deservedly on my country and on our Party is something new and unbearable. An immense feeling of discouragement is falling on me, like night coming ; one fond hope has, for a while, disappeared with the Milan arrests ; I am trying what I can in other directions ; but if I am not helped, I shall very soon be absolutely powerless. If I reach that point, I shall be very wretched : I shall of course make a superhuman effort to write a book ; but I shall write, if I do, a very weak one. I have no life left except for an immediate open struggle for Italy. Miss H. Martineau died the other day : calmly sceptical, as from a conversation she had with Holyoake : people who die so must either love very little or love in a way which I do not understand. Of Arethusa's father's death I already told you, I think. She has written to me from St. Edmund's, where she did not arrive in time to see him alive, a very short, good, truly felt letter. She is left, the papers say, twelve thousand a year : I don't know whether all this will go in the hands of Mr. Milner-Gibson or not ; but if she has it herself, I wonder if the thought will ever come to her of the great good she could do. She is very good. . . .

I have now the copies of the autographic number, and I am trying if I can make a bargain of them with *Pen and Pencil*,* the new Illustrated London paper which is coming out on the 10th. There is no sale, through want of proper management, on the Continent ; I am in debt for all the expenses which are rather heavy ; and *even* for my sake, should like very much to sell. Did you see them ? Ask Nic. He must have the number. Do not forget to tell me something about your domestic arrangements

* A weekly illustrated newspaper which had a brief existence of a few weeks under Linton's editing and art management in 1855. Landor was one of the contributors.

and the expenses you are likely to have. It is good that I know. How do those you see take this new Piedmontese Alliance? Did you see Cos[enz]? What does Pisa[cane] speak? Tell me everything that may be useful to me in the management of our own affairs. And trust the loving feelings of your

JOSEPH.

9th February.

Will you tell me, dear, what you have done with the portrait of my mother which was in your room, and then at Brompton? Whilst it was in your hands it was all right. But where is it now?

To Emilie, in Genoa. February, 1855; probably February 16th. Beginning missing.

. . . *Au reste*, I enclose a note for the worthy officer. I step back and make an exception in favour of Giulia Modena and even—as far as my un-selfish feelings are concerned—of Gustavo.* Giulia Modena, in her own silent way, knows and feels much of me; Gustavo has lived with me and has a full knowledge of what I aim at. Will you tell them my love, with a very soft reproach to Giulia for not having even answered one word when I wrote to her in Genoa; and a very severe one to Gustavo for his having allowed himself, though loving me and feeling all the time with me, to play the sceptic and utter God knows how many commonplaces of Fourierism [?] with “*poveri sempliciti di spirito*,” and working men who wanted one word of encouragement. I cannot now, but if they remain in Genoa or settle somewhere, I shall write a few words to them. They were amongst the very first whom, in my fits of discouragement, I was regretting having lost or been lost sight of from—I have got very entangled in the grammatical construction of the phrase, as you see. Bertani is gloomy—ah! it is all very well; but when I think we *can* [could] act successfully, and that if all these “great intellects” could resign themselves to accept another’s intellect and *work* with him in absolute unity for two months, we *would* act, I cannot forgive.† They have for so many years submitted to the foreign governing soldier! What is Madame Celesia [a friend of his mother, who had co-operated with Emilie in the matter of Signora Mazzini’s grave] doing or thinking? Did you see Acerbi? He is good, and with us, but morally and intellectually lazy; and ought to be warmed up to more activity. Tell me if what Campanella says is true, that the Modenas are coming

* Gustavo Modena, the great tragedian and his wife, Giulia.

† Needless to say that then as ever, when he saw a chance of action, he did forgive.—E. A. V.

to London. The weather continues dreadful : freezing going on : snow reluctantly falling ; it was, one hour ago ; and most of all, the east-wind, the horrible east-wind, blowing every day, and especially when I come home at night.

Did Mrs. Milner-Gibson write to you ? Did you to her ? She is still, I think, at Hardwick House, Bury St. Edmund's. They say that she inherits £12,000 a year. Will her husband take all ? What a deal of good she could do with that ! Yes, write *anything* ; I never shall be *hurt*, dear : of course you would not have me saying that I shall never be sad on it : I would then be unfeeling. I do not write often because I have scarcely any time just now for long letters, and to write a few words at such a distance seems almost worse than not writing ; but I am thinking of you, wishing for you, praying for you from the inmost of my soul and loving you. Ever your

JOSEPH.

I find that Mentia [Mrs. Peter Taylor] and the Massons have established a definition of me quite new : " a reasonable animal, fond of playing at cards ; and of sausages." Campanella sends his love and asks always about you ; there are hopes from the Craufurds of a second lesson [of Campanella giving a second lesson, or set of lessons ; an important matter, as he was reduced to great poverty]. Mazzo[leni] from Küsnacht asks about you too. And Ledru did.

Now, what am I to do, dear ? The Roman artist of whom you sent me a letter through William, and who is working at a masterpiece of a table containing eighty portraits of illustrious dead and living, wants to put me in amongst the first or the latter ; and asks me to send him a portrait of mine, very like. What am I to do ? Am I to send the engraving [of a portrait by Emilie] ? And where am I to find it ? At Holyoake's ? Or, have you not a Daguerreotype of mine ? Has not my sister, to whom I would write, one ? Could he work upon one of them without spoiling it ? Advise me, I do not know what to answer ; and as he is a Roman, and that work seems to be his only hope, I would like to satisfy him. His name is Benelli, I think : you might ask *my man* about him, and see him perhaps.

I told you, I think, that my second traveller has been unsuccessful, and that B.* has refused [to contribute to the funds for action]. I think that if Cos[enz], Pisa[cane], Ace[rbi], my man, Pasi, Nino [Bixio] and some other would consent to meet and go and ask Ala P. and other wealthy men, they would obtain [money]. I would ask for almost nothing : some three or four thousand

* Probably Bertani, who, certainly, two years later, refused to have anything to do with the scheme to be headed by the Duke Carlo Pisacane.

franks in my hands so as to be enabled, at a given moment, to send some men in different directions, would be more than sufficient: even without, I shall always manage with my own money, although, to my utter amazement, my lawyer writes to me that since he has taken the administration, I have already received 50,000 francs. But what I want is that there should be in very safe hands at Genoa a deposit of some, not very large, sum, for wants that could arise suddenly. I have suggested this sort of collective request; do not therefore take any initiative: men are very strange, and they could *not* [might not] like it; but, if you hear, work on that way.

Will you give to my man the address you have for me, the local one? He could have to write a few words and want them to reach quickly.

Again addio; God bless you.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From London. February 23rd, 1855.

Thanks, dearest Emilie, for the letters, for the violets, and for the orange-fruits or flowers, which *do* taste of Italy. The last letter, that of the 16th which reached me only yesterday, is good as goodness can be: I begin to regret my own letter, in which I was obliged to conscientiously express my feelings about your Florentine schemes: it will unsettle you; but was I to conceal my impression from you? It would have been betraying both you and myself.

There is here a great deal of intellectual fermenting about the war; and if a *man* could arise and devote himself to organize it powerfully, he would achieve something: but I do not see any trace of his appearing. Lord Palmerston, who had been at first hailed as a saviour, is now beginning to lose ground.* Anarchy in the ruling class, anarchy in the military affairs; and powerlessness in the "glorious British Constitution" are facts which everybody begins to perceive. Still, though there is throughout England a rather fiery beginning of a democratic movement, scarcely anybody adverts to the remedy, Poland; nobody seems as yet to understand that the cause of all this is the Austrian Alliance; nobody, strange to say, seems to notice that Austria has promised to *act* on the first of January, and that there she is, with her bloated and exaggerated 600,000 men, assisting *l'arme au bras*,

* Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister on February 6th. Lord John Russell had resigned through Mr. Roebuck's motion "for a select Committee 'to enquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army.'" The motion had been carried by a majority of 157, on the House reassembling in January.

to the slow incessant ruin of the Allied armies. I am in despair with people. So with Italy. Our friends are sombre and sad, you say : what of that ? Is this the time for being sombre and sad ? Why don't you say they are weak and false to their duties ? Whom has Italy to fear now, except Austria, who has her forces engaged ? Who could help her [Austria], if even they wished to help ? France, who is obliged to take some few thousand men from Rome ? England, who hunts about for a few thousand hired abroad ? Why do they not see that, in the actual condition of the spirits here, an Italian insurrection would be the spark for universal fire ? That it would take from the Powers all hopes of being helped by Austrian armies ? That it would oblige them, in want of allies as they are, to turn *bon gré mal gré* to Poland or to the Devil ? That Russia, fearing nothing from a popular movement at home, and incensed against both Austria and Piedmont, would avail herself of the movements, become more exacting, and make peace impossible ? They must see all this, therefore it is Austria they fear : it is Austria which the heroes of '48 and '49 believe Italy incapable of keeping a contest with : it is intellectual and moral cowardice, or creeping selfishism : nothing less. You speak of Rome, etc. The scheme is bad : Lombardy is the ground for plenty of reasons which I have indicated in the *Alcune pagine*, etc. Still, who tells them that I do not try Rome and the Centre ? But how ? With what means ? Do they help me ? Do they raise a few thousand francs for emissaries to be sent on different points ? Do they preach openly to the wealthy that the time has come, and that they *must* give ? Do they volunteer to lead if wanted ? Do they empower me to say to the towns of the Centre : you shall have officers to guide your men of action ? What can I do, left to myself, to my own resources, exhausted, moneyless, checked in every way ? To be patient, you say : I am ; that is, I am in London, and shall soon be absolutely inert ; but I shall be so, gnawing [gnashing] my teeth, biting my own heart, burning with shame for my country, despising all my late friends ; and grieving to death. It is *this*, the contempt for those I esteemed and loved, which is the heaviest torment I suffer. Why on earth do I fill pages with these things writing to *you* ? To you who share my views and feelings like an Italian, I mean as an Italian ought ? I don't know : *mi sfogo* [I pour myself out]. You touched a string ; and the sound drives on a host of thoughts. As for the rest, never fear : I am well, in health, and calm enough ; your letters, and your getting—if possible—calm, helping powerfully to it. Dear, I do not think that poor Nicola is so much to be blamed for the fears about the room, or for his yielding to his mother. The place would have been bad for both

you and him.* He had something to do for me. He is closely watched. They would like very much to find out a motive for his arrest. You are suspected : all those who would have come to you there are suspected. They would have immediately transformed the house [in imagination] into the seat of a dangerous club, into a conventicle of conspirators. Was it the right thing to be done ?

I sent the *Sunday Times* [in which Kossuth was then occasionally writing], not knowing that it *was* sent. I wish that whenever there is an article of Kossuth, you show it to Nicola. They may do something with it in the *Italia e Popolo*. I wish that people could try to improve the paper instead of deserting it : it is the only one really independent : if writing [ones], good ones, in different branches, would volunteer, it could increase its sale ; and then it could offer to retribute some writers like Quadrio and myself, who, if there is nothing better to be done, shall have very soon to write for money, and would prefer earning a hundred *franchi* a month in an Italian paper than 300 in a foreign one.

I do not know what she means, but poor Arethusa, who is ill besides, writes in a most lamentable despairing style, that she is poorer than ever, etc.

Snow is falling while I write ; works are stopped everywhere ; bread-rioting has been going on all day yesterday at White Chapel. Some 50,000 men are out of employment.

Is it true that Medici is going to marry some cousin of his ? How can it reconcile itself with all the rest ? How is Bem ? And how does he bear his being at home in a strange place during your theatrical expeditions ? What do they give at the Opera ? No ; I shall not have the portrait of my mother *now* ; I have not yet given up all hopes ; it is only in case of my having to stop in England and scribble books, that I shall like to have it with me. Dear, beyond all, try to strengthen yourself ; it is very important to me, and not only to me. Shake our men, help Italy whenever you can ; and when all hopes, for the present, are over, devote yourself to Art. Be good in thoughts and actions : I shall try to be so. Believe always in the deep affection of your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From London. February 28th, 1855.

February 28th.

I accept what you say about my writing, dearest Emilie, and do write to-day a shamefully short note. I want, if possible, to finish a long English letter, which I have been asked to write on

* Emilie had wished to take a room in the country and avoid the bustle of the large hotel where she was staying.—E. A. V.

the great subject, the War. It costs me *sudori di sangue* [bloody sweat]. I find I really cannot *write*; and that thirst for action, and shame, have nearly killed within me every little capacity I had. Still, badly expressed, and useless for the present, there will be *truth* in it, and you will like it, I think, on that ground. I have this morning your very good, loving and calming letter of the 22-23. Give me any commissions, dear, you like; I shall be truly grateful; I like to be of some little use to you from afar. . . .

No, though I do not refuse expressing your love to all, I prefer you express it yourself, from time to time, as you feel it, to them: it will be far dearer and more trusted; and I shall believe in it, as I do in everything you say, at the time you say it; my doubts, when I express some to you, arise from the possibility of there being contradictions, alternating feelings in you; there are in me, dear; there are sometimes in everybody.

I am glad that Pisacane and Cosenz write. I am glad that you and Nicola fraternize. I am glad for almost everything contained in this letter of yours.

It does not snow now; it rains. The mud is awful. I saw Arethusa yesterday: she is ill and sad; she had received at last, one letter from you; and she had been very much consoled by it. I am well in health; not perfectly in high spirits; but will improve, and your letters, if giving sincerely good news of your health and spirits, will powerfully help to it, dear.

Now, two words on my mother's grave.*

* It is necessary here to say that Emilie had gone to the cemetery at Staglieno a few days after her arrival in Genoa in order to visit the tomb of Mazzini's mother, and after wandering about the place for an hour in vain, had applied to the Keeper to know where it was situated. She was conducted by him to the cheapest portion of the cemetery, a long, dark, dreary gallery, forming three sides of a square, in the inner wall of which a series of shelves, or, better, of huge pigeon holes, were sunk from floor to ceiling. The smaller ends alone of the coffins were visible, and these bore numbers, not the names of the dead. It was not until he had referred to his numbered *Catalogue* that the Keeper discovered the name of "Maria Mazzini, nata Drago."

Emilie, having enquired from an Italian lady who had known and loved Signora Mazzini, whether it would be possible to have the coffin removed and buried in the earth, was informed that it would be extremely difficult to obtain the consent of the "authorities," because Mazzini, from whom the application should come, was a *criminel* under sentence of death, and therefore "dead in law." By constant persistence, in which she was supported by several influential members of the Municipality, Emilie succeeded in gaining her point and obtaining permission to purchase a piece of ground and to place a suitable tomb over the desecrated remains. This was only granted after many official delays and on the strict condition that the interment should take place secretly, after the cemetery was closed, and by night; that no one should be present but the two friends who had obtained the order, and the officials—the "authorities" being evidently in terror of a popular demonstration. It was, however, a duty to ask Mazzini's permission to remove the sacred remains from the place to which they had been consigned by his sister, and to ask his approval of the idea of having a profile medallion of his mother upon the marble slab of the tomb, by the Genoese sculptor Varni. The "authorities" hesitated much over this concession, which was finally

My heart thanks you, and you all, for what you did and do. I never knew the truth : I was left to understand that she had a separate decent tomb, and that the only thing wanted was an epitaph : the name I thought to be there. I was asked to write the epitaph myself : I never did so ; and even, believing that the tomb was a decent one, I felt that it would not please me. But I have always, foolishly it appears, [been] nursing secretly the hope that within a very short time we would act, and that I would do the thing myself. It would have consoled me a little, had I been able to put a tricoloured flag on her tombstone, and the words "from her son, in her emancipated country" ! Thanks to the *philosophical patience* of my countrymen, the hope vanishes every day more. So, it must be done ; and it cannot be done by better hands. I leave it entirely to you and to Carolina's [Carolina Celesia's] suggestions. Only, add to my name, after a comma, *esule*. It seems to me to express in one word the condition of Italy, her sorrows, and mine ; and to soften the sort of proud desecrating feeling that might be suspected to lurk under the mere name. The *esule* is a *fact* ; they cannot, I fancy, object to it. As for the rest, dear, you must understand that once knowing the fact as you describe it, I could and would not leave it so for one moment ; and that I would not allow anybody on earth to do it except myself. Still, to you, Caroline and Matilda, I allow *any* thing ; your interference is not a stranger's one ; it is love's. I accept therefore gladly your taking part in it ; but not to the extent which would almost make of me a stranger. You three will take the medallion to yourselves, with the fourth part of the expense left to me : all the rest, dear, must be mine : and I shall give orders to Bett[ini] to pay accordingly in my first letter to him. On this it would be sad for me, and useless, to discuss. So you will not, I trust. There is no need of going to my sister at all, dear : as you are presumed to direct from my order and instructions. She has nothing to blame or to be sorrowful at, which, even while she is wrong, I would not wish. Thank Madame Celesia : I shall myself, by two words. Ever, sweet, dear Emilie, your

JOSEPH.

[The word *esule* [exile] was, of course, added to the epitaph.—E. A. V.]

granted upon the solemn promise of the two ladies that "nothing political" should be inscribed on any part of the tombstone. It bore, therefore, simply the words—

MARIA MAZZINI,
Madre di Giuseppe Mazzini.

Madame Mazzini, when speaking of her death to Emilie, had expressed a wish that these words might be her sole epitaph.—E. A. V.



CAROLINA CELESIA

To Emilie, in Genoa. Dated by her, London, March 10th, 1855, Saturday.

I write late, dearest Emilie, but I have had much to do ; and besides, I have almost lost two days at Kossuth's. It was to meet other persons to whom I did not want to give my own address. I am working with a sort of feverish activity, as one who knows that one month or six weeks of activity are all that he is still able to give. Beyond that I cannot go. From an individual point of view I really must withdraw, unless I chose to starve very soon. Every step that I take, every traveller that I see, everything and every man, costs me, and through various reasons I cannot become penniless. Besides, all the schemes offered to me imply sacrifices of money which I have not ; Nicola knows that perfectly. I find myself with an element, quite sufficient to conquer, but requiring help ; and with the other element from which help could come, unwilling to give it. With a little money I *can* succeed : without, it is of no use to think of it. Beyond the point I have reached I cannot go. If the Italians do not act now, there is no reason for which they should act within six months or one year. At the end of April, if nothing has taken place, I shall write a pamphlet containing my last words of truth to the Patriots, and bidding them farewell. A Party which will not act when all Europe expects it—a Party which does not dare to rise against an enemy whose forces are bound elsewhere—a Party which cannot or will not find 20,000 francs which I require for acting—is not a Party, but the phantom of a Party. I shall then make superhuman efforts, and try to write for my own sake, but the wound within me is incurable ; I did never foresee that I would despise my own country.

I have seen—from without—the house at Wimbledon : I went there to make some military experiments. It is beautiful, but very far from the station. I feel rather inclined to pity Bessie, who, during the winter season, etc., will find herself very lonely, and your father, who will miss very much little Joseph and the cards : at his age and in his condition, habits are everything.

You judge Leopardi correctly, dear : he was a poet ; but he spoiled the true vein by his becoming too much of a literary, classicist, and artificial writer as far as the form is concerned. One feels that at the very moment in which he was or ought to have been most deeply moved by a thought or feeling visiting him, he could not help hunting for the best epithet. It was so with the love of his country too : he *did* love Italy ; but almost delighting, I think, with her own ruins and his own despondency. There was a great deal of scepticism, rather dry scepticism, in his soul : and it started mainly from his being unable, through certain

difformities, to hope for being loved or for individual happiness. God knows that such a feeling is dreadful enough, and that I am inclined to feel very tolerant and full of pity on the subject ; but, if one cannot master the results on his own being, he is to break the pen, and not write. Blessings on you, dear, from your devoted

JOSEPH.

The following letters are of interest as showing Mazzini's accurate foresight in a situation that was inspiring most persons with undue hope. The second one seems to have been addressed to James Stansfeld, for Taylor, William Ashurst and other English sympathizers.

The Tsar Nicholas had died on March 2nd, and the accession of Alexander had seemed to bring nearer the prospect of peace, not only because a change of ruler afforded an opportunity for fresh negotiations, but because Austria was making up her mind that unless the war were brought to an end she would throw herself into it on the side of the Allies. Alexander therefore consented to a Conference of the Powers at Vienna, and arrangements were made for it to meet in this month. At this Conference Russia agreed to give up her Protectorate over Serbia, and over the Principalities—which had already been handed by the Western Powers to the care of Austria ; she also agreed to the free navigation of the Danube ; but upon the crucial question of the Black Sea the negotiations came to an end. England and France insisted at first that no warships should be allowed to enter its waters, then were inclined to accede to the suggestion of Russia that war vessels of all nations should have an equal right to do so. Austria tried to find a way between these two extremes, but failing to carry the other Powers with her, she retired into neutrality, and the Conference broke up, having virtually effected nothing.

Monday, March 12th, 1855.

Dear, I receive yours of the 6th with the violets from Andrea Doria's garden : thank you for the sweet thought.

I saw Kossuth again yesterday, when I had to come on foot through deep snow from his house to mine : the omnibuses were not running, and after having gone on foot from my house to Piccadilly, I had taken a cab to his place : I really could not, without feeling extravagant, take another in coming back : the ground was very slippery, and they had a right to be paid more.

Now, during the past week I had spent nearly one pound in cabs, etc. I was dreadfully tired; however, after two hours of rest, I proceeded at 6, to Fulham, where I found Bessie and William, who dined there. Your father never comes up on Sundays.

There cannot be peace, however much they wish for it; the Allies must first conquer in the Crimea; then they could play the generous, offer terms, and if they content themselves with the four points, without any material guarantee for their execution, [those terms would] be accepted. Now, the conquering is very problematic; so much so that I would not be astonished at their being signally defeated. Alexander is, as you say, very weak; but if the war is popular in Russia, he will be obliged to yield.

Victor Hugo's* speech is beautiful, as you say, concerning woman; but annoying in other respects. The "La Méditerranée, lac Français"—Paris "the urbs," "the natural seat of the European Assembly," and the "centre du monde"—the "la France est à l'Angleterre ce que le mieux est au bien," are bad enough. And I cannot forget that these things come from one who during 1848 voted continuously on the wrong side, on the side of those who destroyed the republic: it is only since December that he is one of ours; I do not object at all to this; but I should wish him to be modest. I had the speech in *l'Homme*; but it has vanished, I do not know where or through whom; long fragments are given in the *Nation*; but it is, I think, at Caroline's; I shall see, and send it.

I am very sorry for poor Medici, dear, and I would soften down all my blame, if it were only limited to the actual period; but his conduct is, according to me, wrong since three years, and almost since 1849: at the time of the February affair especially, his behaviour in a hostile way to me has been fatal. However, I believe that there is still a great deal of good in him; and I wish strongly and sincerely that he should be able to get out of all these difficulties. I am glad that you like Cosenz. You remember that I praised him to you very much. He, like Pisacane, Acerbi, etc., are amongst the best: still, I cannot help thinking that if they chose to be really and feverishly active as they ought to be, if they properly felt the importance of acting before some horrid truce is concocted, they could find out the miserable sum of 12 to 15,000 francs which *could* really prove action now.

Newman† has written to the *Reasoner* a very good conscientious letter in which he states that he begins to feel republican, even for England; but as I think I shall send it translated to the *It. e Pop.* I do not send it to you. My own English letter too,

* Victor Hugo was then living in Jersey, having been put on its extradition list by the French Government. He moved to Guernsey in October, 1855.

† Francis W. Newman, brother of the Cardinal.

I shall try to send. Did you see my address to the Piedmontese troops, which is circulating, printed, in Piedmont?

Linton has started *Pen and Pencil*, a new illustrated weekly paper: but, as usual, he has undertaken it unprepared, and after one first number really good, artistically speaking, it is rapidly sinking, and certainly unable to compete with the *London Ill. News*. Had it been good I would have sent it to you, but now it is really not worth. Bless you, dear Emilie: trust the deep affection of your

JOSEPH.

Letter of Mazzini on the Crimean War.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You ask me why I do not express opinions on the war? I feel disheartened. You seem to me to be fighting like Ajax, in the dark: only he was praying for light. You have it shining on you, yet fear at every point and resolutely shut your eyes against it. You have been repeatedly warned. Men who do not claim a superior insight, but who from their position, studies, and events of a whole life, are entitled to know something about continental matters, did tell you from the very beginning of the contest that Austria would never fight your battles; that her only aim was to take possession of the Principalities; that by your obstinately pursuing the phantom of an alliance with her, you were not only degrading your cause and losing the sympathies of the good and brave throughout Europe, but cramping your schemes and turning the policy of your war from the only ground upon which you could rationally hope for victory. All this has been crystallized into facts. Still you remain on the same track, plunging deeper and deeper into a dark region of deceptions whilst a single act of will would lead you back to the path where honour and victory must bless your steps. I see brave deeds sufficient to redeem a fallen nation; noble powers of acting and enduring, displayed by your soldiers and officers in the Crimea; but for what purpose, and with what hope? I bow before the quiet devotedness with which your Nation accepts the sacrifices imposed by war, and I feel proud of loving and being loved in your Country; but such a devotedness ought not to be spent in vain; and as far as I can see, it *is*. Owing to the policy which leads the war, you are fighting for an impossibility.

This thought—unless all practical sense has forsaken your nation—must, after nine months of disappointments, be moving in many souls; still, none dares give utterance to it. Your Parliament is floating between one party that is perfectly aware of the difficulties of your position but drawing from that knowledge a

policy of peace at any cost, and another party fully alive to the necessity of not withdrawing from the contest before a decisive victory, but neither understanding nor wanting to understand, how that victory can be reached. Peace at any cost, even of honour, and war for war's sake: the three words uttered by Mr. Roebuck remain unsupported, echoless—to be remembered, perhaps, when it will be too late. Your Reform Societies apparently aim at nothing but teaching the people how to do *cleverly* the wrong thing. Your Press, bold, sometimes fierce, and when combined, all-powerful, concerns itself with details and second-rate matters, but is silent about the main problem: *can* Russia be conquered through the Crimea? Still, that is the question. It is good and brave to die for one's flag, but it is unutterably sad and culpable to bid the best to die a fruitless death. Martyrdom is, in certain times and circumstances, the sacred duty of the weak. The strong are bound to conquer.

Can you conquer without a radical change in your moral policy? It is my deep conviction that you cannot.

To believe that the success of a war rests on mere organization and military skill—that the directing policy has nothing to do with it, is an immense mistake. I have witnessed in Lombardy in 1848, the rapid destruction of a triumph that seemed certain through a single fatal stroke of policy.

There, where a *national* movement had swept the territory (two fortresses excepted) of all foes, a King stepped forward with resources twice equal to the enemy, but with a different aim—namely, the aggrandizement of the House of Savoy—and with a monarchical tradition entirely antagonistic to the tendency of the movement. There was valour in the army, devotedness in the officers, and a whole population glowing with enthusiasm. The right plan was obvious. The 30,000 Austrian soldiers who had fled to Verona and Mantua could never recover, alone, the lost ground: to prevent them being reinforced was the problem, and its solution was easy. To arm the population and tell them: “protect your homes”: to leave behind the fortresses: to march to the Alps and establish on the points where the military roads link Italy with Austria, two camps, of some 25,000 soldiers each: to bombard Trieste, from whence the Austrians were drawing all their supplies: to rouse with an appeal, all the Slavo-Illyrian nationalities, all the Eastern Dalmatic coast of the Adriatic. But Trieste was forbidden by Diplomacy: Tyrol, by I do not know by what absurd rights of the German Confederacy; to arm the population was out of the question—a people who fights his own battles is a very dangerous element to a rising monarchy; to protect the Venetian military roads was to strengthen the *republican*

Government which had been proclaimed at Venice. And how could a Government bent, not on the creation of an Italian nation but on the formation of a Piedmontese Kingdom of the North, raise a war of Nationalities? Thus, all truly strategic operations being excluded, the emancipating war found itself narrowed down to the regular siege of the fortresses. The Piedmontese army lingered before Mantua and Verona until a scorching sun, disease, irregular commissariat and the demoralization always attending troops kept in comparative immobility, indicated to a reinforced enemy an opportunity for overpowering it. A wrong policy had destroyed all the chances of the war.

The method of every war rests on the policy that rules the councils of the Nation. It is most strikingly so in your own case.

Had the policy of your Government been a liberal one, you would be now firmly established in the heart of your enemy's land, backed by the insurrection of a whole nation, and with disorganization at work, through desertion and revolt, throughout the adverse army. A stroke of energy at the service of a *principle* would have given you allies on every point of Europe. And no despotic power would dare, or be able, to support Russia against you. We could pledge our word for that.

By declaring yourself hostile to any national movement, by courting during 16 months the vilest of the despotic powers, Austria, by renouncing every moral aim, every noble aspiration, for a paltry, hateful programme of expediency and *status quo*, you have deprived yourselves of the sympathy of the good and brave throughout Europe. You have prevented a Polish rising, you have lost the alliance of Sweden, you have allowed free space and security to all German intrigue against you, and, renouncing all freedom of action, all choice of places, means and military plans, you have, like Charles Albert in 1848, removed [changed] the *war* to a *siege* on a spot which will be henceforth, I fear, named "The grave of England's honour and England's sons."

The Crimea at this period can be but that.

I confess I cannot understand the apathy with which your Press, your meetings, your Parliamentary men, are witnessing the sacrifice of thousands without even asking themselves: Can a decisive and permanent victory be obtained there? I shudder when I see such words as those with which Lord Palmerston coolly assured the House of Commons that all losses would be met with fresh supplies of men. You had better decree at once: *The youth of England shall be periodically decimated for no other purpose than that of gratifying the military ignorance of Louis Napoleon and withdrawing every source of alarm from the Austrian Government.*

A Crimean expedition could in no case, I believe, lead to a decisive success or to honourable terms of peace. Odessa, if you

wanted to act from the Black Sea, was the point for you. Still, had you chosen the favourable moment and worked with adequate means—had you landed at once 100,000 men somewhere above Sevastopol, marched to Perekop whilst your fleet got possession of the Straits of Kertch, Cape of Kazantip, and other points on the Sea of Azov, the Crimea might have been yours, and you would have then fallen back upon Sevastopol which would have been thus deprived of all its communications with the Continent.

But now? What is your hope? What is your aim in systematically sacrificing your best men under the walls of a town which in all probability you will not take, and which, if taken, cannot give you what you want?

It is high time for you, I think, to look earnestly into the matter and to see that England's forces—which England may need at no distant period for her own protection against *Allies*—are not lost in a hopeless contest.

Cast a glance back on this war. You thought in the beginning—and it was the first fatal mistake—that you would frighten the Tsar out of the contest with your 50 or 60,000 men placed at Constantinople, Gallipoli or Adrianopolis. When you began to perceive that a real earnest war was unavoidable, you turned to the Danube: there was your natural basis for offensive operations. Austria—it is now an established fact—*forbade* your acting there. You bowed to Austria, dismissed the thought at once, and gave up to Austria—the second fatal mistake—the Principalities.*

Forbidden from the Danube, and not wanting to arouse through Poland the dreaded question of the nationalities, you accepted the Bonapartist scheme of a Crimea expedition.

With very incomplete knowledge of the enemy's forces, you landed near Sevastopol [September 14th, 1854] troops and material utterly unequal to the object you had in view. You wanted to try the North, but found unforeseen, almost insurmountable obstacles; and, through the most dangerous flank movement possible, you turned to the South. You could not, for want of troops, invest the place. You did not dream of *preventing* the accumulation of military stores and victuals which were coming from the interior of Great Russia and Siberia down the Volga and

* The Russians, after crossing the Danube into the Principalities, were checked before the stronghold of Silistria. French and British troops had landed at Varna to oppose the invaders, but it was Austria who, on June 3rd, 1854, summoned Russia to evacuate the invaded territory. As the Russians retired, driven by the Turks, Austria was allowed, by a special arrangement, to occupy the Principalities. If Austria at that time could have secured the moral support of Germany, she would have come actively into the war. But Bismarck saw in Austria a more dangerous rival to Prussian schemes than Russia was ever likely to be, and though his country had bound itself to support Austria in case of attack upon her, he remained unwilling to co-operate in aggression on her part.

the Don, through Rostov and Kertch and Sevastopol. But you simply established yourself there trusting chance, despising the enemy. And there you are. Since then you have been in an imminent danger—averted only through want of boldness in the Russian leaders and heroic valour in your own soldiers—at Balaclava [October 25th, 1854] and Inkermann [November 5th]—of being driven back to the sea. Since then you have lost the hope of an active alliance from Austria, lost the confidence of Europe, lost a considerable amount of money too, besides (I speak of England alone) some 20,000 men; and won?—Some counter-approaching outposts erected since your arrival.

This is the summary of the past; now to the future.

Sevastopol:—the besieged southern part is strong as ever: the Russian army in the Crimea more strong than ever; and owing to the conduct of Austria, numerous reinforcements are coming from the interior of Russia. You cannot dream of starving the enemy: your expedition to the Sea of Azov has come five or six months too late; military stores and provisions equal to the wants of many months were already accumulated in Sevastopol; and the military road of the Shivagh, the road across the isthmus leading from Simferopol to Sevastopol through Baktshiseria, the road from the same town to the besieged place, are all in the hands of the Russians. You must then take the town by force. How many men will you have to lose in getting possession of the Malakoff, of the Redan, and of the first line of defence? How many in conquering the second one?

Suppose you do; suppose you gain possession of the whole town, how are you to keep it under the fire of the Northern forts? The ground there is much higher than on the southern side: the octagon fortress, called the Sieverad—the key of Sevastopol, according to Sir Howard Douglas—commands town, bay and docks. Its height protects it from the fire of your ships; its shores are steep, precipitous; you must therefore attack by land. It is finding yourselves, after nine months of exertions and sacrifices, before just the obstacle from which you shrank at the beginning: how much time, how much English blood will be required to overcome it? Can you feel sanguine after the experiment on the South?

And then, the Russian forces outside Sevastopol?

Thinned in number, exhausted by victories which would undoubtedly prove like those of Pyrrhus, you will have to begin the true war, the Crimean campaign.

There are Russian forces, strong now, and which will soon be stronger, on the right, at the two extremities of the Tchernaya: Russian forces on the Rebbek: Russian forces in the proximity of Eupatoria; Russian forces, Weangol, Monstroya, Bollgrad, in the

interior. Between those and through the Steppes, which from Simferopol up to the isthmus spread over all the Crimea, you will have to fight your way to Perekop. On the steppes no trees, no shrubs; against the intense heat and the intense cold an invading army is defenceless: no shelter: the Crimea is more than thinly inhabited; ten thousand square English miles are tenanted by some 200,000 inhabitants, and the few scattered villages of the interior will be burnt by the Russians. Waters there are very limited and saturated with salt. Winter sweeps the desolate land with overwhelming snow-storms. In the warm season the melting snow softens the ground so that artillery will sink in it. No roads: tracks: the bridges on the ravines not powerful, and easily destroyed. These difficulties, you will say, must work against the Russians too. Yes; only the Russians are at home: they are used to them. You are not; you must conquer: they have to defend. Every step in advance will leave you further from your basis of operations, from your supplies. Every step backwards brings them nearer to their own.

At the end of the Crimean Steppes lies your objective point, Perekop. The Russians have been, all this while, fortifying it. Then, should you conquer it and the Russians not yield, three hundred miles of steppes.

One would say that the man who first planned the Crimean expedition wanted to solve this problem: *How to sink in an apparently plausible enterprise, the best blood of England and make her defenceless for a time of need.* Such are your prospects: how many thousands of men and pounds are you disposed to engulf in this possible—not probable—realization?

People who are wanting to blind themselves and England will talk to you of a probable operation through the Liman of the Dnieper, against Kherson and the naval arsenal of the Crimea, Nicholaïeff. They forget Otchakov and Kiberona, placed at $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles from each other and forbidding the entrance of the lagoon: they forget that every place on the shores must have been, during this time, fortified by the Russians: they forget that Nicholaïeff is now the point where a reserve army of some 30,000 Russians is formed. They will suggest an attack upon Ackermann and Ovidiopolis on the Dniester: they forget that there you would be faced by the Russians and threatened on your flank by the Austrian army. Can you trust the Austrian army? They will hint at a bold attempt upon Perekop: how? By sea? On the Azov sea it is prevented by the Shivagh: on the Black sea your men-of-war cannot cast anchor except at the distance of 20 miles. By land? You must, beforehand, fight and conquer the campaign I spoke of some lines back. Unless you want to find yourselves prisoners between the forces coming from the interior of Russia

and those manœuvring in the interior of the Crimea, you must destroy Wrangel and Bolograd. With what? You have now, after all usual deductions made and Turks and Piedmontese included, 150,000 active men in the Crimea: certainly not more. Some 40,000 almost without cavalry, and at Eupatoria fronted by Paroloff. How many of the rest will you leave to perish on the siege? How many to guard Konieze and Balaklava?

No. Unless you raise the siege—unless you apply your energies to the only vulnerable point of Russia, Poland—unless you radically change the policy ruling the war—you can do nothing but systematically perish in daring, fruitless attempts before Sevastopol. Russia is there, now, too strong for you.

Will your Government ever spontaneously adopt the change of policy? No, never. The men who had not one word to say in the name of England's honour when the Tsar in 1848-9 invaded the Principalities and crushed Hungary because his object was then to check liberty and national movements—the men who plotted with Louis Napoleon to restore the Pope “under an improved Government”—the men who, during 16 months, exhaust every form of servile complacency towards such a power as Austria, and, scorned, *dare* not one threatening word—*can* ally themselves with despotic usurpers. They will never say to a nation: rise.

Their policy lies between the dispatch of 23rd March, 1853, in which Lord Clarendon declares that Her Majesty's Government is anxious to avert the risk of any advantage being given to European revolutionists, and the speeches of Lord Palmerston branding the liberty of Poland as a dream, the future rising of Hungary as untoward and lamentable. They may break their pledge with Sicily; they will never break that which binds them to Continental absolutism. But that you, English citizens who worship freedom and revere morality—you who have no pledge except to England's honour and safety—you who all, to a man, raised your hats to Poland's glorious rising and proclaimed its overthrow a crime—you whose brothers are *dying*, victims of a wrong policy in the Crimea—you, the free, able by a single resolute act of will *to compel*—can sit quietly witnessing the slow useless work of destruction and entrust your fates to men who, thanks to policy and to Austria, are only now, after nine months of operations, besieging an outer work, is more than I can explain to myself or others. Every man who has a brother, a son, or a friend in the East, ought to walk with a map of the Crimea on his breast and a flag with the name of Poland inscribed, from place to place, from park to park, from cottage to cottage, and preach and explain till hundreds of thousands should peacefully but sternly signify their will to the heedless rulers: Change of

policy : Down with Austria : let Poland's rising be helped. And then you ought to kneel and thank God for having placed the accomplishment of a great act of justice on the very path which leads to English safety and success.

But Austria? Prussia? Leave Prussia to her own people ; leave Austria to Hungary and ourselves. As sure as Austria will never fire a single gun for you against Russia, not a single Austrian gun will be fired against you whilst we live.

The question of nationalities is amounting to a general war. What of that ? Will not the nationalities fight their own battles ? Only their battles will be yours too. With Poland, Italy and Hungary up, the Tsar cannot dream of marching to Constantinople.

War is for me the greatest of crimes when it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for a great Truth to enthrone, or a great Lie to entomb. Yours is not waged for either. It shrinks from proclaiming a principle. It equally aims at entailing despotic encroachments from the North and strengthening despotism in Central Europe. It declares that Turkey has a right to independence whilst its policy and treaties are calculated to prevent any other country from asserting itself independent. I believe in God and in a providential scheme ; and I consequently do not believe in triumph crowning a war grounded on expediency, temporary self-interest, and antagonism to European rights and liberty.

Tsarism is a *principle* ; the principle of unbounded authority. It is only a principle, that of universal liberty, that can conquer it.

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

July 21st.

To Emilie, in Genoa. Dated by her 1855 ; by him 29, and is probably March. Beginning missing.

. . . for a French movement : a movement which, suppressing a single hypothesis, will require years. No rational being can presume to ask a people to rise in time of peace, with the industrial mercantile movement that will follow, when powers will be all leagued, when Austria will have the disposal of an immense force, after having not dared to stir when Austria had her forces engaged elsewhere, and the opportunity was one which had been dreamt of for years. The weight of our own cowardice will crush us. There is no bravery possible for ashamed people ; and before ourselves and Europe we shall be such. I am as one awakening from a long dream : all my Italian pride has gone, and it leaves within me a blank which nothing can or will fill. I feel life aimless. And what is worse I shall be alone in feeling so. Love of the

country, which is life, religion, fever for me, is a sort of dilettante-parading habit with all those who had sworn with me. There is no earnestness, no depth in them. The earnest, deep-feeling men are the unknown working men of our towns of Romagna, who incessantly ask to be led, the poor unknown young men of Milan who now fill the Mantuan prisons. And these must henceforth be spared.

I do persist in my determination of writing, once all next month [has] elapsed, a pamphlet containing the whole truth about the Party, and my farewell to it. If I was young I would act differently: I would, with 50 working men, go to the Apennine.

I do not know why I do repeat in every letter these same things to you; it helps me to go on; and it will show to you that it is a fixed idea with me. But now I shall be silent.

I have sent, *poste restante*, the *Morning Advertiser*, which has inserted my letter to the Friends of Italy. I thought you would like to see it in English.

It is raining and foggy as in November.

Did you see, did anyone see Madame Sand? Will you see her on her coming back, or in Rome if you go there, and if the priests allow her to stop there? I wrote to her [some] time ago, asking for her autograph: she sent it, saying that she was in a hurry and that she would very soon write a long letter: of course it did not come: half through Louis Blanc [whose socialistic doctrines appealed to her], half through the consciousness of having left us on the way, she is lost to me. I cannot, however, give her up. She has done too much with her former writing, and there is still so much good in her that I cannot react. You ought not; and if the opportunity comes, I think you ought to see her. Of course I can give you a line if you wish for it; but your name would be quite sufficient.

Your father is rather better in some respects, but he seems to me more and more entangled in his speaking. He loses one or two shillings every night—not with me: I am generally a loser.

Does anybody do anything about the collection of autographs? That is another instance of fatality for everything I undertake. I thought I had found out a source of monthly income for ourselves; a publication costing one franc a number, having nothing suspicious in itself, seemed to me to be something which, well organized, could yield the sum of 5 or 6 thousand francs every month. I calculated upon some 2000 copies sold in England, and 8000 throughout Italy and the rest of Europe. Granting the thirty per cent. to those who would have sold, all expenses for a number would have amounted to something like 4000 fr., there remaining a nett profit of 6000. If all the men belonging to the party

would have taken a real interest in the thing and placed the copies from circle to circle, from locality to locality, the sale of 10,000 copies for Europe would be really nothing. Nevertheless, as far as I hear from Zurich, nothing is sold : and I have the expenses to pay. I suppose the sale in England will be sufficient to front them ; but where is the use of bothering myself with collecting autographs, etc., merely to front the expenses ? This is for me another proof that there is no vitality in our party. And still it was something that would have emancipated them from the necessity of spending their own funds in a series of little things which they, wanting still to *plot* though they do not want to *act*, cannot avoid. Why could not every man having a circle sell *ten* copies ? Here, Holyoake takes it up ; I cannot now foresee the result ; but I am almost certain that some 1500 copies will be sold.

Tell me what you decide about your journeying, and about your scheme of coming back in June ; and once a week at least, write.

29.

It is now twelve o'clock and I have no letter. I must go out to an appointment with Worcell, and this evening I have another with the Craufurds. . . . So I give this for the post.

Caroline sends to me just now a few lines of the friend : and the information that there is in her hands a long letter from you : I am now contented and shall meet Worcell with new strength. Nicola ought not to send advices about what I proposed to him in letters addressed to members of your family ; their names are known ; but to my own address. . . . Blessings and deep affection from your

JOSEPH.

Holyoake, in his *Bygones Worth Remembering*, has left a noble record of his intercourse with Mazzini in respect of the latter's writings. When he asked permission to publish certain papers in the *Reasoner* Mazzini replied at once with a willing affirmative. "Thought," he wrote, "according to me, is, as soon as publicly uttered, the property of all." He goes on to remark that he and Holyoake are pursuing the same end, inasmuch as both are labouring for the progressive improvement "of the corrupted medium in which we are now living," for the overthrow of lies, of idolatrous shams. Both want man to cease from being the poor cowardly creature he is, thinking in one way and acting in another, bending to powers he really despises, carrying empty formulas of faith on his brow but no faith in his heart.

Both want man to become "a fragment of the living truth," a being consciously linked to Collective Humanity, a brave seeker, gentle and loving, but an uncompromising, inexorable apostle of all that is just and heroic—"the Priest, the Poet, the Prophet" of God. Mazzini reminds his correspondent that they differ as to the method and the reason of their efforts, and proceeds to throw down an outline of his own conception and his deep conviction that the question awaiting solution is a *religious* one. Man is thirsting after a deeper knowledge of what he is—wants a new heaven and a new earth, though only the few are conscious of this. But all history shows "the inseparable union of these terms." It may be necessary to pull down the despot men have erected in the place of God, dethrone the arbitrary dispenser of grace and damnation,—but "it will only be to make room for the Father and Educator."

To Emilie. April 2nd. Dated by her 1855.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had on Saturday your letter and the enclosed lines.

I think you are too severe on Kossuth. What can he say? First of all he is not an Italian: secondly, how can he trust a mere affirmation after all this inertness of ours? His own elements are not on the spot; he cannot act on them except *il di dopo* [afterwards], and I would not ask him. You know my opinion about him and all *leaders*: I believe none of them does his duty: his own has been betrayed when he did not start for the East immediately after the Sultan's declaration of war; but in this special case I do not think he is bound to more than he promises.

Did you see the invitation of the Queen to Louis Napoleon? I feel already sickened in thinking of the crowds, most likely applauding crowds, which will collect everywhere on his steps if he comes.* Did I tell you that Campanella has three lessons? Poor Mrs. Piper [a former landlady] is very ill.

I write in a hurry and rather nervous, as I shall be during the first half of this month especially. Do not mind the dryness of my letters; I am loving and good as far as possible; but unsettled and not inclined to write much. For good or bad, lethargically or excitingly, I shall be next month in a different state. I shall have made my mind up as to the immediate future.

Ever your

JOSEPH.

* On the 16th of April the Emperor and Empress of the French paid a visit to the Queen, and were everywhere received with enthusiastic applause.

To Emilie, in Genoa. April 23rd, 1855. Superscribed by her, "From London, received in Genoa April 28th, 1855."

DEAREST EMILIE,

I believe you to be mistaken about the place where you are ; and I believe the mistake to be a general and the fatal one. There is a population of the shipping branch and the working class generally, with whom wonders might be and will be one day achieved : they would have been achieved in 1849 had there been a *man* at the head of the movement. Garibaldi, if he was good, could be the man, and I could. I feel that ; and except the traditionary pride, I do not believe the population of Rome to have been, before the movement, better than the Genoese one, or than that of any other town in Italy : the middle class is cold, prosaic, egotistical ; is it not so everywhere ? the great thing is to convince them that it is useful for them to side by the revolution ; and *that*, once the first success conquered through the *people*, can be done. But the young patriots of the middle class do not feel what can be elicited from the people : they do not commune with the working man or with the sailor : they have not the *génie de la révolution* : what I call *faith* in the Italian people and in themselves : they expiate [are expiating] the old French materialism deep-rooted in their hearts. "Cosi sia" : "Ich kan nicht anders."

Money, words, love—I have exhausted everything. I must fold my arms and await the moment—if it comes before my death—in which they will feel changed, and enable me, by their rising, to go and die with them.

Of Louis Napoleon you will hear enough : everything has been here sickening : every word he said quoted with admiration. The worship of success has never revealed itself on such a scale. Meanwhile plenty of precautions have been taken ! And besides the English police, Henricy, the head of the secret police, had come here twenty days before, to organize the French police : Pietri, the Minister of Police, came too, two days before Louis Napoleon to Guildhall. L. N. went in a closed State Carriage, altogether invisible ; to the opera with eight carriages *au gallop* and nobody knowing in which carriage he was. Placards against him were posted, but detached immediately by the police. All the display, all the immense expenditure—sherry 122 years old costing I do not know how many pounds the bottle, Malvoisie from grapes of Mount Ida, etc.—was taking place while people are dying in ineffectual attempts before Sebastopol.

Saffi has been here for a week. [Saffi was, at that time, I believe, still a professor of Italian in Oxford University.] Moreover I am very often visited by Ledru [Rollin] who is rather improving.

I am going to dine to-morrow at the Nathan's. Mrs. Piper is rather better; not much. I have already sent your note; it will be a little treasure for her: she seems *morally* cast down. Should fatalities bid me to renounce all hopes for the present and to linger in England more than I dreamt of, I shall try to go [and lodge] with her, not however in Radnor Street. . . .

Here it is cold again owing to the East wind, but the days are sunny. Believe, if it is good to you as you say, in all the possible affection and heart's solicitude, from

Your JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From London. April, 1855. Probably April 27th.

I write a few words, dearest Emilie, having to send a very insignificant letter from Campanella.

Will the Italians drive me to scribble a book? Am I to despair of them? I hear of new, rather annoying arrests, from Bologna to Forli. But it is better that I do not speak about Italy.

Quadrio has gone away—I fear through some silly motive—from his place of refuge: he is again in Switzerland; in a few days or weeks he will be without any resource again; a true torment to me who cannot help him any more at least for the present. I know he has written to Nic. for the *It. e Pop.* Is it possible that nothing can be done for both him and the paper? People who pretend that action is impossible ought at least to help written propaganda. If the *It. e Pop.* had a small fund for that object, if they could have Quadrio as a regular contributor—if they could retribute modestly, me too, I am sure that after six months we would have the number of the subscribers double or treble. I *want* to earn something, and I would prefer to write two articles every week for the *Italia e Pop.* than for any other paper, foreign especially, though I would have more profit. The *It. e Pop.* is good in intentions always, but often badly written and rather empty. Ought not those who refuse to help action, to devise at least some scheme for making the *It. e Pop.* a thoroughly *good* republican newspaper? Throw the idea out, before leaving, to somebody, just “pour acquit de conscience”—and for poor Quadrio especially: it is a real shame that a man like him, an old patriot whom they profess to love and esteem, should lead *such* a life. Bless you, dear Emilie; God grant that everything goes on right in June [when some sort of settlement in her affairs was expected], for all persons' sake and for you, who, more than any, stand in need of calmness and comparative rest.

Ever your

JOSEPH.

Saturday.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From London. Superscribed by Emilie, "seems to be early in May, 1855."

DEAR, VERY DEAR EMILIE,

No, I never doubt your affection on account of silence. . . . Your father, dear, is not worse than he was, on the whole, but he is visibly threatened by paralysis, and nobody can say when a crisis may come on.

I feel very grateful to Bertani for the little good he has done to you. As for my feeling about him, I cannot dissemble the fact that it remains the same; he is very good as a man, but betraying his duty as an Italian. That he is hopeless, is not justifying him: we ought to struggle and preach and bear witness: he may feel hopeless for the present; he ought not to make others so. Victory or martyrdom is needed by the Italian cause, according to the view that one takes of it: *something* is needed; inertness and worse—as in the Feb. affair—is, in my eyes, a crime; still, it is, unhappily, the crime of almost all the Party, and I cannot be very severe against a single individual.

Dear, in the instructions you give about my mother's grave, never forget that I want it to be decorous but simple; not *very* expensive. She was a republican and such her tomb must be. If, one day, the Nation, free, would feel any gratefulness to me for my efforts, a tricoloured flag planted on her grave as an acknowledgment of her influence on me will prove the monument most worthy of her.

Love and blessings from

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, back in London. Dated by her 1855; and is probably June. Written in answer to a question she had forwarded from some Scotch friends asking, "What are the opinions of the Chief concerning peace or war?"

DEAREST EMILIE,

Your note of the 14th reaches me to-day at half-past two—is it right?

There shall be peace. L. N. wants it. 1st, because his financing resources are exhausted. 2nd, because the *rappports* of the Generals are all declaring that the conquest of the Crimea would cost immensely. That the army must re-embark, choose a different ground for a campaign, and that ground implies the Polish question, which L. N. will not and cannot raise. 3rd, because the Republican Party is getting powerful again and L. N. wants the army at home. 4th, because L. N. wants an alliance with Russia, and that will be the consequence of the peace.

The Russo-Imperialist Alliance will soon or late prove fatal

to England. It will merely be expiation for the sin of the alliance with despotism, and for having deserted the cause of the nationalities.

The Italian movement has been prevented only by the Austrian policy adopted by England. Austria, France and England were too many enemies for Italy. It would take place to-morrow if Austria was alone in the field. It will, as soon as any opportunity arises.

These are the opinions of the chief.

The latter part would be modified if the Chief had in his hands some 2000 or 4000 pounds ; it is not likely to be the case. I am awaiting for Kossuth's decision about the portrait.* If I have it to-morrow, you shall have it. But, besides all other possible reasons, he is poor and *de mauvaise humeur*.

Blessings and love from your

JOSEPH.

Friday.

Marshal Canrobert, the second Generalissimo to be put in charge of the Crimean campaign, had never been allowed freedom of action by the Tuileries, and resigned his command. His successor, reading aright this warning, determined to follow his own judgment and to press on the siege of Sebastopol. But on June 18th the allied armies were heavily repulsed by the Russians, and this blow, following upon all the preceding horrors of the campaign, sufficed to bring about the death of Lord Raglan.

It was not until August 16th that the combined armies retrieved their honour at Tchernaya, where the Piedmontese troops came fully and valiantly into action. Three weeks after the battle of Tchernaya the French carried the Malakoff fort by a brilliant effort, and Sebastopol fell (September 9th).

But the war was not yet over despite the anxiety of the French to retire upon their laurels.

To Emilie, in London ; written from London. Dated by her 1855.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Kossuth will sit : at yours : as few sittings as possible ; will you name the days which are most suiting ? His hours are very awkward, if they are to be attended to ; I know he dines at two. Suppose you could propose from 11 to 1. Mind

* Emilie's portraits had been so successful that Holyoake, who had just sold for her the portrait of Ledru Rollin, urged her to paint others.

he does not speak about that ; but as he does a kind thing, I think *we* ought to be kind in our turn.

It is my friendly entreaty that you never make an allusion to the past ; and just act as if nothing unpleasant had ever taken place between you two.

Ever your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Park House, Wimbledon. Probably September 14th, 1855.

If the Queen is well informed, Sebastopol is taken. Lafayette dead, of course.

You shall have peace ; only pay for war.

You have petitioned through Austria for peace.

Is it not a summary of the speech ? Not a word on Turkey—not a word on Kars [where the Russians won a rather brilliant victory] or Asia—not one on America, with whom you are on the point of breaking.

Parliament must support Government : that is its function ; sit there in silence, as an army of reserve : *viola tout*. This is the summary of Lord Palmerston's speech.

Austria, unknown to England, had suggested to Louis Napoleon to negotiate with St. Petersburg apart from England, and to this he had agreed. They had then decided that Austria should present to the Tsar her own ultimatum, embodying the preliminaries of peace ; and Louis Napoleon undertook to make sure that Palmerston and his Government would in no way alter the terms. Palmerston assented on the understanding that England should be given the right to suggest certain further conditions, and that certain points should be better defined. The ultimatum was presented in December, Austria giving Russia up to the middle of January in which to consider and accept it. In the event of rejection Austria gave the Tsar to understand that she would declare war.

To Emilie, at Park House, Wimbledon. Postmark, October 17th, 1855.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Will you have the enclosed posted somewhere ?

There is something like a Jerseyan insurrection against the exiles : meetings, resolutions that the [paper] *Homme* will not appear any more : personal threatenings, etc.* Here, in

* Refers to the expulsion of Victor Hugo from Jersey, whither he had gone when extradited from France.

London, the universal belief is that we are going to be arrested and shipped for some place or other.

Will you tell me the day of the funeral [of Mr. Ashurst, who died on October 13th]—and the hour in which it will reach the cemetery? I shall be there; and with me Ledru. He wants to be there, and the proposal was so spontaneous and grounded in nice feeling that really I could but be grateful to him. Of course I shall come near you and other members of the family; but Ledru asks me to lead him there and I have promised to do so. Matilda seems to be wavering; I hope she will not come. . . .

Ever your
JOSEPH.

October 17th.

Give my love to William and Bessie. Tell them about Ledru, so as to explain how I shall not be with you all in going. I shall in coming back.

To Emilie. Superscribed by her, "seems 1855."

There has been a motion or suggestion of Lord Lyndhurst's in the House of Lords for the re-establishment of the Alien Bill, with a great *tirade* against me, the Loan, the Committees,* etc. Lord Grey answered in the negative, but declaring that the Government had their attention drawn to our proceedings, were highly disapproving, and would discountenance them with all the power they had in their hands. . . .

In a letter of Christmas greeting which he wrote to Mrs. Peter Taylor, there occurs an explicit and characteristic declaration of Mazzini's faith:

I am not a Christian: I belong to what I believe to be a still purer and higher faith, but its time has not yet come: and until that day, the Christian manifestation remains the most sacred revelation of the ever-onward-progressing spirit of mankind working its way towards an ideal which must, sooner or later, be realized. I love Jesus as the man who has loved all mankind, servants and masters, rich and poor, Brahmins and Helots or Parias. The Day [Christmas], therefore, is a sacred one to me. . . .

* Perhaps the Liberation Committees of which Mazzini and Garibaldi were Presidents.

1856

To Emilie, at 22, Sloane Square. Postmark, March 1st, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Yes: I shall come on Thursday—and on Monday for the sitting. . . . This hurried note will reach you perhaps when the “great man” [Kossuth] will be sitting to you. I ought to receive from him this very day £50.

Blessings and not much appreciated, though very true, affection, from your

JOSEPH.

Saturday morning.

Before the date of Mazzini's next letter, which is of an intimate character and shows the tender side of his nature, always yearning for family affection, Russia had accepted the Austrian Note, and representatives of all the Powers, save Prussia, had met at Paris and signed a Treaty of Peace (March 30th). How unstable were the foundations of this Treaty the next few years were to demonstrate. Turkey soon showed herself incapable of reform despite the hopes of her late defenders, and fifteen years later, Russia, bargaining successfully with Bismarck, received in exchange for her neutrality his consent to the repudiation of terms which she had felt to be an unjust humiliation.

To little Joseph Stansfeld, for his birthday, April 19th, 1856. Written in large printed capital letters.

MY DEAREST LITTLE FRIEND,

I send to you to-day, your birthday, some sweets and two flower-pots. These you are to take good care of, for my sake. They must be watered every day, not much.

Bless you, dear. You are a sweet child: be a good child as well; you will please me so much if you are!

And to be so, you have only to do two things:

To do always cheerfully anything you are told by your mamma and by your papa:

To never do anything they do not like, even if you do like it.
Mamma and papa are the two Angels, whom God, the Father of all, who is up in the sky, has appointed to watch over you, and to make of you, first a good boy, then, a good man.

When you make them smile, God smiles.

When you make them sad, God too is sad.

But I know that you will be good: Therefore ask mamma, dear mamma, to give you a hearty kiss from your best friend

MAZ-ZI-NI.

April 19th, 1856.

To Emilie, at Mrs. Taylor's, 18, Upper Hornsey Rise. Seems April 30th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

To believe that a letter of Cowen to me will contain money, is really rather dreamy. Hurrah for the 19th. I wish Arethusa sent tickets and programmes to me rather early. I want to do all I can to make of it an "affaire brillante." I really want it. I shall be heavily under debt for the thing going on, or rather *not* going at all. . . .

I do not see at all why Miss Galeer is a weak woman because she is rather fond of me; still, let it pass. I forgot to say that Medici and Co. are, as usual, very jolly and idle; what can one make out of a protest concerning some things unknown, some wrongs unstated! There ought to have been at the top a preamble of ten lines explaining; but of course that would not be done. No letter from where I want; I feel nervous and fidgetty, as decreed, but loving and blessing.

JOSEPH.

Wednesday.

To Emilie, at Mrs. Taylor's, 18, Upper Hornsey Rise. Dated by Emilie, May 2nd, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Orsini, who is in Switzerland [having almost miraculously escaped from prison], has been in Genoa, very kindly received with *bravo, bravo* by Medici and Co. Bertani has attended him and improved the condition of his leg which has been injured in the flight. What more can one wish from them?

Try to be well if possible, and have me as ever your blessing—with very little effect—and loving,

JOSEPH.

Kossuth never answered?

Friday.

To Emilie, Belvedere Mansion, Brighton. Postmark, May 20th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had yours yesterday morning and wanted to answer it immediately : it has been impossible. I had yesterday all my men back ; the thing is, for the present, over, as you instinctively anticipated. I had to dispatch them in different directions ; and, alas !—to find out and give £53. This affair has ruined me ; but never mind, do not accuse the men in your mind. They may have sinned in *savoir faire*, not in courage.

This very day I can scarcely write except a few words.

Madame Viardot [the celebrated operatic singer, daughter of Garcia and sister of Malebran] has refused [any sort of aid or sympathy], or rather Mons. Viardot, influenced as I fear by the men to whom my letter was shown, Schoelcher and Louis Blanc. Viardot's letter is a polemic which I have answered to-day rather bluntly.

I am raging for money and for action. I am not far from believing that on the beginning of next month I *may* be in it. "Ça depend d'une chose," which I will know on the 29th, I suppose.

I remember everything, dear ; Brighton's visit, etc. ; how can I forget anything connected with your dear mother and father ? You distrust me ; you are unsatisfactory and you make *me* unsatisfactory. When I see you not only ill, but morally sinking, I feel lost, cramped and wishing for action, *not* for Italy's sake. So it was, spite of all appearances, at Caroline's on the Remenyi evening. I *feel*, dear, that I have been *de trop* amongst you. Still now, think and dream if possible, only of what I am trying to do in Italy, and do not say that your blessing can do no good, but all the same no harm. It would do so much good if it would come from a calm and strong soul, from a sad but not despairing sister, trusting the most loving brother she can have.

Your

JOSEPH.

Tuesday,

There were at this time three movements for which Mazzini was working with his accustomed energy. One, to be conducted by Cosenz, and which seems to have had the complete approval of Garibaldi and others, did not, for some reason, take place. Another, started in the Carrarese, failed. A third, in Sicily, undertaken by Mazzini's devoted young friend, Baron Francesco Bentivegna, in concert with Salvatore Spinuzza, was to end disastrously, costing the lives of both leaders. Bentivegna had

distinguished himself in 1848, and had also worked in the scheme for 1853.

The movements of this year originated with the several populations who were finding the conditions of life intolerable. When bent upon some rebellious effort they invariably turned to Mazzini for arms, money and perhaps plans, seeking also through him, who was known to hold all the threads, to be put into as complete connection as possible with fellow patriots and sufferers.

It was also in the spring of this year that Antonio Panizzi, in conjunction with Sir William Temple, our Minister at Naples, Mr. Gladstone and other English people, Garibaldi, Bertani, etc., were preparing their second attempt to rescue the Neapolitan political prisoners confined in the island of St. Stefano. The project seemed nearing completion and the rescuers, including Rosolino Pilo and Carlo Pisacane, were waiting in anxious readiness to act, when, in July, Bertani received instructions to abandon the plan. Panizzi himself was unable to furnish the reasons for this abrupt change, but the illness—which was to prove fatal—of one of the prime movers, Sir William Temple, probably had much to do with it. Panizzi could not have been unaware that for some time Sir William had been considering the risks of the undertaking too great to justify proceeding with it.

To Emilie, Belvedere Mansion, Brighton. May 21st, 1856.

DEAR,

Will you bother yourself for me? Read the enclosed and translate it into English. Only in translating, try to shorten it; cut off all things that are really useless and uninteresting. Make of it a relation of a flight [Orsini's flight from Mantua] that might be read with interest by an English reader; either a paper or a magazine will take it; and I should like it. Do not tell me silly things about your not knowing what to cut; do the thing, as I tell you, for my sake; do it as you would do it after a conversation in which the particulars would have been told. Keep the form of a letter to me.

I hear nothing of you from Arethusa.

Bless you, dear.

Your

JOSEPH.

Few knew—perhaps even the Ashursts did not know—the part Mazzini had played in the marvellous escape of Felice Orsini

from the prison at Mantua. Orsini, who at times exhibited a coolness and audacity that amounted to genius, contrived, by means at which we can still only guess, to establish communication with friends from an early period of his incarceration. Madame Herwegh, to whom he afterwards attributed all the credit of helping him, acted also for Mazzini; and thanks to a modern writer,* we now know something of the assistance furnished by the man he aptly calls the great wizard whose hand was everywhere. One morning Crispi entered Mazzini's little room in London to find him manipulating the buttons of a thick overcoat which was to be sent to the prisoner, and which would, of course, be rigorously scrutinized by the officials before their captive received it. Into these buttons, which he opened and reclosed with much dexterity, Mazzini put the opium powder for which Orsini had begged. Some years after Orsini's execution, De Boni, then a member of the Chamber of Deputies, was seen by Crispi to be wearing this overcoat, and he related how Orsini had willed it to him. Although Orsini used the opium in preparing his first attempt at escape, it played no part in his final and successful effort. He received by some safe hand—perhaps that of the jailor's wife who seems to have fallen a victim to his fascination—six highly tempered, minute saws, and with these he freed his narrow window from the two sets of formidable iron bars which no other person could have deemed conquerable. It is unnecessary to go into the details of one of the most remarkable escapes ever accomplished, but it is of interest to the student of Mazzini as showing the extraordinary care of the "chief" for those who risked life to serve their country, and his extreme reticence concerning all that would have endangered these protagonists for liberty. We find no indications in his papers or in his letters to the Ashursts of the anxious efforts he was constantly making to relieve the captive whose reckless imprudence had ruined more than one enterprise entrusted to his valour, and whose over-confidence had played some part in his own capture at the end of 1854.

To Emilie, Belvedere Mansion, Brighton. Postmarks, May 24th and 25th,
1856.

Saturday.

Thanks, dear, for your note and for the translation so quickly done: I shall try the *Daily News*, of course. The translation is very good.

* Signor A. Luzio.

I am in despair for the weather, on your account : the wind here is frantically blowing ; it must be higher than ever on the sea-side.

Remenyi [the Hungarian violinist] lives Golden Square. I fear that Sloane Square would be too far for him : his few friends, whom he visits every night, are all around Regent St. Still . . . he might be spoken to. He lives on a ground floor, 19A, Golden Square : not brilliantly, and with the only advantage that he is allowed to rave on his violin as often as he pleases. What would your rent be ? He ought to have two rooms : at least, he has two there, I think.

Arethusa has handed over to me £50 yesterday [from a performance of some sort got up for the cause] : and £10 to Mrs. T. She says that there will be other £20 or £25 : upon which she will give other £5 to aforesaid Mrs. T., pay some minor expenses and hand over the surplus to me.

I have written to her just now about Jenny Lind [for a concert he hoped to get up in St. Martin's Hall].

Sibilla Novello, whom I know, is at Nice : Clara I do not ; but I shall reach her through Dr. Fabrizi, or the brother through somebody.

Now another thing for when you come back. I have amongst others a bill of £20 made payable at Usiglio's by me on the 3rd of August. Under all possibilities of being suddenly called away, if I do succeed in something I am working at, I am obliged to put by £20 for the purpose ; and I do so : there they are wrapped in paper and perfectly useless to me before August. You are—*tranchons le mot*—wretchedly poor for the time being ; and I have been, and am, continuously though silently wretched at the thought : you are, in fact, damaging my work through it. A brilliant thought has arisen within : could you not pledge yourself to give the £20 to Usiglio on the 2nd of August, and avail yourself in the meantime of them ? Or will you have £10 unconditionally ? I remember all that you have declared, etc. ; and accordingly I have kept quiet ; only, the case is now totally different : the £20 lying there, perfectly useless to the country or to myself. Think of it. And think that you would oblige me very, very much if you made some use of them.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, Belvedere Mansion, Brighton. Postmark, May 27th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had yesterday, before eleven, Orsini : he remained until four, of course continuously talking, describing, explaining. I had Pianciani ! I had Dr. Fabrizi : I had, finally, Haug ! And

Haug with a Mr. Jennings, his victim of old, whom he drags, I do not know why, after himself. They went away at half-past seven. I had my head as if twenty mills were rolling their grinding wheels incessantly in it.

Orsini recovering, of course.

Haug leaves to-morrow for Hamburg. He talked and laughed as usual, but what on earth he has been doing all the while or what next, I could not make out. I think he is going to marry somebody. But the presence of the Jennings prevented me from being inquisitive.

I have sent the translation to the *Daily News*. It ought to be in to-day, but I do not see it any more. [The narrative of Orsini's escape appeared in the *Daily News* of June 8th, 1856.]

Arethusa maintains that to her Jenny Lind is *inabordable*. Remenyi amuses himself in the country somewhere. Of course I shall not intrude ; but I shall make him talk about his landlady or his landlord.

As for the £20, dear, I have nothing more to say. Of ten, I told you that I could dispose unconditionally, that is, without binding you to give back at the beginning of August. Remember that : I shall at all events keep them, useless to me, in a corner. And generally speaking, though I am far from being rich, I shall always have it as a proof of friendship from you, if you want and ask.

I have no news, and am anxiously waiting for some, already too long delayed, from Italy. I must atone for the loss of the whole day yesterday and must leave you . . . with a blessing.

Ever yours

JOSEPH.

Baucardé is about arriving. I suppose you are a *power* with him ; and that you will not only have boxes from him but make use of him among the artists in case of need.

Tuesday.

To Emilie, as above. May 30th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Kossuth has come back ; at least he wrote to me that he would be back on the 28th : and that on the 29th he would come to me. I wished to hear if he had been convinced by Cowen, but he has not made, hitherto, his appearance. . . .

The illumination ? Has it pursued you to Brighton too ? Holyoake had a transparent with Mrs. Browning's lines on peace ; the Italian flag, etc. The *Times* has inserted Orsini's letter. Orsini told me that Medici's affairs were going badly. I wish

he were compelled to leave them off altogether; he would perhaps achieve before dying, something better and worthier. The inertness of such men *now* is inconceivable. I am very anxious for some news that I am awaiting from Genoa; and frantic more and more for action, and raging silently the whole day.

Saffi is here. . . . He was hastening to Herzen, of course. Try to be physically better, spite of this horrible weather.

Your JOSEPH.

Friday night.

Although belonging to the following year an incident may here be narrated which illustrates the devotion and courage of the friend so often and so affectionately spoken of by Mazzini as Arethusa.

Mrs. Milner-Gibson, who knew intimately the Paretos, holding the Marchesa Constance in special regard, went early in 1857 to Genoa as their guest, to attend the wedding of a common friend. She and her hosts had arranged to go one evening to the opera for a special performance of one of Verdi's works. When she came in to dinner the Paretos were surprised to see her dress completely covered by an opera cloak, which she smilingly refused to lay aside till she should arrive at the theatre. Wondering what development was in store, they ceased to importune her, and conversing genially, they all presently drove to the "Carlo Felice." The *élite* of Genoa, arrayed in their best, had mostly assembled when the well-known Marchese and his wife ushered their handsome guest into their box. Mrs. Milner-Gibson, possessing a figure of remarkable distinction, carried herself with a queenly grace entirely natural. Perfect shoulders and neck together with unusually beautiful arms and hands, made evening dress her most becoming toilet. On this occasion she probably knew she was looking her best as, divesting herself of her mantle, she stood up in the box exhibiting upon a studiously simple dress a broad tri-colour ribbon that passed across one shoulder and over her breast. Numbers of glasses, already turned upon the box, quickly multiplied into hundreds, as a murmur of astonishment, admiration and half applause, ran round the theatre. In a few moments an emissary of the police knocked at the box door, bearing a demand that the daring lady should retire, or else divest herself of the offending colours.

It is interesting to note that at this time the "National



ARETHUSA MILNER-GIBSON

Society," having the creation of an *Italian Nation as its aim*, had come fully into being; chiefly because a section of men believed that the King and Cavour carried the tricolour in their hearts, and were prepared to work for it.

Mrs. Milner-Gibson refused, so to speak, to lower her flag. She also refused to leave the theatre; and it needed the persuasive intervention of the British representative, Montague Brown, to prevent a scene. He smoothed the officials and finally induced his plucky and devoted countrywoman to slip her cloak over the too conspicuous sash so that all eyes should not be fixed upon it nor all tongues be engaged in discussing it.

But the presence of the dauntless English believer in Italian Unity turned many a mind from the interest on the stage to the interest of the vital and burning question that lay in the back of every thinking mind. Who can tell what hearts were fortified that night, by the noble Englishwoman's action, presently to play their part in movements which, if not themselves crowned with success, opened the way for the miracles of 1860?*

To Emilie. From Genoa. June 29th, 1856. Received by Emilie in London, July 3rd.

DEAREST EMILIE,

A few words from here—How are you? I shall write from time to time; but rather seldom. The Government being already on the alert I must really be cautious. Write small notes through Caroline or sometimes directly to [here follows a list of cypher numbers].

Of the object for which I came I cannot say anything now. My journey has been very long, and it is the second day of my arrival. I have not alighted where I thought: I have not, consequently, applied to the doctor.

Bless you, dear; try to be good and brave and not careless and despairing, and feel that there is within me and a few others real deep affection for you.

Did Remenyi speak about the rooms?

Your loving brother.

[No signature.]

Mrs. J. W. Mario, in her *Life of Mazzini* says (p. 327): "Mazzini travelled secretly to Genoa, where I saw him hidden

* The above particulars were given to the writer in a private letter from the surviving daughter of the Paretos, the Marchesa Bice Pareto Magliano.

in the house of a noble woman of the people, Carlotta Benedettini, and where he was in communication with the most ardent and enthusiastic Piedmontese, Ligurians and emigrants. Medici, who had been gradually detaching himself from Mazzini, nevertheless accepted the office of treasurer for the subscription to the Ten Thousand Muskets, which were to be presented to the first province that should rise in revolt. The monarchy paid this movement the compliment of trying to counterbalance it by a subscription for a hundred cannon for Alessandria. Unfortunately the plan for the expedition of Cosenz could not be carried out."

To Emilie. From Genoa. July 3rd, 1856. Received July 8th.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have your letter of the 26th at last. . . . I do not conceal the fact that I was beginning to feel frantic about not having a single word coming from London, but now that I feel at rest we must, for a while, write less frequently than we did in other times.* . . .

I have seen nobody except men of the people, and one or two unknown to you: none known. Of course I shall, only a little later. I hear *they* [the so-called Moderates who were becoming monarchist: to whom Bertani and Medici were adhering] are a little better, or at least *talking* better.

I feel very little, dear, about my being in my country, and except one very sad, sacred thought and feeling, my being *on* the soil is very little to me: to *work* for my country and with some hope of redeeming her honour, *is* a feeling. As for others, even if I felt them vividly more than I do, the way in which I am placed would check the feeling: to not be able to walk about and breathe freely whilst I hear songs of liberty is very strange, precisely because it is my *own* country. . . .

You have grown so sceptical that I have answered all the little questions as a proof that I have read them all. But as to the main point I cannot say anything as yet, for various reasons. I shall be strong: be so too, and good, and a little more trusting yourself.

Ever your rather hurried but loving

JOSEPH.

* It will be remembered that Mazzini's correspondence was most carefully watched for, and violated, by the different Governments. Letters to or from him were constantly delayed and frequently suppressed. A painful proof of the thorough way in which this work was done is afforded by the recent discovery in Turin of the official, annotated copies of Signora Mazzini's letters to her son. A volume of these has just (1919) been published with a preface by Alessandro Luzio.

To Emilie. From Genoa. July 12th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have seen all the dissenting men. As I told you, we are all right again [with each other]. Still, they all are men of to-morrow. To none I could say, "act with me at the very beginning." Medici is very stout, flourishing: he may be unhappy; he does not look so: he is good, but the most sceptical of them all. He will act if I do act and succeed. I did not expect much more, so I am not disappointed. I have been *very* good with him; and if he ever does write to you, he will, he must, tell you so. Bertani is better than I anticipated. Acerbi equally so. Still, I repeat, none will have added one farthing, or one bit of strength to what I shall try. I feel perfectly satisfied with my having seen them because it is important that they should not be, or believe themselves to be, enemies, or treated as such if ever I succeed—but I shall not be helped to it. Pisacane is, towards me, the warmest and the most sincerely delighted at seeing me. Of my own hopes, dear, I shall not speak until I can say something positive, which I cannot now. . . .

I shall write very little, with the perfect knowledge that the Government has that I have been in Turin and am elsewhere. Every letter I write is a danger.

I have already removed, and am alone with a young man of mine in a very old and poor house. Never a journey of mine has been so immediately betrayed, I don't know how, as this one.* . . .

God knows, dear, that I thought of nothing but seeing the tomb [his mother's]. I have nothing else to see here; but even that is now impossible to me by day; by night one cannot get at the place. Strange to say that even my sister, as yet, knows nothing about my being here: there are reasons for that. Still, of course I shall see her. It is very sad, dear, to be in one's country—a constitutional country too—and to be so. Remember me affectionately to Mentia and Peter. I have a pen which I am cursing at every word I write, and I cannot get another till to-morrow. Do you hear anything about Kossuth?

I am now alone all the day—interviews being at night. I

* Although Mazzini would never believe it, the Ashursts felt assured that his movements were watched and incessantly betrayed *up to a point* by men who masqueraded as his useful assistants. At this period they distrusted Accursi: later, the traitor was a man named Wolff, who obtained a footing in Stansfeld's brewery as traveller. Because not arrested (until 1870), Mazzini argued that the Ashursts' fears were groundless. He could not be made to accept the theory that he constituted a source of *income* to informers who enjoyed retaining-fees and extra pay for special information. To stop Mazzini's career was to stop these receipts. They therefore took care that though he might be harassed, he was not discovered by those who really wished his end.

think of you, and if I could know you are comparatively well, trusting, comparatively believing that the world is not all barren whilst there are noble aims to devote one's life to, and noble, earnest affections still living, I would feel far more comfortable, far less gloomy and fidgetty than often I am.

Bless you, dear. One week more and I suppose I shall be able to tell you something positive about what drove me where I am.

Ever and ever your loving, devoted

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. Dated by her 1856. Probably July 30th or 31st.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I write though having nothing to say. I am as I was both in health and position : working as much as I can and as well as I can, with uncertain prospects. . . . You will see from the *Italia e Popolo* that I am exhausting all the degrees of the amiability to convert the Moderates, who, strange to say, are more Piedmontese than the Piedmontese Government. There is no harm in my making all possible steps towards them : should they refuse I shall be in the best possible position for my hoisting again the old flag and send them to the Devil. Some of them are coming round, but doing nothing as yet. Here, too, I feel how guilty and deplorable the absolute inertness of Medici, Bertani and Co. is. I know that they meditate something apart ; and for that they have money, but it is a scheme which either will not realize itself or will lead to the tenth of result which they could aim at if with me and devoting these sums to other more direct purposes. Do not mention anything about this allusion, nor in fact about me. I do not wish them to know that I write about them. . . .

The heat here is almost insufferable. I am about removing again at the end of the week.

This note, dear, is dry as parchment, but it has nothing to do with my heart. Only I have been writing all day, through a sense of duty, to persons whom I would never write one word to should I listen to my individual feelings ; and there is nothing so drying and saddening. My soul would be literally tired and worn to death, if the tendencies of the popular element were not refreshing it from time to time. . . . Bless you, and trust your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. August 1st, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have yours of the 26th. You must have received from me during the interval. Still, I have written very little,

but I really could not. I have been at the distance of three hours from reaching the aim and you may imagine what I had to do. Then I have been living in strange places and unable to write or send when I liked. You ask me if I see flowers and have seen the town? Caroline asks me if I hear music. Hélas! Whilst your letters were travelling I was not even able to see the sky, nor to walk four paces unless turning round about myself. I am well now, seeing both sky and trees. Still, never mind; I have always been surrounded by such love from these "sublime children" of the popular class that it was quite touching: and so delicate too—people who have to work all the day, losing all the nights without my knowing it in watching over me; performing with a radiant face the most low, menial offices; and then on my leaving them, presenting me with rings, costing the half or their sparings. But of these things I shall speak more one day or other.

I have had no letter of yours through Medici that I know of, but I may without knowing; and at all events without a single line from him; nor have I seen him any more, nor shall. He is lost for me. Acerbi and Pisacane were quite ready to do their duty: he not only was not, but openly, avowedly, dissenting; he has never been, since our first meeting, enquiring about me. Better not to speak about him. The middle class is lukewarm; only heated up to a certain degree by personal contact, which I can have very seldom. Never mind what the papers say; do not judge events. The position is still the same with some more difficulties in the way.

I have seen nothing of the town, dear, except one or two positions [strategic positions] by night. The only paper I have is my own *Italia e Popolo*, and not always that. I have not a single book. I eat, of course, in the most Genoese style possible; and do like it. What I have seen of the town seems to me very small, even Strada Balbi. . . .

Blessings and love from your

JOSEPH.

Possibly enclosed with this letter there is one to Peter Taylor in which occurs the following:

I have been in a sort of crisis during these days, living where you, the happy of the earth, with Halls, Farms, Pigs and Guinea Fowls, would have been terrified to live; but it is over now and I am enjoying the sight of the sky again. . . . The popular element is admirable, far beyond what I anticipated; there is in them a touch of the true heroism. . . . They—these men whom

I had left the most narrow municipal people possible, dream of nothing but of Rome and unity. . . . The middle class is lukewarm and only acting under personal influence. I have been obliged to go to secret meetings of thirty middle-class persons at least ; and there has been the source of the crisis.

To Emilie, at Bern (travelling to Italy with William and Bessie). Postmarks, Genoa ; and Poste Amb: tra Torino e Genova, August 19th, 1856. Bern, August 22nd.

Welcome to my dear Switzerland and welcome to my own land even for three days. Of course I must and shall see you all. Only give me warning in time and let me manage. "Non ci mancherebbe altro." You will let me know the hotel where you will go ; leave the rest to me, and do not feel uneasy. Do not fail to tell me. I would feel very wretched if you did. . . .

My love to B. and W. Ever yours with loving blessings,
JOSEPH.

P.S.—If you stop at Lausanne, as you ought, take B. and W. to the *Signal*. The walk is rather tiresome being an ascent ; but one can go, if they chose, on donkeys or some sort of animal whatever ; secondly, one has the benefit of halting middle way and drinking *bad* beer. The *Signal*, however, *must* be seen : the *coup d'œil* will repay every toil. The name of Byron is on the door of the little chapel somewhere.

To Caroline. Directed in disguised hand to "Mr. Hall, Burton House, Walham Green, Fulham, London." Postmarks, Genoa, August 24th, 1856, and an English one August 28th.

(Beginning missing). . . . So they [William, Bessie and Emilie] have left and are in Switzerland whilst I write. Should they come here for the three days they spoke of, I shall see them all together one night in a deserted house, where I give my *rendez-vous*, and where I go with a candle in my pocket which I put in the neck of a bottle. Could you only know, dear, what it has costed me to prevail on the Director of the *Italia e Popolo* and others to have the Subscription for the 10,000 muskets out ! They all were declaring it would be a decisive failure ; that nobody would venture to sign. I insisted, and succeeded. Next day the lists of subscription were seized by the Government at the office. We went on just as if nothing had happened and the Government did not exist for us. I scatter lists right and left ; they are coming back signed, and the thing looks on the whole rather successful. You have, of course, understood the true bearing. To start this subscription in the paper which is called

my own, whilst another [subscription] has been started under Government auspices for the hundred cannons [to be placed in the refortified stronghold of Alessandria], is just to summon up a review, as it were, of the two parties, and show to everybody that mine is as powerful as the official one. Then, the Government one was as usual, *a lie*, to deceive people. There is no provocation to Austria in a merely *defensive* measure: mine is a true provocation; it goes to declare that the free and the oppressed inhabitants of Italy are *one*; it promises to hear the oppressed; and calls them up to a rising. It may prove a true embarrassment to the Government. Lastly, I want to drive the town to make herself the flag-bearer, the centre of the aggressive National Party. All this, besides the *material*, which is, if I do succeed, a real encouragement to any province. Of course I do not say all this to all. I call it a mere completion of the other subscription [the Loan for Italian freedom, which had enraged Austria and the other Governments]. I am trying all that I can to draw to me a fraction of the Moderate Party; not altogether without hope, if I am allowed to manage by the *enfants terribles*. At all events I keep my ground in a way that will give me the advantage before all Italy, if ever, despairing of help, I shall be compelled to come out with a *compte-rendu* of my attempts, and with a declaration that after trying everybody else, we are alone, and independent, and entirely free in our action. The *Diritto*, a representative of the Moderate Party, and belonging once entirely to Manin [who defended Venice in 1849, but was now living in Paris and antagonistic to Mazzini], has already softened and approved of the proposal; only they try to suggest that there ought to be a mixed committee, and so on. I foresaw that, and did insert in the short appeal a clause which most likely you could not see the bearing of, to the effect that the managing committee will be chosen from out the first lists; so that they are compelled either to subscribe a direct provocation to Austria or to keep out altogether—which is my aim. The material must be in our hands. I must try to have now a committee; only it is not easy, because the Government may take that moment to interfere. We shall see. Meanwhile, what I should want abroad, if possible, is this: An approval now, proved by subscriptions; at a later period, if I should succeed, articles in the press stating that it *is* a direct provocation to Austria, and that Austria must be really afraid of her own position to not resent it. Tell this to James. Of course you are not disheartened at the 50 centimes, etc. First, it is the style in Italy, and it is the case with other subscriptions too. Then, they are all working men; and it is what I want. I have now received the first lists from Turin and handed them over. Tell all these things to Saffi and urge him to send his name as

quick as possible. By showing him the numbers of the *Italia e Popolo*, if he does not see them elsewhere, he will see the [names of the] Piedmontese papers which have approved the thing. I tell you all this, dear, because I think you do like my little political notes, and I like, myself, to speak with you about what I do; I regret to not be able to speak about another part of my scheme.

There have been already three shocks of earthquake, the first two very slight, the third, yesterday, between three and four after noon, quite perceptible to me whilst I was writing; the table shook three or four times in the most bold, undulating manner. It is now rather cool and comfortable. Accordingly, I feel physically better.

[End missing.]

To Emilie. Addressed to Lucerne. Posted in Genoa, August 25th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

. . . I wrote to Berne. I hope you had the letter.

I am here fighting a battle against the Government, having opened a subscription for 10,000 muskets to be given to the first Italian province which will rise against Austria. The Government has seized the first lists: we went on as if the Government was a nonentity; now we must establish public committees, etc.: and I do not know what the Government will do. We shall see.

How does the journey proceed? You had all seen the Rhine, and consequently went on as quickly as Bessie—poor over-tired Bessie!—will have allowed, and you are “*en pleine Suisse*.” What does Bessie say? Does she find it beautiful? I hope so. Is William well? You? The chances are that you will keep tolerably well during the journey, *then* sink in a series of crises, and this coming from your not taking prosaic cares, not sleeping or eating enough, being disorderly and *enfant de Bohème*.

I shall tell you if Medici and Bertani do subscribe to the first bold provocation to Austria which has come forth from here. We have had slight shocks of earthquake, one of which I felt myself: nothing very respectable. You will tell me if you come here, in good time. . . .

Ever your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa, and sent through Arethusa. Dated by Emilie, August 26th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I receive now, the evening of the 26th—I believe I am correct; but at all events it is Tuesday night—your letter from Berne. I had already written to Lucerne, and I do

not think these lines would reach you there, posted as they will be on the 27th. I send them *au hasard* to Arethusa, hoping they will come to you some time or other. Dear, your letter is what your letters always are, *very* good; still, you were writing in a very dissatisfied mood; but never mind. Now, do not grow more dissatisfied if I tell you that there is one thing which has been very often done by those who love me, and which is always perturbing me very much and wounding my self-love a little; it is—I wonder at *your* not having guessed it—their providing too much for what is called my safety. You are running this risk just now. Dear, I know perfectly well how to manage. I have been often travelling safely through rather dangerous lands. I am here since June, at war with the Government and—though Campanella and every friend was declaring that I would not stop ten days without being taken—I am here still. Will you then be so good as to trust me a little more? It would be a real grief to me if you were here and I did not see you. Be quiet, then, and let me know where you go. I shall see you somehow, and feel better for it. . . . I have told you that I have received the £20; Herzen is very good.

Try to be well and not angry with your devoted Joseph, more at least than he deserves.

Ever your

Jos.

I believe you are rather sharp upon Constance [first Mrs. Beart, then Marchesa Constance Pareto. Sometimes referred to by Mazzini as “the Irish lady”]. You attribute to her what is mainly the fault of her husband. *She* could refuse, I know; still, the money would not go for the cause. I have asked him to send me 100 frs., which he did, and she sent me her own one hundred, asking me not to mention it to him.

No, dear, I want nothing for myself. I spend less than in London: and I have quite enough of mine here in Bettini’s hands. . . .

To Emilie. From Genoa. Received at Lucerne, August 27th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Why do you complain of my silence? I was complaining of yours. Either some letter of mine has been lost or some of yours have. Two from Caroline have been, but never mind. I have—even if too long silent—been in really exceptional circumstances. . . . Dear, I really am not unjust to you . . . and you mistake for a blame the expression of a fervent, I fear unrealizable, wish for your sake.

The exceptional circumstances here referred to may mean a dangerous journey which Mazzini undertook in order to meet Adriano Lemmi at Lausanne. Lemmi at once promised 20,000 francs towards promoting a rising in the Neapolitan States or in Sicily. When made aware of this donation, Pisacane and Pilo, who both thoroughly understood the aims of Mazzini, wrote to Bertani to point out that the situation was so changed by it that they could no longer hold themselves in exclusive readiness for the attempt to liberate the Neapolitan prisoners. For that enterprise, they and others, with Garibaldi, were pledged to keep themselves free during one year ; but now Pisacane and Pilo foresaw that the greater scheme would cover the lesser, while if the lesser were executed first it would, by rousing the Neapolitan Government, erect the very obstacles in the way of a great rising which it was the object of those planning it to avoid. They addressed themselves to Bertani, because although the hope of rescuing Settembrini and his colleagues had been abandoned by its English partisans, he himself clung to the idea, realizing how that hope still buoyed up the unhappy captives.

After adverting to matters of no interest except to the Ashursts, Mazzini's letter continues :

Medici did not come first ; I wrote to him ; how could he refuse, even if he had chosen [wished] ? Your seeing him would neither change him nor me. He would tell you that he loves me, etc. ; you would believe him ; and *voilà tout*. Nevertheless the link is gone, broken for ever, dear. Do not mistake me ; I believe him to be a patriot ; I believe that if I asked him to-morrow for a personal favour, he would immediately and gladly comply ; but I believe him to be lost for the cause as far as I am concerned in it.

He must have got, somehow, a lower idea of my intellectual powers and a far higher opinion of his own. He stands alone ; and Medici standing alone must fall. His old friends, Acerbi, Pisacane and others are now separated [from him]. When I have been, of late, very near achieving something, he was asked what he would do in case of there being a battle between the people and the troops ; he answered that he would shut himself in and bolt his door. He is anti-Piedmontese and [yet] he clings to Garibaldi, who takes all the possible opportunities to declare himself a follower of the *glorious vessillo* [the standard of the King of Piedmont]. He does not believe in the people, but keeps entirely away from them. He loves his

country, but does not feel the shame nor the grief of her present condition.*

Thank Mr. Barker for what he intends to do. But there will be very soon some other thing to be done. It is this. I want to start—it will most likely come out in the *Italia e Popolo* to-morrow—a National subscription of 10,000 muskets, to be bought by the Genoese and given to the first Italian province where an insurrection will take place. It is a *contre-parti* to the Monarchical subscription to the hundred cannons. I want to make of Genoa the flag-bearer of the National Party. Of course I shall write to our own Italian men of the party in London and have their money and subscriptions, but I should be very glad if a list of English names—women and men—should be sent to the *Italia e Popolo* or to me. Subscriptions ought to be small; shillings and half-crowns. But I would like the thing as a mark of sympathy. Perhaps Holyoake could manage a list of one shilling subscribers. You will do what you can if you remain in London. If you do not, never mind.

No; I shall see you if you come, and I shall see William and Bessie too; no doubt of it. I shall manage somehow. Only let me know if you come. I admire you for not complaining of the heat. Here it is intense, fabulous, as it has never been. Accordingly, I am slightly suffering through it. I have been rather ill last night, but am well now: and would be perfectly, should the heat abate, of which there is not the slightest symptom. I had a scorpion too, in my room one of these nights; however, I am tolerably in that respect.

What you noticed once is perfectly and sadly true, dear: there are no birds in our country. Life is wanting; the only poor substitute during the few days that I was in the country being a host of green *grilli* which were bothering me to death and making me by night rather uncomfortable.

Blessings and love from your JOSEPH.

To Emilie. Sent by hand to the Hotel de Ville, Genoa. Written and received September 5th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Your note reached me at half-past seven. I forgot to tell you that the best way for the Dr. is Farmacia Cavanna,

* Events during the next twelve years fully proved the justice of Mazzini's estimate of Medici. The ci-devant brilliant republican soldier became gradually reduced to the servile follower of the dynastic schemes of the House of Savoy. He was actually a general in the army of the King who, in 1858, submitted to the dictatorial *alliance* of the despot of France in order to prevent the uprisen people from winning their own victory. That King deluded them with the promise of unity to be achieved by the two royal armies, while he bartered away Nizza, and like the "political Esau" which Mazzini called him, sold his birthright (Savoy) for the Venetian pottage offered to him by his "magnanimous ally." Savoy is, strategically, the key of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel gave it into the hand of his astute neighbour.—E. A. V.

Piazza Nuova. It was *impossible* to see you this night. Of course, spite of all difficulties and things to be done, I would have snatched half an hour, *coûte que coûte*, and seen you again this night had you been starting to-morrow (I am writing at midnight). But leaving me one day more I was obliged to prefer to-morrow night.

I grieved a little yesterday night at our fatally running into dissent about other people and at your looking rather irritated when it was perhaps the only interview, and we had been so long without seeing one another. But that is all. I felt rather disappointed too, at the turn of the conversation. I am plunged into politics from morning to night, not very comfortable about it; and I wanted very much to talk about dear *nonsenses* and to be rather forgetful.

Now, I should wish very much to see you alone for a short while; and at the same time I should wish, if they *do* wish for it too, to see again Bessie and William. Who on earth can say when I shall be able to see them again? I should wish to see you a short while alone because I have something to communicate to you about some friends of yours here, which I do not feel entitled to communicate to others. But I trust so much to B. and W.'s friendship as to believe that they will not be hurt at all by this. If I am not mistaken, and if they can and wish to see me again, I propose this: I would send for you at half-past eight; and they, knowing certainly their way now to the Acquaverde, would come at nine. Of course there would be one of my men out to help them up as soon as they appear. Will you ask them to do so if they can? You may either have other appointments, or go to rest if you choose. I fear I shall be obliged to leave you a little after ten. Still, one hour with *friends* is something for a man in my actual position.

Bless you, dear. Had you something to communicate, do it at the above address before four o'clock. I shall have it at six. If nothing comes I shall send for you at half-past eight.

Ever yours,
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. Dated by her 1856. By Mazzini, September 12th.

DEAREST EMILIE,

. . . How are you after the hurried journey? Was the telegraphic dispatch meaning something bad,—ruinous? It seems so strange that a lawyer should be hurried away in such a manner that I have been rather uneasy about it. [William Ashurst had been summoned away from Genoa by a telegram, on the 7th September.] I sent you a letter for Geneva without thinking

that most likely you were not going there. How did you manage? This I shall know, I suppose, before I post, as you or W. told my man that you would write from Switzerland. I am so glad, dear, that you went away rather content with me. The list, you will most likely see, was printed the very day you left [the list of subscribers to the 10,000 musket fund]; your name will appear in the next. How did William manage to sign? Did he go to the office? I write, dear, in hourly expectation of seeing Jessie, which I rather would have avoided. [Miss Jessie White, whom Mazzini had seen for the first time, in London, in the June of this year. She afterwards married Alberto Mario.] She is intimate with Garibaldi, and, really, I see already too many people. Besides, I do not see the use of it. Why cannot she work in London at the subscription without coming to this place first? To conquer Garibaldi to it? He has signed; and it is all he can or will do. The intentions, however, are evidently so good that I shall see her.

I have seen her, and must see her again, and then it will be over. I like her very much indeed; she means good, is earnest and energetic. Still, all that she wants I would have done had she written a letter and asked. She has missed Garibaldi; no great harm. I think she will leave on Friday. She enquired immediately after you. Voilà! I dare say she will succeed more than twenty men who would put their strength together. I *hope* she will; only it might be that the help comes late. Something may take place soon, which is not exactly what I would choose; but if it takes place I must make the best of it.

I have seen her again; she leaves to-morrow, Saturday. I like her more and more; on leaving me she was moved; and so was I. Everything for the scheme* has been settled. [Mazzini printed a beautiful introductory letter of appeal to be used by the local promoters of these lectures.†]

She is very absolute in her opinions; so you are. I mean about individuals, Kossuth and others. Will you be so good as to repeat, both, to yourselves, this little maxim, morning and night: "That there are, in the actual world, neither angels nor devils; that our task here down is not that of the last Christian Judgment, but that of saving, if possible, from the devil those who have a leaning to him, and of helping up more and more those who aspire towards the angel; that at all events we must make the best of the former for the good of the latter; and that we must look more to the *aim* to be reached for *all*, than to keep

* Of lectures on the state of Italy and the Italian question, which Miss White wished to give in England and Scotland, and in which Saffi helped her.

† See Appendix A.

ourselves proudly unblameable and independent individualities." She called me *jesuitical*; if there is within me a real merit towards God and men, it is that I have scarcely ever played the part of the "individual," though I was born with a very strong one within me.

I have your lines from Turin. I would have preferred the letter to Arethusa to be posted elsewhere than at Chambéry; but never mind.

. . . I shall write very little and very laconic during the next eight or nine days; as I shall be rather exceptionally busy. Try to keep well, as well as you can in London. Loving blessings on you, dearest Emilie, from

Your
JOSEPH.

12th September.

To Emilie. Written from Genoa, September 27th and 28th. Received in London, October 4th, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have had yours of the 18th. . . . This very evening, dear, they ought to do something elsewhere: if so, and in a satisfying way, it will be the beginning, as you know; if not, it will be, morally, a ruin. Two failures would raise such a storm against the scapegoat. I am, as to the first step, very doubtful and sceptical. Meanwhile, as everything has to be prepared as if I was not so, you may fancy the work I have upon me. So never mind the laconism. Of course you and our friend [Miss Jessie White] must go on as if nothing was on the eve of happening. Sooner or later the help will always be useful. You are both admirable and showing what women could do if only they were reckoned for what they are.

I have received the translation of my letters. The letter of Mr. Barker is excellent.

Medici did never answer my note. *Entre nous* and without Jessie knowing it, Garibaldi is, or has been, as much untrue as Kossuth, dear; and still, it is more weakness in both than a radical fault.

It is not exact, dear, that Foreign Office passports are often not *visés*; they are, at the frontier in France or here. . . . Case lies. [There had been untrue statements made about the manner in which he left Rome after the French had taken possession.] I had a passport from him, through poor Miss Fuller's unexpected exertions, I believe; I had it when I was already in Civita Vecchia, that is, after having been seven or eight days in Rome putting all my friends to despair and walking leisurely through

the streets when everybody had left. The passport reached me without any *visa* for France. I sent it back. Meanwhile the *Corriere Corso*, a French steamer, was starting. I went straight on to the Captain, Cambiaso, a Corsican, and told him: "I am such a man [told him who I was]; I have no passport; will you take me?" He said yes; and I left *without* a passport. I had to smuggle myself into Marseilles and there to await—in the Mad-House of which I told you—awaiting until somebody procured a passport. Voilà! I dare say both the *Corriere Corso* and Cambiaso are actually living and plying.

Jessie does not know when I do look ill or not. [Miss White had given the Ashursts a faithful report of her impressions.] The fact is I am as usual.

If you knew how I am cursing the wind all the while for certain unknown reasons! These last two hours have costed me 500 francs besides a serious and dangerous disappointment.

[Later.] There is nothing, dear, but another deception.* For certain reasons, *they* [the apparently converted Moderates] have on a sudden decided that they will not act. Things begin to be really beyond bearing.

Go on, still calmly, with the scheme for lecturing. I am persisting. Will you write one word to Orsini telling him from me to remain where he is for the present? . . .

To Emilie. From Genoa. Dated by her 1856. By Mazzini, October 5th.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have yours of the 26th; I have not been able to answer it before; I am overwhelmed with work. I cannot give you any particulars about what I said and unsaid in one breath. Everything was settled for an immediate beginning; any rational man would have been sure of it; at the very [actual] moment everything [was] unsettled by the Moderate fraction. Scarcely anything is known, and no *moral* harm is done; but comparatively to my little means, the material harm is serious. The South is now very stormy; but should nothing take place there, I have a plan which can scarcely fail; and I shall end by conquering; only it requires some time—months, I mean—and some money. If England through the scheme—the general one, not the special, of course—could only yield one thousand pounds, I think I would be saved. Will it ever? And if so, when? *That* is the question. You all do what you can, and the rest to Providence. If there is time before me I don't exactly know what I shall do. . . .

* Mazzini frequently uses the word deception in the sense of disappointment; also sometimes in the sense of disillusion.

By the bye, I have never been answered a single word by Medici. I insist upon this, not that there was any *need* of an answer, but to show, that as I took an opportunity for the sake of giving one, he did not take it. It is a pity, but depend upon it, *we* shall never more work together, and *they* will never act. If anybody does, I shall; we shall join after. . . .

Is the *vile* book of Gallenga the History of Piedmont, or another? I have scarcely glanced at the book. I gave a statement, I think to Shaen, concerning the intended regicide: perhaps James can have it back. The History is written *ad probandum*; nude historical facts are copied from other histories, but the way of showing them out is eulogistic of the House of Savoy: it is the aim of the book.

The interview with my sister has been, as far as it could be, satisfactory.

I am not with the coal-men. I am more comfortably [placed]; and well in health. I do eat properly and have from time to time, flowers. But it is a true shame, dear, that you speak about my health and that you do, meanwhile, all that you can to ruin yours, regardless of all that I and others will, to any degree, suffer through it. I cannot go into details, but appeal to your conscience and tell you, as one who loves you, that it is a sinful weakness.

Spite of this, having a blessing from your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. Dated by her 1856. Must be about the 7th October.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Since I had yours, which I answered, in which you told me that Miss White would herself send her *rapport* of the interview with Kossuth, I had nothing more.

The Turin papers are giving the answering address of the working men [to an address to them from Italian Working Men's Associations] and we are obliged to copy it, the same as we are compelled to copy all mentions of the Newcastle meeting, etc., from them, which degrades us. The *Italia e Popolo* ought really to have these things concerning the movement as soon as possible. Try to manage. [It is perhaps needless to say that all these things had been sent, but seized at the post office.—E. A. V.]

Campanella has written to me about Gallenga. I sent him yesterday an account of the intended regicide in 1833; but how many papers are writing about it? *

Do you ever hear of Remenyi? If by chance you should see

* The substance of this account, and the circumstances which were twisted into proof that Mazzini countenanced assassination, are given in vol. i., pp. 288-292.

him, reproach him for my sake. He promised to work actively, incessantly in a financial way; and since I left I have never heard of him. Really, the Hungarians, with the perfect knowledge they have that only through their *première étape*, Italy, they can reach their own country, *ought* to help us and to work with us as a single man. And this task of arousing the Nationalities being devolved on us, the men of the different oppressed nations ought to form a single camp. I feel perfectly sure that, provide they choose, the Hungarians can find some money among themselves. The Greeks, too, ought, but never will, and it is a shame. I have a mass of elements in my hands; but to put them in motion, to initiate something like a "grand movement" money is necessary. I find some here, but [only] for special aims concerning the locality.

Dear Emilie, are you very cross at the last lines of my last letter? You would be wrong: you must understand the feeling from which they arise; I trust you will. I want you to be well and to see Italy free; and I want you to be firm, which I cannot be if you or any other of the family is ill. Bless you, dear. My half grumbling love to Miss White. And believe me ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. Dated by her 1856. By Mazzini, October 14th.

No, dear, I shall not *give it up* if I can find some financial help. I must be despairing indeed to be able to write the religious book: even then, I do not know that I shall ever be able to do so. Except when a gleam of possible action rises before me, I seem to myself altogether dead in intellect: unable to embody thoughts in any shape. Even for *action*, I feel very tired, and sometimes shrinking from the awful responsibility, merely because I do not feel equal any more to the task of managing *after*, what I should have initiated: "*la sève s'en va*."

Still, I go on, and shall go on, galvanizing myself—as a dead frog—just because there is no one who will take up actively the matter. Oh! if I saw one! I have seen—instead—Enrichetta [wife of Mazzini's faithful friend, Carlo Pisacane]: very good; she asked me about you, of course. Dear, Madame Celesia, after one month, has sent me back the [subscription] list without a single name and without a single word from her Brava!

I have the book of Leopardi. . . . Moreover, I write notes about passages concerning myself. There now! If, with the utter sense of contempt I begin to feel, politically, for myself generally, for my own life altogether, and positively for posterity as far as I am concerned, it is not merely for your sake too, that I do that, you are the most ungrateful of biographers possible.

Do not torment yourself about the passports, in fact about anything concerning me. I shall always manage somehow. Bless you, dear, and believe me always your loving

JOSEPH.

14th October.

To Emilie, 22, Sloane Square, Knightsbridge. From Genoa. Dated by Emilie 1856.

October 17th.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have received the book of Emerson, the two photographs, the magnificent cigars—thanks for all—with a little note from Linda [Miss Linda White, who married first a Signor Mazini, and afterwards Prof. Villary] who offers her services but is strictly watched: then a number of *Punch* with the Italian thing in.

Did you see, dear, one of the little thousand proofs that nothing shall ever be done with Medici? Did you see how he, making the subscription his own affair, protests against any *solidarité* with the *Italia e Popolo*, and declares that the muskets will be given to any province rising in the name of the King? We are preaching the necessity, and lamenting the want, of unity in the Party, and he separates the Committee from the *Italia e Popolo*; we preach a National flag for the movement leaving the nation free to proclaim even Victor Emmanuel *after*; he declares that he will give the muskets to the province who will proclaim the King before: that is forcing him on the nation. He throws division as much as he can in our camp; and has already been rewarded by the praises of the *Corriere Mercantile*. It is of no use, dear; you are very good, and judge from your own point of view; but Medici will do anything to single himself out and separate himself from me. “C'est comme cela,” and this is the more striking instance because the thought of the subscription is *mine* entirely and he continuously talks as if it was his own and alters it. All this is very annoying to me. But if I succeed in getting the money I want, I shall cut short all this and radically.

Pray do not forget to send either lists or papers concerning the working men's movement [suffrage movement] without delay so that we are not *dévançés* by the monarchical press. Try both to ascertain if Kossuth is still in London and send the enclosed to him.

The beautiful photograph [from a sketch of him by Emilie] is too dear for Italy: still, had we copies, some would be sold.

Remember me to “Jessie”; ever, ever yours,

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. Received by her, October 27th, 1856. Dated by Mazzini 23rd.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have yours of the 16th and 18th, some papers, etc. If any scheme is realized you must impress upon Miss White [Jessie] that the only thing I *cannot* yield is lecturing: I will not. *C'est plus fort que moi*. Moreover there would be no time. All that you both are doing for the subscriptions is admirable. If Cowen can succeed in the £1000 scheme it will be more than admirable; and after all, though the sum is large enough, I dare say that if things continue to be energetically pushed the subscriptions will most likely reach the sum. Never mind Garibaldi, dear. Do not go too far in your unfavourable opinion: many are like him: Medici amongst others. It is weakness more than wickedness. They have put in their heads that they are great men. I dare say they positively believe that I am wrong and deficient in everything. They must be left at rest. They have done, and will unavoidably do, some mischief before. But if I do succeed they will fight the Austrians well enough after. More they cannot do.

The same thing I say—and very earnestly—about Kossuth. I *want* him to be, sincerely or not, with me. He is necessary to me as I am necessary to him, for Austria's overthrow. Let it be a military alliance if not a cordial one. And try to speak and behave *en conséquence*. I enclose a note for him and one for Ledru. Can Orsini succeed? [He speaks of Orsini going to lecture in English towns without knowing the language.—E. A. V.] I write in a hurry. Blessings on you from

JOSEPH.

Ledru is 8, Acacia Terr: Ordinance-rd., St. John's Wood.

To Emilie. October 25th, 1856. Brought by hand from Genoa by Massarenti.

DEAREST EMILIE,

. . . I have received yours of the 20th, and at last the *Leader* and Miss White's letter, etc. I do not wonder much at what you say about Jessie, and your feelings. There is, physically too, something dry in her, something too manly. As for my arrival or even my coming, I do not know anything about it yet. I wish you to not *write* about it to me, nor to speak to others. If I do come, it will be for two months, not more, and it will be well to let people here go on believing that I am still in Italy: they would misinterpret and feel discouraged. When the time will come for my coming back, then I shall do as if I had arrived, and show myself; then, one week after, leave suddenly.

Of course I shall see you immediately and Jessie too, but she must promise secrecy, and not want me to go about for the subscription, etc. I shall, of course, help in all possible ways, write notes and articles and anything she will.

I shall tell you everything I want to do, and you will see that mine is the proper course. . . .

My love to Jessie.

Ever your
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. October 28th, 1856.

I have, dearest Emilie, letters and papers, with Saffi's letter. What does Orsini mean by his silence about the immediate aim? I dare say Jessie's letter will arouse him to better senses. Tell her that the attack against the Lombards from Gallenga was in some Bentley's or other's magazine, in '49 or the beginning of '50. The *Times*, I see, repeats the same most unjust attacks against them [accusing them of cowardice], and if I had time I would write a long letter on the subject, summing up all that I have already stated at large in the *Cenni e Documenti*. But I cannot now. I receive just now the Leeds paper with Orsini's lecture. . . .

Dear, you have mistaken: the Leopardi [whose book he had offered to give to Emilie] is not the poet. Except the poetry—for the poetry's sake—I would not give you all Leopardi's works. I do not approve of them. The dialogues are silly, and their scepticism is not a Byronian one. It was the political Leopardi, of whom I spoke to you, containing my letter and plenty of absurd things about me. And you shall have it, soon or late, most likely not before Linda comes back, with other things, if I can collect any. As for my notes [with regard to his life], do not be sanguine as yet. It is of no use; I cannot bring myself to sympathize earnestly with my own life. If ever I *did* something, then I would write some fifty pages for you about myself. Still, I do not refuse. . . .

It is dreadfully cold and windy. You may both rely on Kate Craufurd's activity for *anything*.

Ever your
JOSEPH.

Probably to James Stansfeld. Dated by Emilie 1856.

You could perfectly well answer "Freeman" in the name of the Committee; declare that he is right; that you are ready to work with him on the subject [the Swiss question]; but that it cannot and ought not to stand alone. To fight and agitate the country for special cases is like fighting, in a case of illness, against each of the symptoms by turn. Better to go to the root, to the

source of the illness, and fight it there. The Swiss question is an episode of the general scheme of Absolutism, which has, during late years, conquered France, is rapidly conquering Spain, is setting up theories worthy of the Middle Ages in Germany, weighs more and more heavily upon Italy and Hungary, etc. Should Italy and Hungary be free, Prussia would not dare, etc. She dares, because Switzerland is now alone in Europe. It will ever be so until there is a bond of free Nationalities ready to protect one another, as there is now a bond of despotic rulers, corrupt and wrong-worshipping diplomacies, etc. Let "Freeman" and his friends fight together with you for Nationalities, for Italy as well as for Switzerland. And, moreover, let "Freeman" remember that the help of freemen ought not to be given except with the advice to Switzerland that she must not continue in the shameful White-trade [fighting in any army for the sake of pay; Austrian uniforms were white], which helps to crush Naples and to keep up the phantom of Papacy in the Roman States: a trade which a single decree declaring that a free Swiss republican does betray his own country whenever he supports despotism abroad; and that enlisting under a despotic power will cause him to lose his civic rights—would put down. Let Switzerland be called upon to do so: let her show to Europe that she has the right of making her own question a question of principle, not of merely a local interest; let her declare that in herself she means to defend the right of Nationalities, now violated everywhere; and at all events, let "Freeman" and his friends do so, and not single out a special case, etc.

What is wanted is not a temporary agitation which will have to be reproduced everlastingly, but something permanent, a great Association for the Nationalities, which by perennially insisting, changes your Government's policy in international matters; a constant machinery, "*fonctionnant toujours et régulièrement.*"

Il faut broder la dessus.

Yours ever affectionately,

JOSEPH.

Mazzini's policy would have brought about the League of Nations, which is now seen to be the one thing to promote and safeguard liberty.

To Emilie. Dated by her 1856. Written on cream-laid paper, from London, not long after Mazzini's return to England. Probably November 10th.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Thanks for everything. I am *really* better to-day; and shall be perfect to-morrow.

What is brobdnag? Why not brobdnag! Herzen

vexes me too. It is now at least one month since I had made my mind up to, in some way or other, give a piano to you. I had felt the want since you went in the house ; but I did not speak about it : what was the use ? My plan was, not to *buy* a piano for you : I *could* not ; but to hire one monthly and send it to you. This I would have already done, if the *thing* I have in hands, and the repeated failing promises of the *great men*, had not obliged me to keep every farthing I had for a case of emergency. However, I would have done so soon or later ; and then, as next year you will be more comfortable, you would have bought the piano and refunded the advance. I did not tell you all this last time because it seemed silly to hear of Herzen's offer and claim the priority of an intention ! To-day I say this because I shall be able towards the end of the month to do the thing without the *least inconvenience to me*. And if you did choose to say so, you could say that there are already dispositions to provide a piano for you. If not—and the piano is not hired, but belongs already to Herzen, have it : this is my advice. If it has been hired by him, I rather should prefer you to have it from me.

Ever your Jos.

Horrible pen ; and I write, as you see, in a fury.

To Emilie. Dated by her, 1856. Probably November 19th or 20th.

Emilie, dear, do you play on your guitar ? If you do not, could I send for it ? I have been now five months without touching one ; and I should like to do so.

Your
Jos.

Really I ought to read the articles of Miss White in the *Daily News*. Can you lend them to me ?

I shall write a few notes to-morrow for the conclusion of your article.

Mazzini had a great gift for music, and though unable to practise, played the guitar well. After hearing an opera for the first time he could give any one a good idea of the chief passages of its music. The idea underlying the music went home to his imagination. Music was not merely a delight to him but a language—the idiom of ideas.

To Emilie, 22, Sloane Square. London postmark November 21, 1856.

DEAREST EMILIE,

This is what I wanted to suggest for the article. I suppose that you conclude by something on the actual state of parties in Italy.

As you say, there are only two great parties : those who have faith that Italy *can*, with her own forces, emancipate herself, and those who do not believe that she can. The first, whoever they are, and to whatever *nuance* they belong, cling more or less deliberately to me ; the latter are clinging to the Piedmontese monarchy. Other little fractions are of no importance. Muratism is no party ; a few men in high military or civil employments under the actual King of Naples, are intriguing with the pretender or with the Emperor : money could certainly raise a military *pronunciamento* ; but it has no root in the heart of the country, and the movement would soon turn out as a republican or Piedmontese one.

The Monarchical party—that is the opportunist party—embraces all the *masse flottante* of the time, of the sceptical, of the merely analytic men, who view an insurrectionary war as any regular war [as they would view any regular war] between two governments or two nations, and only reckon the regular forces—overlooking the volcanic element, the popular enthusiasm, and all those resources which nobody can beforehand submit to calculation, but which nevertheless [have] saved all revolutionized nations from foreign invasion.

The working classes of the towns belong, generally, to my own party ; so do almost all the young men who fought in Venice, Rome, Lombardy, Sicily, etc., in 1848-49. Some *sommités* [men “on top”] are hesitating between the two.

The Monarchical party has no possible initiative ; this point must be insisted upon and you will find plenty of explanation in my articles in the *Italia e Popolo*.

An insurrection must, then, proceed from the people : the only question remaining whether it should spring forth, as Pallavicini, etc., say, under the cry “Long live the King of Piedmont,” or not. The reasons against the cry at the beginning are given in my articles, letters to Pallavicini, etc.

Our own National Active Party is preparing instead the cry : The Nation for the Nation : according to the work done, Italy will reward : let the political question be decided at the end of the war by the people themselves.

There is a visible, progressive movement of all minds, since the end of the Crimean war, towards this our flag.

One thing is sure : that if a strong initiative shall take place anywhere, and prove the possibilities now denied by many, the great bulk of the Piedmontese Party will follow the national flag heading it.

Will it take place ? Undoubtedly it will. Soon ? That you leave to the future ; symptoms of a great fermentation are visible everywhere and any spark may set the South into a blazing.

On these general views you ought, I think, to ground the conclusion of your article. I dare say you would have done it precisely so. Still . . .

Try to be well, dear, and good to your devoted

JOSEPH.

Thursday.

The year closed in with added sadness for Mazzini. The scheme for liberating the island prisoners, clung to by Bertani up to the end of October, had to be finally given up after the withdrawal in that month of our own and the French Ministers from Naples. The noble young Bentivegna had paid the price of his attempt by yielding up his life : hunted down and shot, almost at the moment when a reprieve arrived—for his execution had been recognized as too grossly illegal. His loss was a hard blow not only to the hopes, but to the affections of the indomitable Exile who thirsted to be himself in action, but whose harder part lay in encouraging risks which duty forbade him fully to share. This ever formed the bitter dregs in all his cups of bitterness.

Mazzini was well aware of the current upon which Garibaldi had embarked, though he probably did not know quite all that had been concerted between him, Cavour, Pallavicini, and Manin. That could only transpire later, when the events of 1860 revealed the hampering trammels of "the Sword of Italy." In August Pallavicini had introduced Garibaldi to Cavour, with the result that thereafter, for a considerable time, the guerilla General spoke of Piedmont's pro-French Minister as his "friend." Manin, who not only misunderstood but seriously maligned Mazzini, had dropped his old republican faith in favour of Piedmontese monarchism, and was now as convinced as Pallavicini that by its means alone could Italy be "made."

The Marquis Giorgio Pallavicini had passed fourteen years as prisoner of Austria in the Spielberg. In 1848 he was still republican, but, coming into relations with Victor Emmanuel, he changed his views and, by his influence, converted Manin. Together, in the summer of 1856, they founded the "National Society," which professed Unity as its aim and preached the Piedmontese army and French co-operation as the indispensable means. Its policy became, of necessity, one of waiting.

It may be said with truth that Cavour, whose relations with the National Society were not at first open, determined to capture

the national enthusiasm and harness it to the Piedmontese chariot, of which he held the reins. That his route and progress depended on Louis Napoleon is proved not only by his conduct in the question of Murat, but by the fact that to calm the suspicions of the "man of December" he found himself compelled at the end of this year to declare—*pace* the National Society—that the ambitions of Piedmont did not extend beyond her own side of the Apennines. It was incumbent upon him to coquette over Napoleon's plan for placing Prince Lucien Murat on the throne once occupied by his father in Naples, and to trust to luck—for he dared not offend the Tuileries. Moreover, the name of Murat still seemed to carry a certain weight in Italy, where it was not forgotten that King Joachim Murat had been the first man to make a real bid for Italian Independence, albeit from a selfish motive. His son was, somehow, at this time winning to his side not a few Italians, among them the lawyer Saliceti, known in connection with the Roman Triumvirate and now tutor to Murat's sons, Montanelli, and the clever, ascetic, strong-willed fighter and ex-priest, Sirtori. Many of Cavour's friends, also, had flocked to visit the prince when he came to Geneva. So, behind the scenes, Cavour pursued a double line: on the one hand encouraging the National Society, on the other encouraging Napoleon to interest himself more and more deeply in Italian affairs, which meant promoting Muratism and giving support to the Pope. It was Cavour's policy on both lines to put down the republicans, who would force his pace if they achieved nothing else, but at the same time to use them or any other faction to break ground he desired but on to which he would only follow if they proved completely successful. When they failed their attempts furnished him a ready excuse to curtail their powers and thin their numbers.

With such a rent as Muratism, and such a hole as Rome in the web of unification which the National Society was supposed to be going to stretch out, it is no wonder that Cavour needed to mark time. How could he, a monarchist, object to Neapolitan monarchy, or call upon his own Sovereign to overturn the sovereignty of the Pope? The one power that would have romped through all entanglements and made good all gaps—the torrent of popular feeling, he then, as afterwards, profoundly distrusted; for Cavour possessed an essentially diplomatic mind.

The contrast between him and Mazzini in this respect could hardly have been greater. Mazzini above all things dreaded the Machiavellian analysis that "begins in science and ends in negation" and discouragement—a discouragement which, when untempered by a religious faith in Duty, becomes inertia. With him the question was never one of the cipher of forces anterior to insurrection, it was : Is the people ripe for action, conscious of its right, united in aim, inspired by a unanimous thrill of suffering, desire, hope? If it be, concentrate forces, study the best way; then *dare*. The forces of a people are never exhausted. The forces of adverse governments are weakened in every struggle. Continuous protest creates an *opinion* that generates victory. "Were the terms of the problem the arithmetical equality of the opposing force with that of the intended insurrection, history would never have recorded a single national revolution. Trust in enthusiasm, in emulation, and in forces that will come to you the day after. This faith is an element in the calculation, the element comprehended by genius," but unknown to the copyists of Machiavelli.

1857

SOON after the beginning of 1857, Mazzini had the grief of losing one whose presence in London during the last ten or twelve years had afforded him more than sympathy and understanding : it had stood for friendship in a life where the word meant much. Beside the grave of the Polish exile, Worcell, exiles of other nationalities felt moved to uncontrollable tears.

A man of vast erudition, a man of action, yet an idealist, true always to the best that was in him ; a man in whose veins ran the blood of the royal Czartoryskis, and who had used his wealth as he bore his poverty—nobly, Worcell, broken in health, suffering in a silent yet never austere stoicism, typified for Mazzini the very spirit of Poland. Though he was known to comparatively few, there were among his friends men who would fain have cherished him had not his extraordinary sensitiveness to obligations rendered their desire futile. Always ready to confer, he could never receive what he conceived to be a favour ; a trait which grieved, but fell short of wounding his friends by reason of the truly royal courtesy which accompanied its manifestation.

So poor was this republican aristocrat that if Peter Taylor had not quietly come forward to defray the expenses of a simple funeral, his body would have been consigned to a pauper's grave.

The Russian, Herzen, standing beside Mazzini in the cemetery at Highgate, broke down as the sods fell upon the coffin, and he afterwards inserted a beautiful article upon the departed patriot, and upon Mazzini, in his paper, *The Polar Star*. The death of Worcell appears to have drawn Mazzini and Herzen closer together.

To Emilie, at 22, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge. Probably February 20th, 1857.

EMILIE,

You asked me the other day what you were to do. I answered nothing then because I was thinking of *moral* causes for a decision. I am thinking now of other causes, and will answer

you. Start as early as you can for Italy, dear : do so for your sake and for my sake. If there are pecuniary difficulties in the way, I can try to conquer. Then, dear, you are wrong in many things ; you mistake me in many : yours is not the *lone* star ; you do love, but you are loved more, far more, than you do believe, only now you cannot see that ; and besides, this is not the question. The question is that you must go on account of your health, and that it is useless to speak of calmness and rest if you allow it to be undermined in the way you do. Start then. In Italy, besides a better and more congenial climate, you will find a sphere of activity. Besides, later, you will be able to do good to Italy wherever you go ; and I shall give you opportunities. I shall not be long before I am there myself. Listen to my prayer, and believe me your

loving
JOSEPH.

Friday.

To Emilie, at 22, Sloane Street. Probably February 21st, 1857.

Saturday.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I wrote to you very much moved, uncomfortable, anything : you answer deeply wounded. What at ? You mistake continually my remarks ; they always start from a good source. Thus, about the lone star,—I am perennially so wretched, so remorseful—anything you choose to say : it will be right—at your feeling in despair about life, at your feeling alone, at your believing yourself unloved—and that only for the sake of the misery such a feeling inflicts—that I disapprove the symbol of the lone star. It *was* you in my mind ; not me : how can I think of myself as of a star when I am making nothing of myself and rather inclined to hate myself ? Then, the injustice to Caroline ; I never meant that you are unjust in your judgments or not loving her ; I merely mean that you do not believe—I fancy so at least—in *her* own love for you. I may be wrong ; you may feel it ; God grant that you do ; but where is the sin towards you ? Where is what makes you so desponding ? The fact is that you do never take into account my own amount of misery, terror and grief at your unhappiness, and fancy that I am sitting in judgment, weighing and analysing whilst there is no feeling in me except terror of discovering an additional proof of your being unhappy. If you could only take that point of view, you would not find me unjust or unloving or such as to make you feel what you feel.

You do not say a single word about health or intentions. Pazienza ! Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To EMILIE, 22, Abney Street. Postmark March 12th, 1857.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I am not much better, although somewhat better than yesterday night; only the persistence for more than six weeks [of the severe pains to which he had become increasingly subject] tires me and makes me weak, shaken and rather unfit for work, which especially now, I regret. . . .

Should the weather be better on Saturday morning than it is now, I shall come to you for Porchester Terrace: I must have an end with the thing.* Peter Scott, a man from whom Jessie rather expected £100, writes to say that "he does not yet see his way clearly." And this is all my day's correspondence.

Bless you, dear Emilie, for all you do for Italy: but really it begins to be too much. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Thursday.

In spite of all he had been going through and of seriously impaired health, Mazzini, indomitable as ever, was at this moment preparing to fit again to the Continent. War fever in Italy, which had come to a height after the Congress of Paris, seemed well to justify his hopes and those of the Party of Action. Cavour, who always followed rather than led public opinion, had taken advantage of the prevalent mood to re-fortify Alexandria and start a subscription for 100 cannon. In addition to this measure he determined to erect a new arsenal at Spezia, to which the contents of the old arsenal at Genoa were to be removed. Though the wisdom of this step might be questioned by the last-named city, it was construed by others into the preliminary of a struggle to wrest Lombardy from the power of Austria. But, as will be seen, Mazzini was fully alive to the dangers lurking beneath the plan when he replied to Emilie, who seems to have desired to answer some one writing in the *Daily News*.

Copy of letter from Emilie to Mazzini, in Emilie's writing; with a line of reply in Mazzini's hand, written at the end.

Sloane Street,
May 7th, 1857.

DEAR MAZZINI,

Underneath I have written down my recollection of what you said concerning the question of removing the harbour

* A bust which Mr. Moore was executing. A plaster replica used to be in the possession of Mr. Peter Taylor, but is now owned by Mr. W. Malletson. It gives Mazzini a very prominent, commanding expression, unlike any of his portraits; and it conveys the idea of a far larger, more heavy physique than other artists have represented.

from Genoa to La Spezzia. Will you read it and tell me if I have remembered it correctly ?

Yours affectionately,
E. A. H.

“It is perfectly true that La Spezzia is *the* point fitted by nature for a great naval and military establishment. Napoleon was the first to discover this and to order fortifications to be commenced for this purpose, but his plan was never executed. But what would be excellent for the *Italian Nation* is evidently [obviously] bad for the Piedmontese Kingdom. With one united Italy, the frontier would be the Alps. In the actual state of things the frontier lies precisely at the very point where Cavour now proposes to establish the arsenal. La Spezzia is the extreme point of the Genoese eastern Riviera, and the country immediately adjoining, called the Lunigiana, belongs half to Modena and half to Parma, both of them States under the direct influence of Austria. The Austrians, either from Piacenza or from any other point, might overrun the narrow zone of Lunigiana and operate a surprise upon La Spezzia. It is an elementary principle in military matters that Arsenals are always to be established in the interior, never at the frontier.

“Bad as the plan is in a military point of view whilst the Austrians are in Italy, it is rendered even more absurd by the avowed intention of the Government to remove the arsenal [from Genoa] directly the Law shall be passed, before any system of fortification can be completed. It is therefore evident that the aim of the Government is political: it is in fact done for the sake of removing the arms from a town which is known to be thoroughly *Italian*, and too republican to be well affected to the Piedmontese monarchy. The Genoese population is fully aware of this motive.

“On a financial point of view, a plan which would cost what would be a trifle for one United Italy, is an extremely expensive matter for the small Piedmontese Monarchy. The system of fortifications, etc., will cost at least twenty millions of francs. Taxation has for some time been regularly increasing throughout all the Piedmontese possessions, and especially throughout the Genoese Provinces. The moment is extremely ill chosen for the proposal, as it takes place just when an increase of almost one million of francs in the duties levied upon articles of consumption is forced upon reluctant and remonstrating Genoa.

“It would lead one to imagine that the Government is endeavouring for some secret purpose to provoke the population of Genoa to such a demonstration as would require an armed repression.

"There are no doubt defects in the harbour of Genoa, but the so-called 'Italian' in the *Daily News* has very much exaggerated them, as any one who knows the harbour can testify."

Dear Emilie, Yes, decidedly ; these are my views of the case.

Yours affectionately,

JOS. MAZZINI.

7-5-57.

To Emilie. From Genoa. May 12th, 1857.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Here I am for the present all safe. I reached last night and found six or seven of my men awaiting, scattered at the railway, ready for any case. They had been there many nights. The journey was good. The passage very rough ; . . . I went on very well, only delayed *en route* by irregularities in the correspondence of the trains and diligences. The passage of the Alps was all *en diligence* : the night cold ; there was a great deal of wind and snow was falling ; we were obliged to have thirteen horses at once ; but I never felt too cold, and really I would not have known what to do with Bessie's wrapper. I scarcely used my own *Algérienne*. I walked a great deal in Savoy : I fell in with the Anniversary of the Piedmontese *Statute*. Trains full with people, and the hotels in Turin so full that I could not find a room. I did not know what to do and took refuge until a certain hour in which I could meet a friend, in a Church. I met, *en route*, with all sorts of people, deputies, English Crimean officers, etc. ; but was recognized by nobody. Still, from both little incidents and unavoidable interviews, it is clear that my sojourn here will be soon known. We must therefore be rather prudent in our writing and try to concentrate letters or notes. I shall have work, too, more than I anticipated. I shall therefore be very laconic, and very seldom able to expatiate about myself, as you wish and I wish. Do not misinterpret anything, dear. I love you very dearly, and would show it more and derive much more comfort than I do from it, if my seeing you always suffering did not keep me in a continuous state of abnormal nervousness and grief. I shall be not only loving, but more fraternally expansive and happily feeling, in proportion of your own being and feeling. I write horribly, but you must guess what I mean.*

* The last two years had been a time of great difficulty and family trouble to the Ashursts, owing partly to business complications between James Stansfeld and Sydney, Emilie's husband, who was his partner, and partly to the culmination of an impossible situation between Sydney and his wife—a wife in the eye of the law only. While Emilie had remained loyal to their legal relationship, Sydney had not ; and it had become necessary for a way to be found to release him from a tie which, though

I have already seen Pisacane and seven men of the people. But I wanted to write a few words to you to-day. My love to Jessie if she is remaining in London. Work as you can for Bucalossi's concert. I have felt *extremely* tired from the journey ; but I slept this night. I scarcely had any rest from the moment of my leaving ; and yesterday I was really swimming and seeing double through an irresistible want to sleep.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Bessie. From a copy in E. A. V.'s writing. May 18th, 1857.

DEAR BESSIE,

How are you ? Do you think of me sometimes ? I do think of you, and I write to tell you so. My head is in a mass of things which would make you frown : my heart is with you all at Caroline's fireside, longing for the countenances which are dear to me and feeling that were things going on a little more right than they do, it would be [the] time for my enjoying a little rest, and sinking. How is William ? Tell him not to wander from doctor to doctor but to stick to one. Is Matilda amongst you ? I felt very sorry at not being able to see her before leaving.

Dear Bessie, I have never loved you so much as now that I am far. I really wish to *do* something in Italy, and to die amongst you.

I am trying to roll Sisyphus' stone which will reach the other side of the mountain,—or crush me : in both cases I shall think of you all, my good, adoptive family.

Think of me and believe me ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. May 18th, 1857.

18-5.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Jessie, I suppose, will tell you of the "manifestazione" of yesterday night, etc. But most likely she will do nothing about it for the *Daily News*, and it is important that in England they should know that we are a grateful people. I think *you* ought to manage that.* Take up the address which ought to be in the *Italia del Popolo* to-day, and translate it, and either

violated in spirit and in fact, had not been *legally*, or rather illegally, broken by him. Emilie's heart seemed withered within her, and she had almost bitterly doubted the affection of her sisters, her father, and William. To Mazzini she opened out griefs which she held concealed from all others. His immense affection for Matilda and Caroline had enabled him to prevent an irretrievable breach between the three sisters.

* Miss Jessie White had gone over to Genoa as Italian Correspondent of the *Daily News* ; and she had been given an ovation by the Genoese.

from the *Italia* or from Jessie's letter gather some particulars and give them. These links between people and people may prove important at some future time. I have not seen her as yet. I know she has the ring, but keeps it, I suppose, until she sees me. Of course we correspond, but especially after the manifestation, I must be very careful with her: she will be watched closely.

Any tidings of the article? Tell me all. I would tell you anything, but *something* I cannot tell you by the post, and of the personal I have really nothing. Do not forget, if papers concerning us from the province come to you, to send them. Tell Herzen, if you see him, that he had promised a second Russian Letter to me.

Love your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. May 20th, 1857.

DEAR EMILIE,

I have your letter of the 13th. I have no time but I write because I want to say that I am highly pleased with what Ruskin said about me. Pride, or something better, makes me, you know, utterly careless of the so-called public opinion; not of that of the few I love and really esteem. Ruskin is amongst the latter. I told you long ago that he was, for me, the highest critic—in the best philosophical and artistic sense—in Europe now; more than that, he is thoroughly conscientious; feels the sacredness of Art, and understands that religion is the soul of everything that is Great and Beautiful. I think he leans too much towards the Past, whilst I look for a new Heaven and a new earth; but both tomb and cradle are equally sacred; and I can commune with any sincere worshipper of the one or the other. I wish I could avail myself of his kind invitation.

Keep the £4. You must receive something from Glasgow. Keep me *au courant* of what you have; and I shall tell you about it.

I am very prudent and have not seen Jessie yet. It will be a blessing, dear, if you keep well and working and comparatively calm.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. May 29th, 1857.

Emilie, dear, where are you and what are you doing? Jessie complains of your silence, but I suppose she will have received letters to-day. I have scarcely anything to say; things that I

could say are forbidden ; and as to personal matters, *sfrido io*. It is not easy to get up news when you are like a squirrel in a cage going up and down the same room all day long. I have been out only once. I am well, but dreaming such strange things ! I have been two nights ago spending three hours in London with Queen Elizabeth : a very stately, tall, dignified woman indeed, something in the style of Mrs. Fletcher ; * only, poor woman, blind—which was not preventing her from having a double glass and pretending to look about very interested. I was accompanying her in her walk and introducing all the Italian exiles whom we were meeting in the streets !

There has been dreadful raining for nearly three days, and now there is an immense blowing of wind, which makes all my bits of paper fly about *ludibria ventis*, every time my door is opened.

How do you like Bernieri ? Is he doing anything for our affairs ? Do you go to Ruskin ? Write and tell me all. Blessings and love, dear. Think of me as I do of you.

Ever your
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. June 1st, 1857.

Dear Emilie, you are silent. Why ? It is well to be prudent, but do not run to the other extreme. Either directly to the Dr. [Bertani] or through Caroline, write a few words. Did you do anything for the *Daily News* concerning Jessie's welcome ? There has been, since I wrote to you to do something, another address from the Society of the *Tiro Nazionale*, which ought to be translated for the *Daily News*. You will have seen it in the *Italia del Popolo* of yesterday. Yesterday night Jessie went, invited, to the Fête of the W. M. at the Monteburno's villa, and she has been welcomed as usual. About Turin, I suppose, she has written to you. There she had plenty of moderate or cowardly Deputies to discuss with ; but at all events a very crowded demonstration, some 2000 men. [Here for the first time, she met Nicotera, still young, but already tried as a patriot.] I have seen her once only. I must be very cautious, and she is watched. The town is rather in an exceptional state ; and I would be looked for as a *local* agitator, which I do not want. Besides, having hopes I *must* keep free. I am well in health, only it is very hot, and I do not stir ; therefore I feel rather weak ; how can I be otherwise ? I have had the ring, dear, at last. I was almost hesitating at the beginning, so much is it changed

* The Yorkshire lady who had enabled him to get a reader's ticket for the British Museum in the early days of his sojourn in England. See vol. i. p. 15.

from the former. Still, better so. Do you see Arethusa? If you do, tell her my love. I wish I could have seen her before leaving. She has done so much good that I should be very sorry to appear ungrateful.

Dear, the bells drive me mad, or rather they will make me an idiot very soon. Another thing is the wind; it has been *en permanence* these last days. I can sit with my window shut, and every time the door is opened all my papers are flying about in the most distressing way. All the rest goes on smoothly enough; I have a regular supply of flowers. There will be very few next year; the "crittozama" is hanging over them: and I have found some tolerable cigars at eight centimes each; I was, hitherto, smoking at five.

Within some eight or ten days I shall see Medici. He must be very sad, poor man; he is getting stouter and stouter.

They want here some portraits of mine. I do not remember how Jessie managed last year when she sent them; perhaps you do know; and if so some could be sent through the same method addressed to the worthy Dr. They declare they will pay for them.

I am satisfied with the people here, and think that some beautiful deed will come out of them some day; the *bourgeoisie* too is gently improving, partly through the contact of our working men. But oh! if only they would be a little more refined! It is a true torment to me to see the Dr., Q., and all others, spit about, throw the ends of cigars systematically on the floor, when they can elsewhere; do the same with burnt or torn papers, and one hundred other little inharmonious things. It must be in a great part the fault of the women. Give me news of all and especially of yourself, dear. My outward life is here, my inward, individual life is all in England.

Blessings, and real loving ones, from your

JOSEPH.

Forgive the oilspot, dear. It comes from an accursed little Argane light which I have; and it was made after having written; I have no time for writing again.

To Emilie. From Genoa. June 4th and 7th, 1857.

Emilie, dear, and systematically silent, what have I done? What mortal sin have I committed that makes you veil your face? You know by this time that I saw Jessie once: the most democratic interview possible, with one bit of candle tied to a chair. She appeared well and in good spirits. She is here a true *lioness*; from the police to our sailors everybody watching on

[over] her. She is going to Turin within three days. I am continuing well in health; only my nights being continuously haunted by such always silly, sometimes annoying dreams.

I am sorry, dear, that owing to one cause or another, nothing appeared in the *Daily News* about Jessie; it was well that the people in England, and in the province especially, should know how grateful our people are and what an importance they attach to any sympathy coming from your country. . . . Perhaps, summing up, after she will have been, next week, to Turin, something might be attempted again either for the *Daily News* or some other paper, the *Morning Advertiser*, for instance. In Turin, too, she had a popular manifestation. I thought she was writing to you all that.

There were certainly three Slavonian articles, but it might be that the third was never printed; I am very vague about all this. [Emilie was preparing an edition of his writings.] Yes, dearest Emilie, let Art be your salvation, as you say.

I feel very tired in all senses, and scarcely knowing what on earth I would be able to do *if* I succeeded; which *if* is very problematic. "Non son chi fui; pert di noi gran parte." I wish other people, young and strong, came out to do the work; it is high time. I wish I was on the Alps. . . .

Dear, be strong; work out what you have within, and try to be tolerably well in health, and you will be ever blessed by your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Genoa. June 20th, 1857.

Emilie dear, I had in due time yours of the 9-10th. I might argue concerning my own prudence. Jessie was followed, watched, gazed at from the first day. After all this time she begins to be "une grandeur passée." They begin to believe that Jessie and revolution are not exactly two identical things. But the fact is that I did not see her in the beginning in order to impress her with the idea that I could not see her often; and that I saw her at last because it was beginning to be unkind to see plenty of people whom she sees and who tell her, and not to see her. My point was conquered. The impression was given. She does not *ask* to see me. Again, dear analytical one, I tell you that I will not tell you about certain things: I could not.

All I had planned has been overthrown by a storm, by a simple, positive, not allegorical storm; I am trying to do the work of the spider; and if all fails, I shall be *compelled* to end—I will not say with the disapproval of my conscience, but certainly with a great deal of reluctance,—by a *coup de tête*. This once said, "serviter umilissimo," Prudence or not, I shall not talk any more,

Yes, dear, I am sorry for Douglas Jerrold, because you like him, because I met him at Muswell Hill, and because there was some genuineness in him. Individually, I was not sympathizing much with him. He was writing very often good things, but clothing them in a rather gross, vulgar, materialistic shape, which was not to my taste.

The dreams, dear, went on rather tiresome for a few days more; then having reached the highest point they have transformed themselves; and they are now mere nonsense. The heat is intense here too and unhealthy. I am grateful to you for your activity but I fear it will produce nothing. There is a prevailing torpidity everywhere and in England especially; nothing but *action* will do; but shall I ever reach it? That is the question.

Piero [?] has been here, dark and rebelling against everything and everybody. I think he left me rather softened. Garibaldi is coming here on Monday! Was not the Bucalossi concert to take place in June? Did it? Did you go?

Bless you, dear, I am physically well; but I do not conceal the fact that, like Martha, I am troubled with many things just now. Try to be well and trust the most loving friend and brother you can have—your Joseph.

For a long time Carlo Pisacane, a Neapolitan nobleman as fine in person as in valour, had been burning for action even more ardently than Mazzini. He and Rosolino Pilo held this passion in common, and now, realizing that the so-called National Society would do no more than sap popular fervour, and that neither Rome nor Venice could become Italian if Louis Napoleon meddled in the Italian national question, they determined to precipitate a movement in the Neapolitan Kingdom for which preparations had long been on foot. Nicola Fabrizi and a handful of the faithful had laboured for years to make ready for revolt on the largest scale in Sicily and the Neapolitan provinces, and now, in spite of the horrible fate of Bentivegna (the failure of whose attempt still seems to need explaining), Pisacane, nothing daunted, formed a plan which Mazzini had come to Genoa to assist.

Close to the island of Ventotene, where, in the prison of San Stefano, Settembrini, Poerio and his companions, languished, there lies the island of Ponza upon which also stands a prison. Here were confined a number of political captives. Pisacane's plan was for himself and his followers to embark as passengers on board the mail steamer *Cagliari*, which plied between Genoa and Sardinia;

then, on the open sea, to overpower captain and crew and make for Ponza, where they would set free the patriots, several of whom were soldiers, arm them, and thus reinforced, land at Sapri on the borders of the Basilicata, considerably to the south of Naples. Pisacane fixed June 10th for his departure. A schooner laden with arms was to join the *Cagliari* at a given spot ; but, overtaken by a storm, this vessel found itself compelled to return to port, having jettisoned its precious cargo. Precisely the same mishap occurred three years later when Garibaldi prepared to start with his Famous Thousand. The net had, therefore, to be re-woven, the loss made good ; but serious as it looked, the organizers would not allow themselves to be discouraged. Pisacane accomplished a rapid journey to Naples, and returned in the highest spirits, full of hope, having settled fresh arrangements and repaired the disaster. He found the Centre in Naples in a satisfactory state, while not only through his own observations, but through reports from trustworthy agents in other parts, he had assurance that his fuse, once lighted, would set the whole South ablaze.

Jessie White, then in Genoa with her betrothed, Alberto Mario, states that the money for this expedition—which was to open the way for the King of Piedmont to escape from the entanglement with Louis Napoleon—had been entirely furnished by subscriptions from Great Britain, and by Adriano Lemmi.

It was finally decided that Pisacane, with Falcone and Nicotera—both Calabrese—should set out on June 25. Cosenz and Pilo were to have accompanied him, but Cosenz managed, from an unworthy motive, covertly to withdraw, and Pilo undertook to conduct the sailing vessels that were to meet Pisacane with the fresh supply of arms. Before embarking on the postal steamer, Pisacane confided to Jessie White, his political testament, an important letter addressed to him by Carlo Cattaneo, and other valuable documents, with a view to publication whether his venture ended successfully or not. In her biography of Bertani, Jessie White Mario says that Garibaldi, counselled by Bertani, turned with chilling disapproval from this attempt. Alberto Mario did his best to overcome the doctor's coldness till, finding both argument and appeal vain, he ceased to mention the expedition to him. Soon after arriving in Genoa Mazzini went to see Bertani, but the attitude of the latter quickly put an end to intercourse between them for the time being. The two men saw life

and its problems from different standpoints. To Mazzini, incarnated existence meant one phase only in an individual's immortal life : a phase that had been gone through before and that might have to be gone through again ; for the development of Collective Humanity—the "Infant of God"—can only be accomplished by the development of the units that constitute it. To Bertani, death ended all things for the individual, whose personal interests lay between his cradle and his grave. A man might act—for no well-defined reason—in the interests of others who would succeed him, but Bertani's philosophy necessarily enthroned expediency, upon a basis of time and space, immortality being not even a dream to him. His intellect demanded physical proof where none can be furnished, or logical certainty where logic alone cannot achieve it. The apprehensions of the intuition, so rightly valued by Mazzini as an aid to the logical faculty, were, if not disregarded, certainly repressed in the mind of the critical doctor.

It was with a very small group of adherents that Mazzini awaited, in an anguish of uncertainty, the news which his heart seems to have forewarned him would be bad. On the evening of the 26th he sent a brief note to Jessie—

Up to now, nothing known—but horrible as it seems, I fear that the boats have not met. Even if the mail boat is ours, Carlo will be short of men, guns, munitions ! They would have to storm the island with revolvers and daggers. They cannot turn back, for seizing the mail boat is an act of piracy. It drives me mad to think of, and every moment that passes diminishes hope. . . . Whatever has happened, on Sunday morning the Government will know that the mail boat is missing. Up to now nothing is suspected. . . .

P.S.—Later. No ; the steamboat and the sailing vessel have not met.

Soon after the penning of this note, Rosolino Pilo, more dead than alive after an awful time at sea, arrived to tell the watchers of his fruitless efforts to signal the *Cagliari*. Having exhausted all devices, and remained near the appointed spot far beyond the verge of prudence, he decided to put back to Genoa to find out what had happened. Happily, during the dangers of the next few weeks, Pilo's life and liberty were preserved, to render the unique service to Italy without which Garibaldi and his Thousand would scarcely have been heard of.

To coincide with Pisacane's effort in Naples, a great movement had been prepared in Genoa, where the population, deeply angered by the insult offered to their city by the contemplated removal of the arsenal, "willed," as Mazzini afterwards wrote, "that her materials of war, her means of action, should be mobilized in aid of the common country." Two feast days happened to be following each other—the Sunday and the St. Peter's—which afforded the working-men-patriots an opportunity of coming together without exciting comment. Mazzini printed some appeals that were to hinder anything like looting or vengeance, and which advocated the utmost restraint for the sake of the sacred aim. Other wise and appealing pamphlets he addressed to certain citizens who were held in odium by the populace. Count Pasi was to seize possession of the Ducal Palace; Antonio Mosto agreed to get possession of a shipping quarter, and Alberto Mario of the fort where was stationed a corps of artillery. Others were to seize Fort Diamante and Fort Sperone. Everything stood in readiness when, at the last moment, the Governor made some discovery. Mazzini received timely warning of a small untoward circumstance noticed by one of the *capipopolo*, and at once saw that if the scheme was suspected it must be immediately abandoned. He dispatched orders to this effect in every direction, but unluckily they did not reach the most outstanding Fort in time, and there some shots were fired and some lives were lost. Of course the civic authorities fell into immediate panic and rushed into reprisals. Quadrio, who had gone to Leghorn with young Civini, would have been seized had not Adriano Lemmi somehow contrived to get him away. He returned to Genoa and, aided by Elena Casati, who spared neither money nor effort, laboured with almost miraculous success to smuggle the implicated out of the country.

Mazzini, realizing that Mario, with whom he had been staying, would be greatly endangered by his further concealed presence, was persuaded to take refuge for a few days in the house of Ernesto Pareto and his English wife, Constance. Their daughter has furnished the writer with the following graphic details of the "chief's" perilous sojourn in her father's palazzo, which overlooked the Piazza Corvetto. Some of the windows opened on to a terrace where grew a number of oleanders, and not many hours after Mazzini's arrival, his hostess, from behind



ERNESTO AND CONSTANCE PARETO

the screen of their foliage, perceived a cluster of police and riflemen approaching. She rushed into the room where her guest was pacing up and down, and urged him to make for the hiding-place she had managed to prepare. This was in the ironing-room where her maid, a very intelligent woman, was busy with shirts, and with the large white veils worn by Genoese ladies in the street. Mazzini—it is easy to divine how sorely against his will—was persuaded to creep into the half-empty cover of a mattress of maize leaves placed under another mattress on an old bedstead which served as a sort of table for the various articles as they were finished. The searchers came, were of course admitted, insisted on ransacking every corner of the house; but though they examined the ironing-room, they failed to discover their helpless quarry. Mazzini afterwards declared to the Paretos that had the search lasted one minute longer he must have been suffocated or have betrayed himself.

He and his hosts dined quietly that evening, then, as the Paretos were both fine performers, they enjoyed some music. Madame Pareto, who felt certain the search would be renewed, presently caught the voice of an old servant, who had slipped into the room to tell her that the police were once more descending on them. In an instant she dragged Mazzini to the ironing-room and insisted on his again submitting to the stifling *cache*. For their sakes he consented, and this time the exploring hands came within a couple of inches of his person. Then the baffled head of the search party, feeling that somehow he had been tricked, returned to the drawing-room and arrested Pareto. The Marquis, knowing that resistance was useless, endeavoured to reassure his wife by saying that his having to go with the officer would prove a mere matter of form—but it turned into a form that lasted six months.

At noon on the day after the search, Mazzini, dressed in one of Pareto's tweed suits, left the house with a young woman on his arm,* and crossing the Acqua Sola Square, where the band was playing, made his way out of the city. Madame Mario, who probably had the details from Constance, asserts that as Mazzini was about to leave the house the police again arrived to search it, and that he insisted on opening the door to them himself. He must have

* The Marchesa Bice Magliano Pareto says that his companion was Bianca Ribizzo. Saffi, who had the story from Profumo, says she was Christina Profumo, daughter of the *popolana* Carlotta Benettini, who so often concealed Mazzini.

rather enjoyed the fact of their having no idea that the polite individual ushering them in, was the one they sought. In the street, seeing a member of the police force stationed on the watch, he went up to him and begged a light for his cigar ; but not far down an adjacent turning he fortunately found the hackney carriage which had been provided, and in it he made for Quarto. There he remained, in a house hired by a devoted member of his party, or was hidden in Genoa itself, for more than a month, doing all within his power to aid the escape of fugitives, to advise, to encourage, and to piece together the details of Pisacane's tragic failure so as to estimate the actual condition of popular emotion and desire.

In our own day it seems strange that a considerable interval should have been needed to bring to light the full story of Pisacane's fate ; yet so it was. He did successfully liberate the captives of Ponza, though most of them proved to be individuals imprisoned for criminal offences instead of men of the type he had expected. That they behaved finely when the time came for fighting could not counterbalance the fatal effects of the account sent forth among the peasantry, that Pisacane was advancing upon the Basilicata at the head of an army of murderers and thieves and scoundrels. He landed at Sapri only to find himself face to face with ferocious hostility instead of the welcome he anticipated. Everything went against him ; and after some days of frightful effort, he laid down his life—a typical pioneer of human advancement—hacked out of recognition by the very men for whom he had risked all. Falcone shared his fate, but Nicotera, drenched in blood and left for dead, was almost accidentally rescued by a soldier in whom some shreds of humanity remained, and though made prisoner he was not shot. Ghio, the commander of the infuriated attackers, shot upon the spot, according to some authorities, thirty-five of those who survived the fight.

It is not difficult to conceive Mazzini's state of heart as knowledge of these horrors slowly filtered through to Genoa, where a delirium of fury shook the authorities. Cavour's anger knew no bounds. He was responsible for orders which Garibaldi, standing aside from all connection with the affair, must have found somewhat hard to stomach. More than once in the trials, accused and defendants had to remind the prosecutors that they were officials under the constitutional King of Piedmont, not

creatures of the despotic Bourbon. It says little, remarks Mr. Bolton King, for Cavour's "honesty or chivalry that he punished so ruthlessly the men who, in part, at all events, were preparing the way for himself. And the expedition, disastrous failure as it seemed, was the forlorn hope of victory. Pisacane, in Victor Hugo's words, was greater than Garibaldi, as John Brown was greater than Lincoln." *

Meantime Jessie White and her betrothed lay in the prison of S. Andrea, whence Jessie did not emerge for several months : and at length Mazzini, seeing nothing further to be done, and having re-knitted the threads of the Ligurian Associations, left Genoa on August 8 with Giacomo Profumo. He passed the night at Rivarolo, in Polcevera, and next morning, by the first train, pursued his journey via Arono and the Lake, to Switzerland, then by the Rhine to England.

From the moment that the Genoese insurrection collapsed, Cavour instituted an almost frenzied hunt for Mazzini, of whom he wrote as *un véritable chef d'assassins*. The police of Piedmont and Austria appearing to him unequal to the task, he sent an urgent appeal to Paris for most astute detectives, promising them *une récompense éclatante* when they should succeed in catching this *demonio*, whom he intends to hang upon the Place D'Acqua Sola. During the whole of Mazzini's stay in Genoa after Pisacane's death these sleuth hounds were endeavouring to scent him out ; but he was received and hidden by one poor family after another, and instead of the Government being gratified by the exhibition of his dead body on the Acquasola, that spot is distinguished to-day by a lifelike statue erected to him by that Government's lineal successor.

To Emilie. From Genoa. Emilie has dated it August, but as she frequently dated simply from memory, and many years after the reception of the letters, she may have been slightly inaccurate in this instance, for there is every reason to suppose that the letter was written in July, 1857.

Dear, wreck and ruin ; one point still yielding a slight hope. But of that I do not want to speak ; I cannot, without getting into a rage ; and it is better that I keep within the bonds of my usual immobility. None of the addresses you have is now good. Dr. [Bertani] and all have had searches. Arrests every night. But you will have others [other addresses]. Only unite your

* "History of Italian Unity."

notes into one. I cannot receive and send letters frequently ; but your news and those of all whom I love, I must have. I am well—a very important fact. Did you see Ruskin ? Do you go on modelling spite of the intense heat ? Is the statuette of Dante proceeding ? What is Arethusa doing ? What Miss Galeer ? What Peter and Mentia ? What the Nathans ? Nothing of Remenyi ? Of course not. There has been a storm yesterday night, but even the storms have lost their Italian energy. If Pisacane, who has succeeded in landing [at Sapri], is not crushed at the upstart, all may be mended and I shall do what circumstances will suggest and what I can. Should that too turn fatally, there is an end. Then, if I am not taken before, I shall “give it up” through deep conviction that no individual efforts can master the fates. The problem will be solved, I dare say, within 48 hours ; the first steps are the decisive ones. There is a vague murmur of a whole Neapolitan regiment having passed to our own column ; if so all chances are favourable ; but who can know the truth ?

My love to all. Ever lovingly

JOSEPH.

Letter that seems to be from Caroline to Emilie embodying a letter from Mazzini.

27th July, 1857.
Albion House,
Eastbourne.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I only had time last night to put Jessie's letters into an envelope and post through early this morning—the letters had been in the house all day, and the servant did not give them till the evening. Evidently there has been a letter, addressed to you, *lost*—he says :—

“Through my last to Emilie you have, or ought to have, a quite new address, use it and the one last sent to you—that is Mlle Carollo, poste restante—the town you know. Dear, two things about Jessie ; she is in prison, and she is, it seems, betrothed to Albert Mario, a very nice young Venetian, who is in prison himself ; at least he has declared to the authorities to justify, I suppose, the interest he is taking in her. If so, I have not the least objection to the choice ; only to the rapidity of the thing. Women begin to be to me wonderful, mysterious beings. Jessie saw Mario recently ; was entirely and frantically absorbed in other things ; and it takes one by surprise. Jessie does not run the least risk, of course ; she is in prison because she refused to go away. Still, it is strange that an Englishwoman with a regular Clarendon passport is ordered away without the reason being told ;

strange that neither Consul nor Ambassador takes her part ; strange that nobody in England stirs for her. I can do nothing except sending her money, which I did. Terrorism is going on : searches, arrests : they have been even in my old, old country house, sold by my mother ; * I dare say the *Times* will give details. But if you knew the slander, the abuse, the foul calumnies poured on me by the press. [They declare] I wanted to blow the town up ! Pillage was ordered ! Instructions in my own handwriting have been found ordering to spare things in the Diamante, because they must be distributed amongst the members of the National Association [the Association that had practically gone to pieces after 1853, and from the remnants of which Mazzini formed the Party of Action]. Ambition, revenge, and I don't know what, my motives. They try to separate Pisacane's doing from mine, declaring that he was adverse to me. Of course I am a coward ; I gave the order for action in Genoa and left instantly for abroad. Enrichetta [Pisacane's wife] has been with gendarmes in her house for five days. All these failures must be a mystery to you. I cannot unfold it—there has been a moment in which energy has been wasted in everybody, and I fear in myself too. I feel very gloomy and desponding. I am in such a place ! The terror of something disagreeable in the bed made me adopt the system of going to bed only at five o'clock in the morning. From Emilie I have heard nothing—really since an age. Give my love to her. I hope she is well. How is Matilda ? The more I feel inclined to go in despair about the few years I may have to live, the more I feel anxious about those I love. I too am looking at the waves of the sea. I have a dog here, the most selfish of dogs, still, an affectionate one. Kiss little Joe most fondly for me. . . . 11th July."

14th July. I have yours of the 8th. The one before was of the 2nd. I cannot explain the *how* of all this. I am not sure that my letters are not read ; I rather think that one of my last was. They must come to you very late. I fear—I ought to say I am certain—that Pisacane is lost. It is the more to be grieved that his was the one thing that had succeeded. Everything for him was ready, as you must have guessed from my letters, on the 11th ; then, on the 9th, the boat which was carrying the muskets and men and was to meet him, encountered a storm and was saved only by throwing overboard the muskets and all. Still we persisted, and on the 25th all was ready again—and executed. The steamer was taken, the prisoners of the island released, the whole of the

* A reference to this country house occurs in Ruffini's novel, "*Lorenzo Benoni*," published by Constables, in Edinburgh, in 1853.

little expedition landed. When I received, before the Government, a telegraphic dispatch giving me the news, I thought the two-thirds of the thing was done ; the other third, according to the most solemn promise, was to be the easiest ; two provinces were organized and ready ; they did not stir, it seems ; and the noble band was left to fight its way on alone. A curse on the cowards. The whole is as yet a mystery for me. As for Leghorn and here, the causes of the failure are different, and, as I said, too long and dangerous a matter for a letter. Q. [Quadrio had gone to take charge of the movement in Leghorn, but returned when the counter order reached him] is safe. Things are going on in the same manner : searches ; arrests : the searches amounting to the loss of all material ; many of ours are still in danger ; but one by one we shall, if we have a little time, get them away. One or two must be already in London—

My articles on the late affairs have not been inserted in the *Italia del Popolo* : They were defiant ; and the lawyers have thought that they would endanger the arrested. I think they are wrong ; and they will perhaps feel it themselves and one of these days insert them. The police are trying their best to find me out—twice their hands have been within an inch of me. The other day, after a third search, a man went to Constance [Pareto] exhibiting a ring of her husband as a proof that he was coming from him, asking her to state where I was, and if safe. She did not know if [that] they take rings, watches and any valuables from their prisoners : happily instinct taught her and she answered the spy aright.

Jessie is still a prisoner, and if she persists in not going away, and on being tried, it may be long. She is tolerably well treated, and I hope will be allowed some intercourse with friends in a few days. Poor Enrichetta is free ; she still disbelieves everything they tell her. How dreadful when she gets the conviction. I am well. The heat is intense ; and . . .

[End missing.]

To Emilie. From Genoa. Dated by her August, but probably written in July and received in August.

Dear Emilie, you have been an age not writing. I *did* write to you since the wreck ; but letters are missing on every side and I don't know whether or not mine have reached. All the old addresses are more than bad ; and until I write again you had better keep silent. Jessie is always a prisoner. I fear the trial will drag on a long while. She is comparatively well ; still, a prisoner ; and the thought is torturing me. I have sent her money ; but she refuses to take it unless she knows from whom,

which I cannot tell her. I shall manage, however. But is it not a shame that neither Consul nor Ambassador takes the least charge of her? They wanted to send her away; she refused and wanted to undergo a trial. Still, could she not be free meanwhile, under her word and the security or word of the Ambassador? Except what she did publicly there is nothing against her. Have any papers spoken about her? Can any speak? Of course I do not see any paper. I hope you are well; at least not worse than usual. I am well enough; that is all I can say of myself just now. I scarcely know what I shall do. It is equally difficult to stop or to get out. The latter perhaps more. But never mind; "ce n'est pas cela qui me préoccupe." God knows what the press says: the Piedmontese is despicable indeed. Do not be uneasy about me. Poor Pisacane! I cannot help having still a lingering hope about him, but more than faint. Bless you.

Love your loving

JOSEPH.

Mazzini arrived in London in August. The Stansfelds and Emilie were out of town, but he regretted their absence less than he would otherwise have done because the sorrow and the severe deprivations of the last few months were resulting in what he calls a cutaneous disease, which seems to have centred upon his face and hands. For a time he went near no friends for fear of communicating it, and he felt, as he wrote to Emilie, "nervous, morbid, gloomy," more sad than she can imagine in refusing her suggestion that he should share her house. He declined also to live with the Stansfelds, realizing that he must have a "hole" of his own "to bury me in."* He is particularly anxious about Quadrio, from whom he hears nothing; and he has no news from Naples.

A German named Bucher, who had met Mazzini at the Stansfelds and elsewhere, brought out a book at this time controverting his views; and this elicits a remark to Emilie that he (Mazzini) "cannot understand why all those who dissent politically from me cannot argue decently—just as I with them—without accusing me of *wanting* to deceive people," and of harbouring secret aims and hatred of Germany: "it is very

* When, after his return to London, Stansfeld first saw Mazzini, he was much shocked and wrote to a friend that Mazzini was ill, inconsolable, terribly aged and unable to get over his grief for Pisacane, and Nicotera, his "Leoncino," whom he did not expect to see again.

curious." Less curious in this case, perhaps, than in others, as the Ashursts subsequently discovered Bucher to be a paid informer.

As soon as he was well enough, Mazzini journeyed to Barden Park, near Tonbridge, to see Matilda Biggs, and, in coming back he found himself at Brighton instead of at Croydon. "Is it not strange," he writes to Emilie, "that I go throughout the Continent alone, and cannot stir in England without blundering?" He is amazed to find that his arrival in London seems to be widely known—through a Miss Meysenberg who caught sight of him in the street and wrote immediately to Herzen, "who hastened to communicate the important fact to Ledru Rollin, Piaciani, etc."

Arrests and exilings are going on in Genoa; he hears nothing of Jessie, and regrets her decision that English friends are to make no move on her behalf. After referring to a publishing scheme in Turin he adds, "I must evidently get out of my *lazy* state and do something in writing whilst I try to prepare some better step; but it will be very difficult. I feel as if all the faculties for writing were really at an end with me; in fact everything is, except *action*, which I long for. . . . Blessings, dear, *weak*, female woman, from your most loving brother, Joseph."

When Emilie returned to London he hesitated to go to see her for fear of meeting any of "his men" in the street: "Italians are wandering everywhere in search of Saffi who went away this morning, and two have been to my door." He tells her something of Profumo, a man already known to her, who has sought refuge in London, and whom Mazzini is doing his utmost to help.

To Emilie, in Manchester. Dated by her October 11th, 1857.

. . . Greg Secretary to me! No, dear; don't fear that. "Non ci mancherebbe altro." If I find an Italian translator I shall begin by making him an English correspondent of the *Italia del Popolo*; then, we shall see. Give me his address; I shall write to him one of these days. No; the Turin answer is not a negative; but it is a damping preliminary answer. . . .

Saturday.

To write the book on religion! I suppose I shall try; but I fear I shall leave off in disgust. I really think I am not now intellectually capable of writing it. Unless one writes a series of short unconnected thoughts and affirmations, it is not an easy

matter. To carry conviction one must be rather long, logical, learned, and exact. The thoughts are within me, but to utter them and prove them philosophically is very difficult to me, in my weakened and unsettled state of mind. There ought to be a short summary—very comprehensive and precise because short—of the history of the different religions, from India down to our times: and that alone requires, on account of dates, etc., much re-reading and looking through books difficult to have; and I have—if I can find money—so short a time before me! Something I shall try, if possible at all; but I *ought* to have six months only for reading, before writing a single line. The book, as I have it before my mind, I can never write. Your letters, dear, are very good, and do good to me. . . .

No letters from Genoa; no money. I do not understand this, and it begins to make me rather uncomfortable about my own affairs.

I have had an invitation to go and *stay* at Pinner! [Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor were then living at the Hall, Pinner, Middlesex.] Certainly not. Dear, you must try Mr. Taylor for Profumo. [This means Mr. Tom Taylor.] They say that he knows everybody. Profumo wants an occupation; he is an architect engineer. He can work for a railway constructor either as a draughtsman—is it right—or on the spot, surveying, measuring, etc. He can, for a civilian architect, drawing places or in any other way. He can at machinery; only there he has no practice. He learns English very actively. If he could earn something immediately of course it would be better; but if it was unavoidable that he should go and work for a little while for nothing, with future prospects, he would. Lastly, if he could get an employment at the Crystal Palace where he would have opportunities of studying the machinery department, he would feel particularly happy. *J'ai dit*. Have it in mind.

Your JOSEPH.

To Emilie. Dated by her October 11th, 1857.

Dear, I write only a few words to say "very well" to the Glasgow affair,* still, even with my help it will involve more trouble for you than you believe. A biographical thing involves dates and particulars, therefore books and documents not easily got sometimes. We shall do what we can, at all events. I shall write none; you must write them all; but I shall point out the sources, give notes, judgments, *points de vue*, etc. I do not see

* Professor Nichol, of the Glasgow Observatory, has offered to Emilie the work of writing the articles on recent patriots and other distinguished Italians to be included in a proposed new Biographical Dictionary.

the necessity of giving now all the names. It is enough that you will include all the recent political names worth being recommended to posterity : Ugo Foscolo ; Ciro Menotti ; Buonarroti ; Garibaldi ; Manin ; Guarazzi ; Ruffini ; Tommaseo ; Gofredo Mameli ; Pepe ; Santa Rosa ; Poerio (the one who died in Venice *) ; Pisacane ; the Bandieras ; Romagnosi ; Confalonieri ; Berchet ; Pellico, etc. If *really* the list is to be published beforehand, write it, ask for a few days, and I shall endeavour to make the list complete. You must get precise notions about the time, dear ; you must think of how to get, either through Tom Taylor, Rolandi, or British Museum, books for dates, like the *Biographie Universelle* or *Biographie des Contemporains*, and such books, for instance, *Conspiration de Barboeuf, par Buonarroti*, who will be one of the first. I think that a subscription to Rolandi will be unavoidable. The *Panthéon* will help. A few things written by me, too ; the rest we shall contrive. Thanks for Profumo : he will go the day after to-morrow to T. Taylor. . . . Try to be well, and tell me about the Dictionary. . . .

Ever with love, dear, your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. October, 1857. Perhaps October 16th.

DEAREST EMILIE,

. . . The worthy publishers ought to know that it is impossible to know by heart all the birth dates of all distinguished individuals, and that to grant two days is silly. . . .

Now, dear, a bother. Owing to certain reasons I must write to Quadrio to come here. In Switzerland he would cost me nearly 200 frs. a month, without the least chance of getting occupation. It is better that I send him money for the journey, and try to find something for him here. I have swallowed up all my *free* capital and have only—if the Government does not seize it—the annuity and another quarterly payment, unequal to periodical allowances. Here I shall place him at Massarenti's or anywhere where he will spend less than 200 frs. Mrs. Nathan has already promised me some lessons to one of her sons, and if I can find some other source of a little income all will be right. I thought of one thing. Have not Mackenzies & Co. biographical articles, *not political*, to be written, belonging to Italy ? Columbus, warriors, historians, poets, etc. ? Could he not be entrusted some or all, the merely scientific excepted ? Would he be accepted if recommended as capable of fulfilling his task by you and me ? He *is* capable. He would go to the Museum, and with a few indications given by me, he would write the articles

* Alessandro Poerio, brother of the prisoner of San Stefano.

perfectly. . . . Think of it and see if it is possible. If so, propose it to Nichol and think where we could find a translator. This would be a capital thing for him. He can write good things about all the Slavonian branch; about the races of the Turkish Empire; review books on Russia, where he has been; you will tell me what you think. At all events you proposed to share with me. I shall do too little to dream of it, dear. But *he* would do much; he could give you copious notes and diminish your labour at the Museum. You might, perhaps, give him a little share in the payment. Speak of Profumo to Cowen, too, he might be of help.

The subscription to the *Italia del Popolo* is thirteen shillings a quarter. It is in a perennial crisis owing to persecution, and cannot pay Quadrio, for instance: if helped, *that* would be the best resource for Quadrio and extremely good for the *Italia*.

Tell Cowen I shall write to him soon.

Addio, and a blessing in a hurry.

Your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. October 19th, 1857.

DEAR,

. . . I receive just now a whole parcel of letters from Genoa, which I *must* read, amongst others, one written in a tone of deep anguish from poor Enrichetta; then accounts concerning the trial [of Jessie White], etc. The Piedmontese Government have *seized* what they could of [belonging to] the 22 *contumaci*: where they have not been able to seize—I suppose it is my case—they have warned agents, debtors, etc., to not pay. I cannot send or write to Nichol before I get one word from Quadrio. I shall as soon as I have it. . . .

Tom Taylor has been very kind to Profumo. . . .

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. October 21st, 1857.

If I write, dear, it is because I like it. I do write laconically enough, as you see . . .

Cowen's place may be rather unhealthy, but from what you say of it, to me it would be, as any fantastic scenery, very fascinating. Low clouds have their advantages: they look like shrouds going to wrap you. And the furnaces I would people with all sorts of strange beings, from Cyclops down to gnomes and witches—which are now so prosaic, alas! Besides, it must, by night, look like a camp with bivouac fires—which are a beautiful thing to me. . . .

I receive just now—two o'clock—your second note, and Cowen's: thank him. Why quote Orsini? [In an article on the Bandiera brothers.] Why not quote instead the report of the Secret Committee of the House, saying (after the denial upon his honour, of Lord Aberdeen: "not a single syllable of Mr. Mazzini's correspondence was communicated to any foreign Power")—"such parts of the correspondence as were important were transmitted to the Governments which were concerned?" The Parliamentary quotation they could not decently blot out. These, dear, are not the precise words: where to find them out I scarcely know. One would have to peruse Hansard the year subsequent to the affair: there the Report *must* be. Is there not one copy at Newcastle? You ought to look for it, and coldly glide it in. . . .

To Emilie. Dated by her November 6th, 1857.

DEAREST EMILIE,

. . . From Caroline you will have a letter from Jessie; she writes to me too, and seems very cross on account of her receiving so little from me and others. She clearly forgets that she is in prison and that any note of mine found out would be a *chef d'accusation*. However—she presupposes that she will be free before the trial, and wishes to remain some time in Switzerland with Mario, unless she can lecture here in the province. Can she, immediately? Do ask Cowen so that I may answer something. . . .

Never mind about the medal.* I shall apply to Bernieri, Funaieli, etc. Still, I would like to know who is the best medal engraver here. Would you be so kind as to ask Munro, if he is in town.

I read all you say of Cowen quite gladly. I felt he was very good, and quietly so; but I am glad to have these particulars from you.

Yesterday I had my Genoese exiles; to-day I have Ledru. Yesterday night Campanella was at the Brewery. You are unusually sad and gloomy, dear; I am not particularly merry; but what of that? "Allons travailler."

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

About this time Mr. Cowen published a pamphlet of Mazzini's entitled "The late Genoese Insurrection defended." It is a noble exposition of the conditions which continually provoked

* Mazzini had asked Emilie to make a design for the medal he wished to have struck in memory of Pisacane's gallant undertaking.

the populations into risings, and it reminds the authorities of the number of times that Mazzini had been declared utterly extinguished. Yet, grown grey in years and care, without means, opposed by all the governments and spies of Europe, so that except in England there is no inch of ground which he can legally tread, he reappears from time to time, an agitator, feared by powers who are strong in both public and secret organization, in armies, in gold, and even, if their press speaks truly, in opinion. Why? Because he calls for Action, and the state of Italy cries aloud for action. "Do you wish," he asks, "to destroy my fatal influence? Act; act better and more efficaciously than I."

The answer of the King of Piedmont to this pamphlet was to condemn the writer to death. Cavour answered it by declaring in Parliament that "the monarchy of Piedmont exists in virtue of treaties, *which it respects*"—treaties, by the way, which guaranteed Lombardy to Austria, Tuscany to Leopold of Austria, Rome to the Pope, and Naples to the Bourbons! It is surprising that any one could construe the words of such a declaration into even a *remote* reference to an intention to upset the existing state of things in favour of "making" Italy. Yet the Moderates continued to honour Cavour as the coming Liberator of the country, although he ceased not to assert that emancipation and unification were a Utopian dream. In September, however, he showed his hand to La Farina, a Sicilian exile, and secretary of the National Society. He exposed to him projects that were in direct contradiction to the statements in his public speeches, and talked of Italy becoming one, with Rome for her capital. "Come to see me whenever you like," he is stated to have said to La Farina; "but come at daybreak and let no one else see and know." He added that if he, Cavour, were questioned in Parliament he should deny like Peter, and say of La Farina, "I know him not." A secret stair led to Cavour's bedroom, and up it La Farina used to creep before sunrise, to concoct in private what the great pro-French Minister, urged by his guide, Expediency, would work against in public.

To Emilie. Tuesday. Probably November 17th, 1857.

DEAR,

. . . I have proposed Saffi to Nichol for those articles; if Quadrio comes we shall see; but *if* he [Quadrio] is taken by

Mrs. Nathan, with what little we can give him for articles, it will do, and I should prefer him to work for the *Italia del Popolo*.

No, dear, I have no observations to make about Ugo Bassi or Carlo Bini : the *Panthéon* will do ; the articles cannot be long. So for Buonarotti, Chief of the Carbonari. I don't know what the *Panthéon* says about our differences ; but here is the truth : we were quite friendly and corresponding ; he wrote one article in the *Giovine Italia*, signed Cammillo. But he was at the head of I don't know what mysterious *Alta Vendita* of Carbonarism in Paris : I was waging war to the old Carbonarism in Italy ; he was firmly believing that Paris was the "cerveau du monde," and I was trying to emancipate Italy from French dictatorship ; he was declaring that nobody had a right to stir before Paris, and when I planned the Expedition of Savoy, he excommunicated me and ordered all the Carbonari of Switzerland to discountenance me and all my efforts. I conquered to my views almost all his agents there : thence his wrath. We ceased corresponding.

He was deep, but very narrow : his life true to his tenets ; but he was intolerant and believing I was betraying if I happened to affiliate a banker or a rich bourgeois. He was, besides, a Communist. Poor, honest to wonder, pure, constant, indefatigable, but narrow too, and faulty in his appreciations of men, and always surrounded with spies. Voilà !

About Berchet, dear, I know nothing about dates ; and for this I had suggested to you to write to Bertani or others who would have easily found out some Piedmontese necrologic article. Why did you not do so ? If you have no time, write : Giovanni Berchet, a Lombard poet, born at Milan, towards the end of the last century. He was one of the noble band who began to fight the then peaceful battles of Italian emancipation under the garb of Italian Literary Emancipation, called Romanticism. He worked in the *Conciliatore* (1818) together with Pellico, Confalonieri, the Marquis of Breme, Borgini, Romagnosi and others. The *Conciliatore* once suppressed, he was involved in the political work which led to the insurrection of 1821 in Piedmont, patronized and then betrayed by Charles Albert, then only Prince. Condemned to death by the Austrians, he lived in exile, mainly in Belgium. There he wrote a translation from the Spanish ballads in the popular style ; and other things ; but what made *his* name powerful and dear to every Italian young man was his volume of patriotic songs, breathing, in a new, strikingly original form, the most energetic hatred to Austria, and sacred indignation against Italian egotism and cowardly apathy, and a deep distrust of princes and kings. His songs were running through manuscript copies from one end of Italy to the other, learnt by heart, etc. They contributed powerfully to the awakening of that Italian spirit of

resistance which has since become indomitable, unquenchable. He was the Tyrtheus of Italy, and so on; say what you like. You ought to have the little book and peruse it. In 1848 he went back to Lombardy where he was greeted by the population. After the overthrow he lived in Piedmont, where he died a few [end missing].

To Emilie, in Newcastle. November 21st, 1857.

Nothing from Jessie, dear, since her release. Has she vanished, Jacques-like, in the wide space? Is she stopping there?

Quadrio has come—stouter, rather in good spirits, and with two pounds. He will, of course, accept the teaching [of the Nathans], but reluctantly, and would rather “biographize.” He wants me to write to Nichol about the great men of Italy in the past. Now I do not want much to write to him. He has answered nothing to my proposal of Saffi for the articles offered to me. But I think that—*pour acquit de conscience*—you might write to Nichol just what you have already written. You ought to offer Quadrio as a competent man. But it should be stated that it is not a question of their giving a few articles but the greatest part of the articles, the scientific ones excepted. There ought not to be a mistake in the mind of Q. because if he is engaged he will refuse Mrs. Nathan’s offer, and he will find himself poor and—I regret to be mean, but really I would not know how to manage—he would fall on me.

Will you do so and forgive the bother? I have so many myself!

I am to see Monro next week [about the medal to be struck in commemoration of Pisacane].

How are you? This note of mine is all dry business, but really I have nothing to say; and there is a mist on my soul to-day [thick] as that which hangs there out of the window—so that I must conclude. Blessings from your loving

JOSEPH.

Saturday.

To Emilie, in Newcastle. November 27th, 1857.

Dear, I shall decidedly urge Quadrio to accept the “Sons of Israel.” He will not, as you say, find a permanent resource in any Biographical Dictionary, and he will soon find himself at home with the really good Nathans.

Dear, I have achieved a wonder of devotedness to the Cause. I have written two sheets of friendly appeal to Bertani and Medici. They will go, I hope, through a traveller to-morrow. I call on

them to unite with me, to collect, to exert themselves, and then to devise and discuss with me their own plan of action, if they have any, or mine if they have none. I appeal to old oaths, to old friendship. If they do not answer favourably, "ils seront jugés," and I shall not allow anybody, not even you (!) to utter a word of defence.

Jessie, since out of prison, writes continuously.

I am trying all I can for money with my Italians : as yet with no appearance of success. If you write accidentally to anybody in Genoa you must always insert something about the sympathizers in England wondering at the Italians not forming a fund. Remind them, who have all been admiring Pisacane and thinking of medals, etc., that if Pisacane had had double the number of men, he would have beaten his enemies at Padula and reached Salerno, a large, organized town.

To-day I am to see Kossuth.

Bless you, dear. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Newcastle. November 30th, 1857.

Dear, Cosenz is wrong, and not through foreseeing or better knowledge of Italy. He had formally accepted to go to Naples [in co-operation with Pisacane] and had *he* been there at the time, perhaps they [the Neapolitans] would have acted : they just wanted a man of military capacity and repute to encourage and lead them. He left Turin, came to Genoa on the day on which the steamer was to leave ; came to me to take leave, told me that he was going ; shook hands cordially—then vanished, and went back to Turin, leaving a letter in which he declared that he did not want to be the tool of anybody. He had learned incidentally from us that Quadrio too was going ; and Quadrio being mine, as they say, made him go back. The *Italian* patriot could not allow a Lombard republican to go to Naples with instructions of mine ! Ah ! I grieve at heart at the thought that if I ever succeeded, I would have to welcome all these worshippers of victory and smile to them and praise them ! They act as a regiment who would desert and then reproach the brother-regiment, left alone, for having succumbed. Cosenz ought to never mention Pisacane's name. As soon as he was dead, he, with Mezzacapo, now a Muratist, and Carano, came forth with a programme of the inedited book of Pisacane from which the "political part" would be carefully eliminated. Was that not a desecration to the memory of the poor martyr ? I wish Cosenz knew my feelings about him.

Your comparison, dear, between oaths of love and their own

oaths, is, forgive me, an unconscious sophism. Guilty or not, one may cease to love, or feel more for another. It is, when *real*, a sad, unexplained mystery. It is nothing of the sort in their own case. They have not changed the object of their love; they pretend to be still frantic for Italy, and their oath has been to try by words and deeds to make her free, or to educate her through martyrdom to victory.

I *understood* a man turning through a conscientious error from republic to monarchy. I would understand them, if they said: "it's all a dream; the function of a man here down is to do good in a Christian way in his own small circle, and nothing else." I do not understand them *now*, except through egotism and cowardice having crept into them. They do not love *another*, they love themselves.

No; there has not been anything special between Bertani and myself; but we did not see one another last time; I knew he was adverse to the Genoese scheme and he left Genoa on the very day.

I have been at Matilda's. Mr. Biggs gave me two pounds for Quadrio or Ripari*; but it is not the offering, it was the way it was done which was better than at other times.

Yesterday I had Ripari, Masserenti, Nathan—who is better—Georgina and Saffi, who were for one day in town. Nothing more of Jessie. Her *memorandum* will appear, I hope, to-morrow in the Journals. Then will be the time for agitation and for letters from friends to the papers saying: "After what we have read, we must be, if no redress is granted, ashamed of England and ourselves." Suggest it to Cowen, please.

Bless you, dear; *try* to be better, and morally so if you can. There is a shadow thicker than usual spread on your notes. I can grieve at it, but what of that? Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Monday.

To Emilie, at Newcastle. December 4th, 1857.

Dear, I did not write yesterday; I state the portentous fact because I see that there is a great irregularity in your receiving my notes.

I wish to have a little demonstration on the 10th, the anniversary of our having driven the Austrians away in 1746. Since years this has not been done, and just now I should wish very much the Government to feel that they have not dissolved our organization. Whether or not I shall succeed is another question.

* A doctor who had worked hard during the siege of Rome: who had afterwards been taken and imprisoned, and who was passionately devoted to Garibaldi.

What have I done or written to deserve such a tender, praiseful note? Whenever and whatever I write, dear, I write it with the same spirit of love. You really ought to have no *new* and additional shadows. Dear, do you see how your Press treats a case of self-defence, a statement of fact. I speak of Jessie's case? I do not see the papers, but the *Daily News* has not inserted it; the *Daily Telegraph* writes shamefully; the *Times* disdains, and so on. I know nothing of the *Morning Advertiser*. On the other side, Roebuck seems inclined to take up her case together with that of the engineers [the two English mechanics on the *Cagliari*] in the House. If so, he ought to be helped by Newcastle, Glasgow, and other Members. I know that Cowen will do what he can. As for Holyoake and lecturing and agitation, all right; he and others do their duty; but there is nothing that can help England except an impulse from without—no impulse from without [being] possible except by an Italian national movement—no Italian movement possible except through myself and money. There is all the question. Is there not a benevolent young lady who would flirt a little for my sake with the son of Morrison, who does nothing with his money, and who would give some £2000 to me just with the same inconvenience I have from giving away two shillings?

This evening, grand Italian meeting at the Brewery: Ripari, Quadrio, Bernieri, Mosto, Biagini, perhaps Campanella. You did not answer me about the possibility of drawing a profile of Pisacane from a portrait I have, combined with your *souvenirs*. Can you do that? It will be for a medal. . . .

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Friday.

After Pisacane's landing at Sapri, the *Cagliari* was seized by the Neapolitan Government, and the crew, including two English engineers, were thrown into a Neapolitan prison. The Piedmontese Government demanded the release of the vessel and the English Government demanded the release of the two British subjects, but Ferdinand refused, and there was danger of war; but at length, Ferdinand, getting frightened, restored the ship and, in June 1858, compensated the engineers.

To Emilie, in Newcastle. December 5th, 1857.

Dear, one word only.

The Italian meeting resolved itself into playing 21 [vingt et un?] in one room, and in my having to discuss all the evening

about materialism in the other with Miss Meysenberg, who drags me into that, I don't know how. It ended at one o'clock or later. I was very tired.

Quadrio has accepted the teaching [of the Nathans, with whom he practically made a home for the rest of his life]; not the little tribe; *they* speak only English, but the daughter and some of the eldest. Two hours or so for five days in the week: one pound a week. So that, as he is boarded at £1, provided he gets two additional pounds a month he will be comfortable.

Dear, I think I shall have to ransom your library again for the "Scritti editi di Foscolo," for Quadrio. I think you have them. They all come to me for sources. Why cannot they go to the British Museum? I have nothing to say to-day, and I have to write letters to Italy. How are you? I am well enough; rather dull, not extraordinarily. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Saturday.

To Emilie, in Newcastle. December 7th, 1857.

Dear, I shall get into a powerless rage with the post. I wrote on Saturday precisely because the Sunday was between. Why did you not receive? Not a single letter of yours is ever unanswered. I have written without any note of yours. Why, then, do you say that I do seem not to care about silence and fancies which naturally do arise, etc.?

Jessie's silence is persisting, and considering her natural propensities, wonderful. I don't know how, but the multitude of little things, notes, recommendations, working-men, the *Italia del Popolo* to help, proposals to answer, etc., prevent me from fulfilling anything I wish to do.

I do not think it belongs to a book like the Biographical Dictionary to have the letter affair *en détail*. I detected the opening by the systematic delays, the inspection of the stamps, [post marks] two regularly superimposed so as to conceal the original hour in which they reached the General Post Office, confirmed it. Then I used a host of contrivances: had two letters posted at the same moment, at the same box, before witnesses, the one addressed to a fictitious name at my house, the other to my name, for whom there was a warrant [to open], reaching invariably two hours after the other. I inserted in the letters poppy-seeds, which were found wanting; one hair across the seal, and it was missing: and so forth. Whilst I had collected proofs enough and had framed the petition, a postman, ashamed of the rôle he was acting, came to me and denounced. Duncombe took up the petition; Sir James Graham kept silent during two

or three days, then avowed. If you want to go really into details, you ought to consult a journal of the time, dear. The [letter] opening had lasted four months; and it was discovered that the same system had prevailed against Members of the House and plenty of persons in the province. You ought to see the two reports of the Commons' and the Lord's Committees at least, and then remark on no measure having come out of all this discussion. I cannot give a whole historical sketch; but if you ask me questions I shall answer them with pleasure. Now that I remember, dear, there has been a long article with facts furnished by me in the *Westminster Review* on the subject at the time. Get it; it will perfectly suit the purpose. And now, just to be pert, how is it that you all, belonging to the *practical* nation, are so much and continuously in the vague about things to which you paid a great deal of attention at the time? Why am I to remember the article in the *Westminster Review* which was reprinted as a pamphlet by Linton, consequently, I dare say, in the hands of Cowen, Holyoake and Co.? There! Bless you, dear Emilie. Believe in your loving

JOSEPH.

Monday.

To Emilie, at Newcastle. December 12th, 1857.

Dear, yesterday I could not write.

Jessie—did I not tell you so before?—has changed her mind three times already. I think she will go to Portsmouth for a few days; then—Perhaps she will change again *en route*, and be at my door within one or two hours. Roebuck had promised to give notice yesterday night [on the extraordinary imprisonment on suspicion of Jessie White in Genoa] he did not. We shall see to-day.

As yet I have no answer from Bertani and Medici to my very long letter.

The banquet [to Italians] at William's went on quite satisfactorily. Campanella was in white gloves and a "hanging" cravat; he was in agonies. No discussion with Miss Meysenberg; and I made them all sign Pisacane's list [of subscriptions to the medal to be struck in honour of Pisacane]. Two of the innumerable sisters [of William Ashurst's wife] were there.

What you say of the woman recommended by Kossuth is very beautiful. I sincerely admire Cowen, and only deplore the lethargy of the English people which does not allow such souls as his to do good on a larger scale.

Love from

JOSEPH.

Saturday.

1858

BEFORE the date of Mazzini's next letter an event occurred that shocked Europe and still further infuriated some of the Governments against the exiles.

Orsini, whose peculiar temperament led him into as many errors in his private life as in his rôle of conspirator, had, some time after his escape from Mantua, assumed an attitude towards, and uttered fallacies about, the Ashurst sisters, which caused a final break in their acquaintance with him. Mazzini had never been blind to Orsini's faults, though perhaps too trusting in his qualities; but this unhappy exhibition of his inmost, and withal, paltry feelings, had made further intercourse between them impossible. The chief of the Party of Action therefore, together with his followers, remained entirely ignorant of the wild and unjustifiable intention maturing in the mind of their daring ex-associate.

As Louis Napoleon and the Empress were driving to the opera on the evening of January 14, 1858, three bombs were hurled at them, killing their horses and, although they themselves escaped unhurt, injuring over 150 persons in the crowd and causing the death of eight.

This is not the place to enter into Orsini's motives, save to point out that his plan and his action on this occasion mark the chasm which existed between his conception of morality and the morality of the man who, accused by Manin of preaching a "theory of the dagger," had had the courage to lay bare his soul upon the subject of assassination. No man capable of plotting or perpetrating such a deed as Orsini's could have written as Mazzini wrote on this awful topic. Because it was impossible to him to harbour any idea with which the word dastardly could be associated, he was able to remind the public of their own attitude towards certain Avengers or Liberators whom none condemn—nay, one of whom,

Judith, is sometimes lauded from the pulpit. Nevertheless, efforts have been made in our own day by searching into the police archives, to fasten the crime of political murder upon Mazzini; but it is well to remember that his enemies desired to destroy his character almost more than they desired to compass his death. Informers abounded, whose business it was to furnish evidence of his supposed doings and his complicity in execrable plans. Not long ago the papers recorded the death of a caligraphist who avowed that he had many times imitated Mazzini's writing, and he had found it peculiarly easy to facsimile. He succeeded so well that when confronted with some of his own work which he had forgotten, he pronounced it genuine after a careful comparison with a genuine autograph. Men of this kind, living by their wits and skill, and destitute of honour, almost swarmed as hangers-on of the various Governments. As their subsistence depended upon their supplying what was desired, they resorted to every device for doing so, while at the same time taking care to preserve from arrest and death the unconscious source of their revenue.

As Mr. Bolton King tells us, the first result of Orsini's crime was "sheer panic. Paris and the Emperor lost their heads. And while the Parisian press vented its wrath on England, which had sheltered Orsini, and on Piedmont as a nest of regicides, the Government demanded at London and Turin that the refugees and their press should be curbed. . . . Cavour's position was a very difficult one. He had already, before Orsini's attempt, gone far to pacify the Emperor; he had prosecuted the Genoese conspirators with unworthy severity; he had expelled refugees by the hundred, and was contemplating the suppression of the Friendly Societies at Genoa, which he suspected of revolutionary aims. But he would not, dared not, humiliate the country by bowing to the Emperor's demands, and the reception of Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill came as a warning." This Bill, opposed by men who held assassination in horror, was thrown out upon a nobly-worded amendment moved by Mr. Milner-Gibson, and Palmerston resigned.

The mind of Napoleon, always difficult to follow, now baffled everybody, but fortunately for Europe, some undercurrent turned it in a direction which exhibits this strange man in the light of magnanimity. He caused two letters to be published which

Orsini had written to him from his prison, and which were nothing less than an impassioned appeal for Italy; and he permitted the trial "to become rather the apotheosis of a martyred patriot than the condemnation of a criminal."*

The *Italia del Popolo*, already existing under every sort of difficulty, became the special mark for the Piedmontese Government, who sequestered it fifty times between February and August of this year. The juries invariably absolved, but the judge—a ministerial nominee—invariably over-rode their findings, and condemned. Saffi tells us that the paper did not, as eagerly reported by its enemies, succumb through want of funds but because the struggle became too unequal after the Government adopted the system of *preventive* imprisonment whereby several successive editors suffered three and four months of incarceration before being brought to trial. To undertake the editorship amounted to a passport for prison. At one moment four editors lay in jail at the same time. So the *Italia del Popolo* came to an end in August 1858, to be succeeded by a frankly Republican journal published in London. For a considerable time, Quadrio, hidden in some Genoese cellar, and young Civinni, laboured to avert the death of the ill-fated paper, but no valour could withstand the tactics employed against it.

In March, Mazzini brought out a pamphlet in the form of a Letter to Louis Napoleon, which dealt with that ruler's career in perfect honesty, with no personal animus, but setting forth in their sequence the deceptions by means of which he had climbed to power. It was a formidable category. When an ordinary citizen declares repeatedly certain intentions, wins men's adherence through those declarations, gathers threads of control into his hands by means of them, and then, at a given moment for which he has secretly prepared, reverses in act all that he has professed in words—and this solely to achieve his own aggrandizement—we label him with a certain name. Louis Napoleon betrayed his declarations not once, but many times on his way to what looked like a pinnacle of power; and Mazzini, without stigmatizing him, warned him that the foundations of the throne so erected could not long stand. "There is something," he reminded the Emperor, "above success: something stronger than fact: something higher than idolatry—God, Right, Time." The existing Empire

* Trevelyan: *Garibaldi and the Thousand*.

† Vol. i., p. 246.

was the denial of the two first and would be dealt with by the two last. In view of the deference being paid at the moment to "the man of December," Mazzini might well sadly declare that "in Europe monarchy is accorded the privilege of perjury."

In May there appeared from his pen a splendid appeal to the Judges in Piedmont. In June, as Cavour had seen fit to excuse himself for his new press law by inventing a Republican plot against the life of Victor Emmanuel, Mazzini addressed a truly noble call to him, though it was in reality a call to the Italian people. In it the great Exile showed the very ground of his heart; his conviction that the duty of man is to discover the Will of God, and his belief that the sacred gift of self-direction, differentiating man from the animal, can alone enable him to fulfil it; and he lays down once more his fundamental thesis that for individuals, consequently for the *people*, a condition of ordered liberty of their own creation is the prime necessity for continuous right action.

An event of the first importance to Italians took place in July. It marked a climax in the relations between Louis Napoleon and the Piedmontese Government: a high rung in the ladder of the Emperor's ascendancy in Italian affairs. He invited Cavour to a secret meeting at Plombières, a health resort in the Vosges. Somehow the meeting and the arrangements there concluded, remained no secret to Mazzini, who, though he never employed spies, learnt most things that went forward in Europe. He knew that as the price of French help in adding Lombardy to the Piedmontese crown, Victor Emmanuel agreed to cede Nice, besides the cradle of his race, Savoy.

As a rather piquant writer has expressed it, a glance at the map of Italy will show this proceeding to have been about as wise as would be that of "a householder who drives a robber from his field by the help of a burglar, and hands to him the keys of his front and back doors as a reward."

To Emilie, at Lindsey Row, Chelsea. Dated by her August 31st, 1858.

Dear, As you left me dissatisfied and hurt I must explain the difference I put between Ripari, for instance, and Orsini. You cannot, if you consider, dear, doubt me in these things. Before telling you a single word, I broke with Orsini, who certainly was capable of becoming, as he became, a bitter and

dangerous enemy. It cannot therefore be through cowardly hesitation or lukewarm consideration of you that I do not view the thing so severely. . . .

First of all don't forget, dear, that Ripari did not misjudge or wrong you [in speaking] with others, he wrote to *you*; and you punished him by breaking with him. None except you would ever have known anything about it if you had not shown his letter to me; which he did not expect, nor certainly wish. Normally speaking, I ought to know nothing about it. He, whenever he speaks of you, speaks with intense admiration for your devotion to the Italian Cause. Orsini was slandering you to others. I had a decided right and duty to interfere. In this case the offence is a secret one, and would be refuted [to] others by the very language of the man.

Secondly, Ripari is or professes to be not only admiring but loving you. The way of his loving may be unpleasant; it belongs to his nature. It may be absurd in him; it may be anything. Still, the starting point he has chosen is that of a man who feels frantically for you. He was at the time—his letters to you and to me are evidence of it—in a sort of madness-condition. I avow that I feel rather inclined to be very antagonistic to that sort of madness in Ripari. Still, it remains clear that the man has not the *intention* of offending you. Now the *intention* is everything for me. If it was not so I have plenty of occasions for being offended with *friends*.

The man has not, with us, a shadow of pride: he would do anything for you, anything for me, if we cared to ask. He is respectful to you with everybody. He is, or pretends to be, in love. He is half cracked. He is wretched, and poor, and old. I cannot deny that, within my heart, I rather feel pity for him. . . . I have been asked by many of our people whether he was a betrayer or not. Now, I cannot, *en conscience*, have our men suspecting him of being a traitor—he comes out from many years of horrid life [imprisoned] in Palliano—and unless I state the cause I cannot assume the stern countenance of reproof with others. He has sinned *secretly* against you. He is punished secretly by both you and me. It is enough, according to me.

These are my explanations, dear. I rather regret my having to write them because it seems to me that you have power of impartial appreciation even in what you are concerned in, and leniency enough in your soul for your having thought these things for me.

Bless you, dear. Don't be so ready to find fault with me. I am not happy; and any feeling which seems to me to be unjust towards me in those I love, is very bitter just now for me. I have an instinct of these things. I could never forgive the man if

I felt that he has intentionally wronged you: depend upon me he has not. He is not answerable.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Ripari, as already noted, was one of the surgeons who laboured during the siege of Rome, manifesting the greatest devotion to Garibaldi. He shared the fate of many who did not escape before the restoration of "liberty" by the French, and languished for six years in the dungeons of the Pope. But although Mazzini here speaks of him as wretched, old and poor, he survived to once more show his skill as doctor to the Red Shirts in 1860.

To Emilie, 1, Lindsey Row, Chelsea. Dated by her September 2nd, 1858.

Dearest Emilie, bless you for the note by post. It is a flower on the road—a rather dreary, hard, and thorny one (I mean the road, of course). But do not fear that because I am silent I do not feel your love, or am not grateful to you for it; or do not love, I too, in my own way—enough, however, as to make it impossible for me ever to hurt, offend, or displease you intentionally. Blessings again from your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, care of Robert Martin, Esq., 59, Higher Ardwick, Manchester. September 17th, 1858. [Emilie had been asked to write an article on Byron and had spoken of the difficulty of doing justice to *Don Juan*, "in this country of cant."]]

Dearest Emilie, I was out yesterday and received your long note when I came back and there was no possibility of answering it. I would reach you late, now, about *Don Juan*, but what on earth could I say? Really nobody can characterize it in a few words. It is a crusade against cant in all things, fought by Irony, with now and then a cry of anguish and an appeal to the Future. I remember having seen somewhere that he meant to lead on his hero to the opening of the French Revolution. Then, after dissecting the work, I have no doubt a hymn to the dawning of a new Life would have arisen. But there ought to be five or six pages at least written about the poem; and my note will reach you late; and I must go out again. . . .

I am happy to hear of the transfer of Mr. Martin's subscription of £5 to *Pensiero e Azione*. I trust, knowing him, that it will be a real transfer, not as the £5 of Peter Stuart, to whom, meanwhile, I have sent *Pensiero e Azione*. The reason I become such a mean

calculator is this ; that subscribers *will* come from different corners of the earth, but late, very late ; and the starting is the difficulty. On Sunday I go to Peter, Mentia, etc., at Richmond ; on Monday, to Peter, Mentia, etc., at the Elms. I shall certainly come out of all this *petrified*. I think this is a pun worth some of Peter's.

The paper ought to be out by this time. To-day, perhaps, it will be sent to Mr. Martin. To-morrow I shall send it to you. If you can give any idea of it to Gregg so that he will be enabled to write a little mention of it in the *Guardian*, I shall feel much obliged. And if you can find out Italians in Manchester, try to have and send their addresses. Are the Martins in connection with Greek houses ? I should very much like to try some of them. If we could have a good canvassing of every town in England, I am sure five or six copies might be placed in each. *Apostolize* therefore whenever you can.

The proposal has been duly received. [This probably refers to Rosolino Pilo's plan for liberating Nicotera from his Neapolitan prison.] I cannot answer it now. I must learn more than I know about the where and how he is kept. Then we shall see. The thing, theoretically, is ten times more difficult than before, and I fear the only way to do it is to attack the evil at the root. That, too, is only a matter of money. In that blessed place everything now belonging to the Government can be bought. But more within a short time. Grateful friendship to both the proposers, from

JOSEPH.

September 17th.

Saffi has made clear the reason for Mazzini's going frankly back to the Republican flag when, during the month of September, he started the new paper *Pensiero e Azione* in London. He still put the making of an United Italy in the forefront of his programme, but as the politics of Royalty had become deliberately subservient to the demands of Napoleon, whose government appeared to be the negation of national life and of popular right, it behoved the man seeking to form and lead an Italian mind, to point right away from Royalty and focus thought solely upon a National aim. The truce Mazzini had imposed upon himself had been swamped in the evidence of Victor Emmanuel's complicity in working for a Piedmontese Kingdom of the north only. It was time to restate principles in unequivocal language and revert to the attitude of "Young Italy."

To Emilie, c/o R. Martin, Esq., 59, Higher Ardwick, Manchester. Postmark, September 22nd, 1858.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had your note of yesterday. The Baxterian panic is at an end, thank God; let nothing revive it. . . . * I wish Manchester too was at an end. It makes you even unusually gloomy and puts you in a very unsatisfactory mood. Yes; struggle is the law of life; no doubt of it; but why should it exclude what I call calmness, which is really nothing but resignation? Why quote Goethe's *indifference* against calmness? Was not Jesus a calm martyr? Was not John Huss on his pyre? Were not hundreds, thousands, of known and unknown sufferers, still believers, believing in God—a future?

I had Kossuth yesterday; stout and flourishing; but he explained it by the blood going to his head. Baxter Langley ought to see him! He is, however, preparing lectures for a second tour.

I am very tormented by the thought that I must write my article for the *Pensiero e Azione* very quickly if the paper is not to be once more delayed; and that I don't know what to write.

Not a single idea or phantom of an idea comes to or from my brains. Alas! this *surcroit* of periodical work at a fixed hour threatens to be most tiresome and I fear I shall repent having, in a moment of rash enthusiasm, submitted to it. . . .

Dearest Emilie, try to be not only good but strong and calm, resigned, if you will. It makes my heart ache to see traces of scepticism and universal dissatisfaction through every line you write. Even if you despaired of everything on earth, are you not working, will you not work for the noble Italian cause, and cannot you attempt to fix some noble thought in beautiful symbols through Art? It is not much, still it is something; and life is not altogether useless and a failure with these two things to be done. Bless you, dear; I still am, unsatisfactory or not, at all events your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at 59, Higher Ardwick, Manchester. September 24th, 1858.

Dearest Emilie, you are silent, and your silence is no good sign. Something in my last note must have made you ferocious against me. Certainly there was no bad intention in me, no feeling which was not of sad love. It always make me doubly sad when I feel that you do feel wretched and more than usually displeased with everything and believing that from Dan to Beersheba all is

* Dr. Baxter Langley, who had not actually seen Mazzini, met Emilie in Manchester and gave her an alarming account of his health, and she had written for news of him in great anxiety.

barren. And a joking style expressing grief makes only the matter worse. I wrote under that impression. This is all I can say if I have displeased you.

I do not go on Sunday to Matilda ; work prevents me. I cannot spare the day. But I shall go some day next week. I have, besides the paper, an immense *arriéré* of correspondences, etc., which I must try to settle. Yesterday I was at home all day and evening and saw nobody. To-day I must go to town ; I have some appointments there. If I do not succeed in getting some two or three subscribers, [to the paper] in every town in England and Scotland, I do not see how we can go on without wreck and ruin. . . .

Can I do anything for you in town, dear ? No ; I suppose, still, if ever you do want some little service I shall be glad.

Dear, never misinterpret me ; don't be too gloomy ; don't believe yourself alone in the world. For many reasons I cannot be a satisfactory [friend]. But there is in my heart more love for you than you are aware of and than I can express, through fear, mainly, of finding you unbelieving. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Friday 24th.

P.S. Your letter came late, dear. I tear off the cover, however, of mine, to acknowledge and thank. All that you say about calmness and resignation is very beautiful and true ; only, wrong or right for the English language, I had explained what I understood by calmness, and therefore all the accusation of sophistry falls to the ground. Calmness implies the storm having preceded : not so serenity, which is absolute. Only, when you are unusually sad don't take to joking ; that is neither calmness nor resignation.

To Emilie. From a copy in her writing. No date, but thought by her to belong to 1858.

Dear . . . your parcel was in my room ; . . . my first thought was most sincerely one of extreme gratefulness : I thought of *how* good you are and *why* so to me ? This last thought remaining without solution. But then, there is a drawback. You all proceed "*soignant mon physique sans faire la moindre attention à mon morale.*" Every present from you—not a trifle but a costing one—makes me really sad. I have accepted enough from you for my not being suspected of any feeling not kind or affectionate towards you. . . . I cannot allow you to go on. I shall wear your shirts ; * merely to satisfy an affectionate

* Flannel shirts which the Italian doctor was urgent that he should wear but had failed to induce him to do. The doctor then said : "You must give them : never mind his anger ; that will pass ; the benefit, if he wears them, will remain."—E. A. V.

but fixed idea of yours. I say "fixed idea" because really except in my face and hands when I am out, I am not cold, and in the night except in my feet, when I do not feel entirely well. There is nothing to be cured in me, except what years and a rather curious life are unavoidably inflicting. I hope you are better. Every blessing on you from your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at 59, Higher Ardwick, Manchester. October 4th, 1858.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I have your Saturday note. William and Bessie have come [back] enthusiastic of Switzerland, of course; but Bessie will write to you no doubt. I am sorry, dear, that having heard you expressing yourself about the scheme [of the Nathans for taking their delicate daughter Jeannette abroad] I have availed myself of the opportunity for hinting at the difficulties of the plan. It seems now that they are sending her to Malta, and that Mrs. Nathan will accompany her. But you, surely, would not go to live in Malta, dear?

Your note, dearest Emilie—I cannot conceal the fact—is one of the saddest you have ever written to me. To speak of yourself quietly as a dead person, to declare that even Art has lost its hold upon you, to say that you can neither love nor feel nor *live*, is nearly crushing to me. I feel so powerless that I can say nothing about it. . . . I can pray, wish, that some spring of life should be revived within you, but I cannot try it by useless reasonings. God help you and make you take a different view of life—of what duties you can perform, of what good you have done and can do. I would gladly give years of my life to have yours in a different state.

Bless you, dearest Emilie. I write with Fanelli and two Sicilians again here. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

October 4th.

The envelope of this letter, as of others during this period, still retains a thread of floss silk, evidently some device whereby to detect a possible opening by the Post Office.

To Emilie, at 59, Higher Ardwick, Manchester. October 6th, 1858.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Your note, of course, comes late, I don't know why. I have very much to do but I write a scrap to tell you. . . .

Yes, dear, you must really make a noble effort for your sake and others' and mine too, undeserving as I may be. You must

now—if you can nothing else—rekindle within yourself your worship of Art, and through Art you can—as in other more direct ways—do good to others. Even that sense is, if properly and religiously felt, life. Besides that, you have still, satisfactory or not, affections, people like me who are solicitous about your being not utterly wretched and dead.

Your being at Malta would have been the worst of all possible schemes.

Yes, dear, if you achieve a noble painting I shall smile and be comforted. You cannot have any doubt about it. I am well, only shivering from cold. I do not like to light a fire as yet; and it is dreadfully cold. Ever, dearest Emilie, your loving

JOSEPH.

October 6th.

To Emilie, at 59, Higher Ardwick. October 27th, 1858.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I trust you are not ill again, and that I shall have a few words to-day by the second post, unless Jessie has prevented you from writing. I have been and still am overwhelmed with work, which makes me feel frantic. Yesterday whilst I was beginning to write there came a traveller back from Italy and Paris; he took hours from me; then I had to write for him; then I had a committee meeting in the evening; then I was tired and ill-tempered, and the final result is that I *must* write my article to-day. I hope that a line will come however within one hour, or I shall be uneasy and shall write the article more than usually badly. There is an attempt from W. and B. to make me go with them to Matilda on Sunday; but it is still uncertain.

Don't you feel disgusted with the "prepotenza francese" in Portugal? Why on earth does everybody yield? All my anti-French feelings are fast reviving, dear, and I dream of things impossible. Peter has had [made] a brilliant, dashing speech at Newcastle—but I shall have to pay for it to-morrow. I shall send a little introductory note to the man with the endless beard on Friday; I cannot before. [An Italian refugee whom Mazzini was helping to establish in business in Manchester.] You did not tell me if Mr. Martin speaks French: Ragezio speaks but little English, I fancy. Here, nothing new: monotonous work and nothing else. Bless you, dearest Emilie; write, be well, and leave soon Higher Ardwick. Your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at 59, Higher Ardwick. November 3rd, 1858.

Of course, dearest Emilie, if there was a blank in your MSS. I filled it up, although I remember nothing now. I never any

more receive the paper, so I do not know the ultimate fate of your labour. Nor do I think anything will be done with the catechism.* I do not trust much [to] Baxter Langley. The circulation of his paper may be large; but whilst in Italy the popular element, once organized, is all powerful, here, I am sorry to say, it is in the so-called higher and middle classes that Italian propagandism would be most useful. There [in Italy] we want action; here, agitation; an agitation which to be powerful requires meetings, speakers, money and the higher press. Still, of course, I wish he would insert it. Every good thing does good. If there was what I never succeeded in reviving, a good central Association for the Italian question, and a fund, these things would be published apart and do a great deal of good. But London is dead.

Dear, I only had time to glance over Carlyle's book [Frederick the Great] and found it unredeemably bad and immoral. It is Feudalism, worship of force, intellectual and brutal. Friedrich Wilhelm the father, made into a hero. "C'est trop fort." Besides, as you noticed, the *people* does not exist for him; Kings, Margravs and Burgravs are all Humanity to him; any corporal drilling men is a remarkable phenomenon, etc. I shall perhaps read the book when it comes back. No doubt there is a great deal of graphic in it, but it is the graphic of the form, of the outward man, rather than of the inward; Walter Scott, not Byron or Dante.

I have your note, which makes me rage against Mrs. . . . and all; the young one ought to be whipped; the Matron shut in the kitchen to make preserves, but not to give commissions with wrong directions. I am perfectly sure you will have another attack very soon if you go on so; a painter and a lady have a right to have sitters behaving properly: they are not their subjects. Do try and finish this sad business and vanish—I am thankful, however, that you have poured out your torments to me.

Bless you again, dear; I am bothered, but scarcely think of any other thing than of your own botherings. It is too bad that you should be so, having scarcely recovered [from a dangerous attack of cholera] and being weak as you are. What can I do from here? I can be your loving

JOSEPH,

but cannot, for all that, dispel the fog or put you in the right omnibus.

* A translation by Miss Linda White, done out of love, of Maurizio Quadrio's Popular Catechism, which Mazzini had unexpectedly received a short time before.

To Emilie, at 59, Higher Ardwick, Manchester. November 15th, 1858.

DEAR EMILIE,

First, do not always write silly things about yourself and me. I cannot, whatever thing you tell me, hate you, or anything approaching—or not love you. A given conversation can make me, through various reasons, sad, but *voilà tout*. What feeling can it engender about you?

Paint and run away! Added to all the rest the weather is horrible: the wind is dreadful; the sky is dark; it is cold and miserable. You must feel doubly uncomfortable at Manchester.

I have been correcting proofs on Saturday up to four o'clock in the morning, and lecturing at the School yesterday from three to five, then dined with Quadrio at the Brewery. I do not know whether my paper will appear to-day or not. As soon as it appears you shall have it. There is a sort of summary about the Piedmontese question which would be useful if it appeared in a paper for instance, like the *Daily News* or perhaps even, *faute de mieux*, in the *Morning Advertiser*. Think of it one moment if you have time. Perhaps the best plan would be to have it translated, two copies made and sent, same hour, same day, to the D.N. and the M.A. . . . If translated, it ought to be sent by an English person with a few lines calling for "fair play"—and the addition "extracted from *Pensiero e Azione* number 6," would be a good advertisement. I feel rather ashamed to suggest such labour to you, busy and weak as you are; but it would perhaps give a pretence to keep more in your room and have less of bothering conversation. After all, if you have no time or feel disinclined, it is nothing. One thousand articles will lead to very little. Action alone can make people understand. . . .

To Emilie, at 59, Higher Ardwick. November 18th, 1858.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I do highly approve the magnanimous energy displayed concerning the portrait you are painting. It was high time. Am I really to believe that on Monday or Tuesday I shall have to address to you at Newcastle? I really regret having thrown out the suggestion about the article. To know that you will translate it in a room without a fire is to me a true remorse; and I feel sure that you will get ill. If you have not begun, for God's sake don't. It is such a trifle to throw one more article before public opinion. It does matter very little *au fond* that British opinion is or is not with us rather than Piedmont. England cannot initiate our battle.

As for me and your entreaties about overworking, etc.: if I

had before me some twenty years of life, I would perhaps attend to your recommendations; with those twenty years I could do something—but, with the knowledge that I am old, that, taking care or not, I shall not live long, you must understand that six months or one year of life would not achieve much. The best thing, therefore, is to do what is to be done, not thinking of anything else.

Did you hear of the *Times* article giving particulars about the dungeon in which Nicotera is kept? Horrible! I do not know that he will live as long as necessary to try something for him; but one certainly *ought* to try. I wish Mr. Martin would have read it. Gregg must; the *Times* must be in their office.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

The account of Nicotera's treatment would be incredible were it not indubitable. Jessie White Mario, in a partially published MS., gives an account taken from the lips of Harry Wreford—and doubtless confirmed by Nicotera himself, whom she knew well.

Severely wounded in the head, drenched in his own blood and with his right wrist broken, Nicotera was left for dead until far into the night, but he summoned strength to ask his rescuer to see if there were any papers left on the bodies of his slaughtered companions. The man found a few, and one, afterwards "translated" by Nicotera from the cipher in which it was written, saved his accomplices in Naples and the provinces.

The manner of Nicotera's removal from the field of battle affords a good idea of the moral corruption rife among the unlettered peasants of the Neapolitan States. After many hours on a rough stretcher, the unfortunate man was set down while his bearers took a drink. A small crowd of country-folk quickly gathered round, and one, who carried a pitchfork, proceeded to stab the sinking man with it. The guards, who had difficulty in stopping the repetition of this outrage, hastily resumed the march, but were pursued by ferocious cries of "death to the brigands." Nicotera, mustering the remnants of his strength, called back "death to your King."

The illegal conduct both of the Government and the Judges at his trial, makes the recital read like one from the darkest ages. Bound and bleeding, Nicotera and the other prisoners, starving

and in chains, were led through the streets to be scoffed at and reviled. Sixty-five were carried to the island of Favignano, but Nicotera, by the King's express orders, was taken to Santa Caterina, where, in a cell through which ran a ditch of putrid water, with a stone for a bed and nothing but black bread for food, he languished during five months. Nothing the doctor reported—continued fever, blood-spitting, etc., moved the authorities; but at last Nature herself intervened with a thunderbolt, which smashed in the roof of the foul den. An inrush of water would have drowned the helpless inmate had not a turnkey, on his own initiative, carried him out in his arms. Soon after this the Commandant entreated Nicotera to sign a petition to His Sacred Royal Majesty. Nicotera took the paper and with his left hand scrawled the words: "To the wild beast Ferdinand, not yet satiated with the blood of the human race."

Dauntless, though crippled, and so emaciated that his bones almost protruded, the prisoner found a warm welcome among fellow victims in the prison of San Giacomo, whither he had to be transferred. There in a cell with others he at last found means, through a jailor, of communicating with the outside world. When, two years later, Pilo succeeded in obtaining and forwarding an order for his liberation, though not for that of his fellow-sufferers, Nicotera magnanimously replied, "All or none." He remained incarcerated until the triumph in Sicily and Naples opened the dungeon door to him and the other victims of the Bourbon's stupid cruelty.

To Emilie, at Joseph Cowen's, Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. November 27th, 1858.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Were you not disgusted at my scrap of yesterday? I sent it merely because I feared that a silence of three days would suggest to you some Baxterian dream. I am not exactly well—a cold perhaps. *Voilà!*

Why say that perhaps I forget you altogether? Is there any evidence of it? No, dear. I do not forget you or your calls; only as I told you many times, my prominent wish is that your health should be a little improved, so that the pleasure I draw from your presence should not be almost always checked by terror of serious impending illnesses. It is that and only that which suggested to me, or rather made me approve of the Italian scheme. I have faith in Italy and her sun.

Will you tell Cowen that I heartily admire his [suffrage] agitation; that I am continuously blowing up James and Holyoake and the rest for their Whiggish view of the matter? They are all involved in the capital error of assuming the mission of the Government to be that of acknowledging and welcoming the *educated* ones, whilst it is in truth that of educating those who are still uneducated. I take the suffrage to be the starting-point of political education; the programme, as it were, of education given to the masses: the setting before their eyes of a task to be fulfilled, which is the preliminary stage of all education. I am not sanguine in the least about the first results, but do not care. The only thing that could incline me to wait patiently a while more would be the establishment of universal compulsory education; but either the one or the other must be had; and as the latter here is out of the question, everybody ought to rally around the former.

Ledru Rollin is going to be millionaire within three months, dear.

Did you see the articles in the *Times* about the Empire? Of course Montalembert is not worth the fuss which is now made about him, but anything nursing or increasing the British antipathy to the Empire is good. I believe in war next year, in the East and in Italy; and it is very important that opinion should rapidly form itself here.

I do not know whether you perceive that after the Roumanians, I am bent on "creating" the Scandinavians? Give my compliments to good, kind Mrs. Cowen, and trust the loving thoughts of your

JOSEPH.

Saturday.

Mazzini here alludes to Kossuth's habit of scornfully decrying the nationality of the Roumanians, of whom he used to speak as "*ces messieurs*." Mazzini always protested against this, so one evening he corrected himself, saying, "*Je demande pardon : je veux dire ce peuple que Mazzini a fait, ou plutôt inventé.*" (I beg pardon: I should say *this people* whom Mazzini has made, or rather invented.)

Madame Venturi told the writer a curious incident connected with Ledru Rollin. He came to England on his expulsion from France, a loser by his political conduct and opinions. While in London he was told of a wonderful old fortune-teller who lived in a Lambeth slum. As at that time he spoke English very imperfectly, he wanted some one to accompany him to the Sybil;

for he conceived an irrepressible wish to consult her. At last he persuaded Emilie—a wholesome sceptic—to venture on an exploring expedition with him. They found the woman in a filthy attic in a filthy street. She was just dismissing a piratical-looking foreign seaman, and received them with a searching glower, as though she suspected they had come to discover hidden wrong-doing. Ledru Rollin was now half inclined to turn back in disgust, but Emilie, whose reckless spirit had become aroused into defiance of risks, signed to him to address the crone. The latter glared dauntingly as he struggled to make himself understood, then, drawing her dirty pack of cards towards her, she told Emilie to tell him to cut them. She presently doled them on to the table, muttering to herself, then she looked straight into the face of the Frenchman and briefly described his past—adding that within a time which she specified he would come into a large fortune from a person of whose existence he was at present ignorant. The now sceptical and unconvinced client politely thanked her and prepared to withdraw, but the old woman, fixing Emilie with an eagle eye, remarked, “*You ask nothing, but I can tell you much.*” She offered Emilie the greasy cards, and after they were cut told her that she was married—characterizing with detail her peculiar circumstances. She then said, “*You will very soon be the wife of another man.*” At this Emilie smiled, laid down some money and turned to go. Before she reached the door, the crone, again clutching the blackened clay pipe she had been smoking, flung at her, “*He is on the sea now, coming from a strange country, and you will meet in a foreign land. He is fair.*”

These apparently wild prophecies were precisely fulfilled. At about the time indicated, Ledru Rollin received notice that an old gentleman in the south of France, who had greatly admired his political courage and who had no natural heirs, had left him his fortune.

Two years later, in Italy, Emilie met and fell in love with Carlo Venturi, who had actually been on the voyage from South America at the time of the “witch’s” statement. She was still not free, for difficulties had lain in the way of dissolving her bond with Sydney Hawkes, though both had ardently wished its dissolution; but a few weeks after her encounter with the fair Venetian, John Morris, her brother’s partner, arrived in Italy to

bring her personally the news that her case had somehow been pulled through and that she was released. Emilie promptly fainted, but the prospect of a long-belated measure of happiness soon put fresh life into her, and Venturi incurred no delay in declaring his position towards her.

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. December 5th, 1858.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Yes, there *was* evidently treason at Novaro; treason of Ramorino, who disobeyed orders: treason of an invisible aristocratic camarilla, who spread little *bulletins* in the ranks telling the soldiers that whilst they were fighting, revolution was being made in Turin by the republicans: treason *I* would say, in Chrzanowsky, the military leader, *perhaps* even in the King's son, now a King; but these things cannot be proved and it is safer [in an article for a magazine] to assert treason without tracing out the source to the actual King.

Certainly Charles-Albert did not *then* betray; and as you say, he exposed himself to personal danger. Ramorino was shot under the authority of the actual King; Charles-Albert had already left. There was necessity of a scapegoat-victim to silence the country.

Bless you, dear. I must now go to Kossuth through a mud of which there is no example except in London. Jessie writes a scrap. She has done nothing as yet [in the way of lecturing in America]. Sandy, Barney, etc., being still away from New York.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

N.B.—Do you remember my recommendation for Mosto's House? *

Advices, recommendations, introductions for a painting from Velasquez, visible at M. Baccani's studio (Marochetti's).†

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. December 13th, 1858.

A hurried scrap, again, dearest Emilie. I have had Mosto, Fanelli, James, proofs to correct, letters to answer, and am really frantic about a mass of things—little and important—to be attended to. I have read the paper [the MS. of her article?]; it is good; I have added the names and am sending it. Yesterday I was at Peter's: Malwida [a German journalist, constantly travelling between her own country and this] was there, nobody else.

* The Mostos, an old Genoese firm, had promised a commission to Mazzini for his Action Fund, on all business that might accrue to them through him.

† This painting belonged to Count Rosolino Pilo, who was anxious to sell it for the benefit of the Action Party, or possibly to get money wherewith to rescue Nicotera.

To-morrow I go to Bessie's; on Wednesday to Bernieri's. Saffi is here; one day next week I must dine at the Craufurds'; another at Mrs. Nathan's! It is all very well for you to say that I ought to see friends; but almost every one of these dinners costs me somehow the value of four or five dinners at home. Mrs. Milner-Gibson, who is somewhere in the province, did complain that she had not been invited by anybody this year to the New Year's Eve! *

Bless you, dear, do not think too much of my poverty. It has nothing to do with your loan. Had I the money I would, ten to one, spend it rashly, and *voilà tout*. I expect my quarter from day to day. Dear, I shall write the little preface, but I *really* do not remember what I have promised. Am I to write it in my own name? No? then what was the bearing? Can you remind me?

Yes, of course, within myself I believe it *is* the spine. But what of that? To-day, at all events, I am better. I am going out to see—Holyoake! Love and admiration for his constancy to Cowen.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

Mazzini's health suffered of course severely from the trying life he was doomed to lead without the least respite. When in England, he spent almost all of every day in writing or in what taxed him even more—talking. These occupations frequently ran far into the night, and to add to the evil of too little sleep, he constantly went to bed in half-exhausted air, or in a room that was colder than good for him. Conversation he thoroughly enjoyed: the “dear nonsenses,” as he sometimes said, of family life, were the sole refreshment he knew. And how seldom he had them! Abroad, his existence had always to be concealed as his letters have shown, so that for months on end he frequently remained a close prisoner to one room—usually a small one. For some time before the date of the letter last given, he had been experiencing violent shocks of pain in the back which left him “stiff as a post,” unable to bend; and the intervals between these attacks appear, so far as can be traced, to have been getting

* It was a custom for the “The Clan” to meet at one of the houses of the Ashurst family to see the New Year in. Mazzini used to be greeted by each person present as soon as the clock struck twelve. An invitation to this gathering was much valued, for the occasion was always one on which Mazzini expressed himself on his gospel of life, with entire freedom, letting out “all the length of all the reins.”

shorter. That his nervous system did not give way altogether under the immense strains put upon it, is a matter for wonder.

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. December 22nd, 1858.

Can you tell me why, dearest Emilie, whenever I see in the morning the sun shining, I feel doubly sad and disposed to be gloomy? . . .

I dined yesterday evening at the Craufurds, [having assisted earlier in the day at the christening of Georgina's baby]. They are full of sympathy and affection; but it is the dulllest concern possible. Kate never utters a single word. Saffi looks dreadfully gloomy and is equally silent. The result is that I am left to entertain Mrs. Craufurd. Yesterday night, by way of diversion, I had to console Mr. Craufurd, who declares that everything is going to a smash, and that there is no morality, no beauty, no nobleness to be found in mankind's history, except perhaps in the times of the Odyssey. Then he invited me to a game of chess and I was eagerly requested by the two daughters to lose; the last time I had won him, they said, and there had been a scene after my leaving. Invitations are extremely unprofitable, dear, and I have one from Shaen, one from Mentia, and to-day at half-past one, I must go to town and wander to three places.

No news from Jessie: I feel very uneasy about her second lecture. It will be the decisive one. If she should lose by it she will be compelled to give up and I shall have a real remorse. She will be ruined by debts, as you are. . . . I am tolerably well but cross about the kind of work—translating Harro Haring just now*—I have in hand: about my having to go out so often, about the wind which is dreadful, about the Piedmontese-party-doings, the credulity of my Italians, and everything and *almost* everybody. The *almost* includes you—and I am ever your loving

JOSEPH.

* An article on the Schleswig-Holstein and Scandinavian questions sent for *Pensiero e Azione*.

1859

To Emilie, at Blaydon-on-Tyne. January 8th, 1859.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Peter, William, Nathan, Shaen, and James have just been handing over to me £100 with a declaration that they are to be applied to the payment of a Secretary whose work should be correcting proofs, writing insignificant letters, sparing trouble, etc. I have asked time for considering. It is a difficult affair. All this is very touching, very affectionate, and I feel duly grateful. At the same time I would rather they would have, without any restriction, given all they could for the Cause. What is the use of a Secretary when I may be called away [to Italy] next month? Jessie is going on lecturing and gaining ground morally but losing financially. I never anticipated that she would have to gain ground bit by bit. I expected a success or a failure.

Garibaldi has been in London, and is perhaps still in Liverpool. Medici has been in Turin as his delegate, but was not even received by Cavour and could only see Lafarina: he came back very disappointed.* After all, dear, was I not right in saying that Medici was thoroughly fallen? Fancy these men of the Vascello [the position defended so valiantly by Medici's troops during the siege of Rome] fighting side by side with the soldiers of the Emperor! The poor working men to whom the same proposals were made, asked me to telegraph yes or no. . . .

Through a friend of his own who, strange to say, also possessed the full confidence of the Emperor, Mazzini had known, privately, in November, all the provisions arrived at Plombières on July 20th, but he had not revealed them to his countrymen, whom he hoped to induce to take some initiative before the pact could come into operation. But the policy of Cavour and the predispositions of the men who, from one motive and another, had seceded from the faith of "Young Italy," were proving too

* It was not till March 17th that Victor Emmanuel signed a decree appointing Garibaldi Head of a Volunteer Force, and a depot was opened at Cuneo.

strong for him, handicapped as he was by his circumscribed position.

He was aware that Victor Emmanuel had demurred strongly to the clause of the Agreement that would give his daughter, aged 16, to "Plon-Plon," Prince Jerome Bonapart, the middle-aged son of the ex-King of Westphalia, but that Cavour had written overbearing him, pleading through four pages of his letter, that "Plon-Plon" must be better than his reputation because he was always "so good to his mistresses": he had actually left a carnival at Paris to visit Rachel on her death-bed at Cannes, though they had long ceased their amours. Victor Emmanuel had already, on ample grounds, refused to "Plon-Plon" the hand of the widow of his brother the Duke of Genoa.

"Plon-Plon" started for Turin to claim the youthful and innocent Clothilde on January 13th and the marriage took place on January 31st, after an offensive alliance had been arranged by the Prince between France and Piedmont.

The Republican Party, dazzled by Cavour's promises to Garibaldi, at first disbelieved and denied, then chose to ignore the fact of the French alliance, and as to Mazzini's warning that peace would be imposed as soon as Lombardy should be won for the Piedmontese crown, they scoffed at it with revilings.

To Emilie, then staying with Professor Nichol at the Observatory, Glasgow.
January 19th, 1859.

Dear, I have been and am extremely busy as you may guess; but although I work on duty and all sorts of things as if I was quite normal, I am not. I feel sick at heart at the spectacle exhibited by the Italian *bourgeoisie*. Yesterday I received a long letter written by Bertani, in the name of Medici, Bixio, and others, declaring that they would follow and support the Government, that they would stand up openly against me if I went on as I do now [urging a popular Italian initiative for the war instead of a Bonapartist alliance] and coolly asking me to put whatever means in money and men I have in their hands for the purpose. I have answered by a short note to-day saying that I was not disposed to discuss with them; that "agli Italiani del 1848, nuovi e giovani, diedi compianto; agli Italiani del 1859 darò disprezzo." [To the Italians of 1848, young and fresh, I gave tears; to the Italians of 1859 I shall give contempt.] But it is all very sad, dear.

You certainly must not leave Glasgow without having a trip

to the moon through the telescope. I cannot allow it. I want to know your impressions. "John," if it means the son, behaved well at Oxford; he subscribed to our fund, etc.: Be therefore lenient to the youth. I wonder if the Professor is as much Piedmontese as he was before. . . .

Bless you, dearest Emilie; I *do* wish to see you.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at the Observatory, Glasgow. January 22nd, 1859.

Dear, I am still very busy with travellers, and with this number of the paper which falls on myself, and with endless correspondence and interviews with people not to be named here, from whom I hoped—more than I hope—money. To-day I must go out to St. John's Wood. Alas! Alas! I fear all this last spark of activity will have no result. Yes, dear, there is something very sad in this actual disposition of the Italians; still, do not exaggerate to yourself the feeling of the masses. They are deceived more than corrupt. They are not told what *we* know; they are told that Piedmont—which after all is an Italian province—is going to fight for Independence and Italian Unity; they see among the partisans of Piedmont the men who have been once their own best men—Garibaldi, Medici, and so on. They believe these men will watch and prevent betrayal. They do not dream of ever abandoning the Venetians. They yield to the prestige of promised force, but their instincts are good.* The fault, or rather crime, is to be sought higher: in those *friends* who, being in a continuous terror of yielding their independence to my leadership, now throw it aside at the request of a *King*. The position is complex and very bad; I am trying what I can to get something noble out of it; but with very little hope of success. I only wish I was young.

Dear, I am glad that you shall see through the telescope. It is impossible that you should not have very soon a clear night. There have been two here, and as they were not so where you are, I begin to hope that you will have good weather now that here it rains.

Bless you, dearest Emilie. Trust your loving Joseph.

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. January 31st, 1859.

DEAREST EMILIE,

It is too late now. If all things were done, Italy free, etc., I believe I would be—even in Mr. Nichol's mysterious

* Louis Napoleon had agreed to furnish an army of 200,000 men to attack Austria. Cavour was to furnish 100,000, regulars *only*.

room—a perfectly useless member of society; I would sigh with the anemometer, but be without ideas. The only idea would be, I fear, “now that the thing is done, remove me quickly, O Lord!”

Well, the Punch poem is extremely clever and the illustrations capital: Tom Taylor and the “Twa” especially. Who wrote the “Fytte”? There is a silence from Jessie which is ominous. I have an idea that we shall see her back on a sudden. I have plenty of things to tell you, about things and men in Italy, etc.; but I reserve them for conversation. The bourgeoisie *débâcle* is shameful; more so than all the Emigration’s *débâcle*. A word from Cavour conquers them all. The working class element keeps faithful. On Saturday I am to dine again at the Elms, to meet Sydney Smith—why? . . . To talk about Italy! To me, this talking about Italy—this having to go everlastingly through the questions: Why should you not join Piedmont? Why are you divided amongst yourselves? and the like, is giving me the cramps. I wish the name of Italy should not be breathed until the day in which it shall be heard with an accompaniment of bombs and cannon-firing such as to make the earth shake from the surface to the centre. I am growing ferocious in my old years.

Do you know, dear, who is extremely active for me, and with some success? Miss Winkworth. I would never have anticipated it, but so it is. She took quietly to work after a conversation on the subject, in a way that makes me quite grateful. . . .

Ever your loving—very loving—Joseph.

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. February 5th, 1859.

Dear Emilie, I beg humbly to submit that if whenever it comes to my head or heart that I am glad of seeing you soon, I am welcomed with a sneer and such words as “gentle humbug” I shall deem it better to carefully refrain for the future from expressing any kind of feeling I may happen to entertain. Your note is one of the worst strokes on Don Juanism you have ever written. “Ceci soit dit en passant.”

Did you ever see such a negation of any understanding of the elements of the Italian question as that contained in the speeches of the four great men of England in Parliament? There is a danger of revolt or war in Lombardy: therefore let us correct a few grievances in Rome! Is not that the summary of the speeches of the first night? Had I time I would write a letter to them, but I have none. Except from Saffi I have no help for the paper from anybody; besides the Italian affairs, I am now

translating, remaking, etc., an article from Harro Harring ! [One of his powerful series on the question of Schleswig-Holstein.]

To-day to the Taylors. My love to Cowen, whom I have mentioned in my "Revista Politica."

Bless you, dear ; do not get too deep into Don Juanism if you can help it ; it does make one sad to the heart to see you writing such notes.

Your ever loving

JOSEPH.

Saturday.

To Emilie, at Stella House, Blaydon-on-Tyne. February 7th, 1859.

Dearest Emilie, You are earnest in your worship for ideas, earnest in your affections ; in everything ; not in your appreciation [used in the French sense, meaning estimate] of me. It must be this, since I cannot attribute to intellectual deficiencies your continuously mistaking me, your taking up any word and building upon it what would give an absolute *démenti* to all that I am. To take my words of the last note, to take them in earnest, to not see in them not my usual style ; to not see that letter was written with a sort of ironical, displeased bow, just improving on what you had unjustly written—really a pose. How can I jump from my usual language, "humbug" or not, to a language that implies less than I feel for Mrs. Shuter [his landlady] or any woman I have seen ? But, seriously speaking, if what I write is not taken as truth, and if when I write, feeling angry at being treated so, my words are taken as a sober *bona fide* declaration of what I feel—if every time I say a loving word I am laughed at and disbelieved and every time I write a seemingly unloving one I am believed like the Gospel, I shall find it difficult to write, dear.

Do not misinterpret me, bless you. Why should we draw from real affection, however unsatisfactory you may believe it, sadness and bitterness instead of a softening influence on the angles of life, sharp enough already, no doubt ? . . .

Ever your *truly* loving

JOSEPH.

Monday.

The kind of misunderstanding between Emilie and himself which the last two letters indicate must have been doubly painful to Mazzini, coming as it did at a moment when he was being flouted more and more unreasonably by men in Italy who had every cause to accept his word and judgment. Early in February a pamphlet appeared in Paris entitled *Napoléon III et l'Italie*.

The Emperor had, shortly before its publication, announced to his Ministers that he intended putting forth a manifesto on the Italian question, and this was the form he gave it. Though not absolutely from his own pen, he read and amended it. Its theme was a scheme for Italian Federation, which, while, as he hoped, fulfilling Italian sentiment, should place the Pope in a satisfactory position. Unity was definitely pronounced an impossibility. Rome was to be the seat of a Federal Government, and the gist of the *brochure* led to the inference that it was Austria alone who constituted the great stumbling block to reform or reconstitution in any part of the peninsula.

Ferment in the South was perennial, and the last note written by Mazzini to Emilie before her return to London tells her that "the Neapolitan fever continues"; that he had lost the whole of the previous day with two men from that part, that "they are all lengthily to extinction," for Naples is evidently "peopled with Fanellis self-reproduced"; and that, as he writes, he is doomed to interview four more!

After Emilie's return, apparently in April, when she settled into lodgings in St. Mark's Place, he tells her that the Piedmontese Government has seized on one of the two annuities left him by his mother, and that he is reduced to the half of his income, "with some uncertain prospect that the Government will seize perhaps on the other half too." In a note attached to his next letter, Emilie explains that the Government did presently take all the property that his mother believed she had secured to him, and that he was then reduced to a small annuity, the source of which remained unknown to him and to the Ashursts.

Although the cession to France of Savoy and Nice had become practically a certainty as the price of Louis Napoleon's help against Austria, Cavour continued categorically to deny it—even up to the moment of the fact being published in the French *Moniteur* of March 25th, 1860. Then he and the French Minister Thouvenel, endeavoured to conceal it "by frank lying." Cavour's policy had indeed, to use Mr. Bolton King's graphic words, "wound itself thread within thread of diplomacy and trickery," and his course, never straightforward, was now far from clear, even to himself.

Louis Napoleon, who on the first day of the year had offered a provocative greeting to the Austrian Minister in Paris, and who

had put into the mouth of Victor Emmanuel the famous word about the "cry of woe that reached him from so many parts of Italy," began in March to fear the war—now imminent—which he had done so much to provoke. He greatly desired to employ his colonels, to enhance the prestige of France and to extend his frontiers Germanwards, but he knew that war would not obtain the support of the French people, while the prospect of war was meeting with England's strong disapproval. Cavour, who burned to possess Lombardy, had a moment of almost despair, and probably his uttermost guile would have failed to precipitate the conflict had not Francis Joseph's impatience betrayed Austria into an error that gave the astute Piedmontese his chance. A Congress to solve the Italian question had been proposed at the instance of Russia. One by one the Powers had assented to it, including reluctant Austria, but the latter had no intention, if she could avoid it, of standing arraigned before her fellow nations—Cavour's indictments at the Congress of Paris having left Francis Joseph eager to punish the insolent Minister and his impertinent little kingdom. He stipulated, therefore, that Piedmont should disarm before the Congress met, and that Victor Emmanuel should not be represented at its sittings. Cavour rejected both stipulations, whereupon the idea of a Congress collapsed. General disarmament was then unwillingly agreed to, but at the very moment of consenting to this measure, Francis Joseph amazingly called up his own reserves. A few days afterwards, unaware that Cavour had consented to disarm, he sent an ultimatum to Turin threatening invasion unless the volunteer corps were disbanded and Piedmontese disarmament were proceeded with at once. Cavour and Louis Napoleon promptly seizing the pretext thus afforded, war was declared on April 29th.

It is needless here to recapitulate the story of Austrian incompetence, of French brilliance, and of Italian valour. Cavour had not gone to war to achieve Italian *Unity*, though he was being swept rather rapidly towards that goal. Louis Napoleon, as already mentioned, was dreaming merely of a Federated Italy where "Plon-Plon," Murat and the Pope, would lie under obligations to himself and lend him their ears and hands as occasion should demand. He had no intention whatever of erecting a powerful united kingdom upon his own flank—the traditional policy of France would have forbidden it. Nor did

he, in spite of the antagonism to Austria apparent in his pamphlet, intend frightening Prussia into hostility by the spectacle of a prostrated German-speaking Power: and Prussia was beginning to mobilize troops; she was also making offers of mediation to Austria, for though she aimed at ascendancy in the German world she had no disposition to see France grow strong enough, through Austria's humiliation, to attempt the rectification of her eastern frontiers. Louis Napoleon therefore laid a sensitive finger upon the pulse of England, only to find that it beat in favour of an Italian Kingdom. He believed, and rightly, that Cavour would be satisfied with less. The policy of Piedmont was, in fact, to become enlarged by Lombardy and the Duchies, and possibly, though not quite probably, by Venice and Romagna. Reforms in the rest of the Roman States, in Tuscany and Naples, were to be promoted; while Muratism was to be allowed, if not absolutely furthered, as the price of Napoleon's support of a Northern Italian Kingdom. So the war was entered upon for one end and presently prosecuted by Italians for another.

In less than six weeks, Napoleon's army, having covered itself with glory and he being fully prepared to claim Lombardy for Piedmont, the Emperor decided to incur no further risks. Mazzini's prognostication of a "sudden and disastrous peace" was fulfilled to the letter. The crushing defeat of the Austrians at Solferino on June 24th rendered the capture of Venice an easy possibility, and made the independence of Italy look certain. Every Italian heart beat high with a glorious anticipation; but "suddenly on the eve of triumph the Italians found the cup dashed from their lips." Louis Napoleon sent direct, and privately, to Francis Joseph proposing an armistice (July 6th). Three days later the two Emperors met at Villafranca. Venice, with the famous Quadrilateral—Peschiera, Mantua, Verona and Legnagno—were to be left to the Austrians. Napoleon was given Lombardy to hand over to Piedmont. Tuscany and Modena were to be returned to their Dukes, who had fled, while Romagna remained in the hands of the Pope, who was to become Head of a Federated Italy.

Victor Emmanuel received no more than misleading hints of these arrangements between his "magnanimous ally" and his enemy until they were actually settled.

Mazzini had been carefully excluded from the general amnesty

proclaimed at the beginning of the war, but after Villafranca he travelled to Florence, where Ricasoli, the Minister of the Interior, allowed him to remain on condition that his presence was not permitted to transpire. He passed his word upon this to the Baron, so had to work under even, perhaps, more than the usual difficulties. Ricasoli's democratic friend, a baker named Beppe Dolfi, was also a firm friend of Mazzini's, and acted as go-between. Although only a small tradesman, Dolfi had inherited money from his father and had improved his naturally good abilities by much excellent reading. Being endowed with a distinguished personality, he had long ago become a leader of the people. This man was perfectly prepared, along with Mazzini, to lay aside his Republican predilections should Victor Emmanuel be proclaimed King, for he too recognised that the crown stood, with the bulk of the nation—or rather with the bulk of the population, for as yet the nation did not actually exist—as the symbol of Unity, and Unity formed the fundamental desideratum. Ricasoli was well aware of this attitude on the part of the concealed visitant to Dolfi's modest house.

Mazzini stayed with the baker for three months. He incurred no delay in sending Crispi to Sicily to stir up enthusiasm there, so that if only Umbria and the Marches could be correspondingly aroused by the reconquest from the Pope of Perugia, where His Holiness had caused veritable barbarities to be enacted under the sanction of Cardinal Pecci (the future Leo XIII), the way to the Kingdom of Italy would be directly opened.

To Caroline. August 5th, 1859. From somewhere abroad. After a copy by her.

And now to you, dear : it is a sad but unparalleled repose to write to you after a series of other letters which I leave behind to scatter to the four winds to try to awaken some energy amongst our men. As I foresaw, there is, coupled with a deep feeling of reaction, a deep sense of discouragement.

The illusion * [connected with the truncated campaign] has been such that many lie prostrated as if they were doomed and nothing could be done. Had they not had the effort of the Volunteers and the great war and battles and Austrian defeats,

* Used in the sense of delusion: perhaps the word more truly represented the judgment of his tolerant mind than the term we should employ. Sin and wrongdoing were, to him, always errors of insight, perception, aim, rather than the outcome of "vice."

the mere fact of Tuscany, Parma, Modena and the Legations being still free, [of their respective Dukes and the Pope] would be considered an immense fact which everybody would tend to strengthen. Still, do not be too hard on my Italians; when I consider France in her actual state, and, on the other side, all Europe bent on promising or threatening—both ways deviating the Italians from the true path—I feel more inclined to pity than to be severe. There is no press to enlighten them. My papers are seized *au passage* by Piedmont. Copies must be smuggled into free, emancipated Lombardy. Filippo De Boni has with difficulty obtained [some] by pretending to go *for eight days* to Lombardy, and so on. I hope still to put some more life into the Central Provinces; and if so you will see it through the press. When you receive this I shall, I hope, have reached. You can still write once here. Then you shall have a change altogether. Did you receive all my little indications of the different places where I have been? The Frankfort view? The boy playing? The small ones; the large ones from Fluelen; the scrap from here; the two volumes of Daniel, etc.? I wish very much for a long letter. The heat continues intense, which is very annoying during travelling. I long for a storm.

I think you might venture to send the *Observer* to the address, George Francia, Esq., Florence. But if you can send the *Telegraph* or the *Morning Star* or what you like, daily, it will be a blessing, and in that case give up the Sunday paper.

Think of me; love the little good I have and cancel from your mind whatever is bad in me. I want you to smile on me from afar. I shall feel it and it will help me in my task.

Now and ever your devoted

JOSEPH.

The original of the following letter to Caroline is very much torn, but the gaps in her copy of it, torn though it is, can be partially filled in. Attached to her copy are copies of parts of two other letters of which the originals do not appear to exist.

August 11th. Florence is beautiful—the Arno by moonlight fascinating. And all the old monuments, statues, the churches, scattered throughout the town, look solemn as silent teachings of a past which was really great, to the superficial, light-minded generation walking about in crinolines or idling outside the cafés of which there is one every three doors. The instinct of these beings is good; their intellect is perverted by the monarchical doctrinaire propagandism of the late years. Besides, there is scarcely any press: the *Moderates* have put the condition of the



GIUSEPPE (BEPPE) DOLFI

deposit of 9000 frs. for the publishing of a paper. There are no clubs, no popular meetings: the National Guard does not go beyond the bourgeoisie: the working man is excluded. The people wander about as if in search of teachers and find none. A reaction took place after [the Peace of] Villafranca; there has been an explosion in my favour in Garibaldi's camp which made him ill for three days. "Viva Mazzini" was written everywhere. But this is subsiding in the silent atmosphere. One or two *capi-popolo* are very good.

Montanelli is here, a Deputy, preaching the candidature of Napoleon Bonapart ["Plon-Plon"]. Others are Piedmontese *enragés*.

August 22nd. "Triste, oh triste!" No, I am not satisfied with my Italians. Morally they are good enough, wishing for Unity, etc. Intellectually they are perverted. They believe in everything, in everybody, in every dream, except in themselves. They are frantic with joy while I write, at the Assembly having voted the annexation to Piedmont—which will be refused by Piedmont within three days, the Piedmontese agents having all the while been at work for it merely because they want a parchment, a document for future use just as they did for Lombardy in 1848. Do not be too hard against the people: they mean to give a proof of their love for Unity; a *démenti*—and it is one—to those who say that the local municipal feeling is against Unity;* and they mean to exclude the Bonapart faction. But what they do not see is this: that they are doomed; that a revolution which localizes itself is lost; that a movement which does not advance must lose ground.

Thousands of brave volunteers had run to the Centre, believing that they would go on: doomed to inaction and seeing that nothing is done to Italianize the movement, they leave the ranks; but it will go on worse and worse, until, weakened in strength, they will be attacked somehow. Then there will be most likely resistance, but unsuccessful. The Moderate Governments are constantly at work persuading the people that provided they are orderly and do not stir, everything will go right; but that if *we* enter the lists, all Europe will be against and they will be lost. Thus, I am considered by the majority as a *danger*—to a point that I often wish I had not left [England.] Here I am, however, and as something may bring on a crisis I feel I must stop for a while. My suggestion [a conflagration in the Centre which would kindle the South and catch the Bourbons between two

* There was a strong *autonomist* feeling in some sections in Tuscany and elsewhere, against any loss of local prestige by absorption into Piedmont. Local capitals, though chiefly important to their own States, had a great pride in themselves as capitals.

fires] is theoretically approved by everybody ; but postponed to the moment in which they will be attacked, when the execution will be an impossibility.

[The original is here badly torn but the next sentence is about his position as one execrated and pursued by the Powers. He proceeds:] Poor Jessie and Mario are in prison, *au secret* at Bologna. It is exactly as it was under despotism. The *tableau* is not brilliant, as you see. However, do not be unnecessarily uneasy. I am very prudent and have gone through equally stormy seas.

I am very sorry for Jessie : it is her ruin, the ruin of her American correspondence. Mario's father is very ill, they say. . . . Here we have had a storm, but a degenerate one, like the rest ; and it is hot again. Still, I have an iron bed, and on the important point, am quite comfortable.

Tell me something about a general amnesty of Louis Napoleon. It takes me by surprise whilst I am writing. This is the most clever thing he has done. I wonder if Ledru accepts it. I suppose I shall end by being the only specimen of the "prescribed" remaining in England—my hands—powerless, alas !—against everybody and everybody's hands against me.

I do not believe the King will accept the fusion of Tuscany [with Piedmont] ; but if he did and no war ensued with Austria, I suppose I would have nothing left but to try to come back. . . .

August 29th. Did I tell you that Libertini and Marelli, the old Neapolitan exile whose face you liked, have been arrested as soon as they landed ? These Moderates are really frantic [with apprehension] and they have succeeded in making the majority of the people believe that all Europe will interfere against them on account of my having come. Our articles, couched in a most moderate style and sent to the papers, are refused insertion. *Que voulez-vous ?* The worst is a tendency which from the Governments is passing to the people—to localize the movement ; to believe that everything is conquered if Tuscany, Parma and the Legations remain free from the Dukes and the Pope, forgetting that the movement is either Italian or nothing ; that it was an Italian one from the beginning and that the Volunteers are from every Italian province. The tactics of the Moderates are leading to this. From the men actually in power to Cavour, who declares that before the year is over Piedmont will begin the war again and alone, they try to *addormentare* [lull to sleep] the actual excitement. The fault does not lie with the bulk of the people : they would follow in any daring undertaking clearly pointed out ; but they see such men as Garibaldi, Roselli, Ribotti, Pasi, Cosenz, Medici—all *their* men, remaining perfectly quiet and they believe

in a deep calculation of the National Party which they must submit to. . . .

To Emilie. Dated by her 1859. Seems August 24th.

I write, dearest Emilie, a scrap through Caroline because I do not know whether or not you leave on the first and because I cannot without danger multiply letters to different addresses. When I have told you that they have been distributing my portraits to the gendarmes just as in Genoa two years ago, I will have given you to understand my actual position here. I do not know that I would be able to see you if you reached. Letters of mine have been taken on a friend [Rosolino Pilo] and I do not know as yet which letters they are.

I am altogether dissatisfied with everything and everybody; but through our enemies things *must* change. If I can, I shall wait patiently for the crisis. I wish I had not left England, but as I have, I must not yield to reaction and leave rashly. I am tormented in my mind about poor Jessie and about Rosolino Pilo [also in prison in Bologna]. I try to send Jessie some money but I doubt my being able to reach her. Garibaldi ought to stir for her: he has been at Bologna where she is.* Whether sent by him or not, one of his aides-de-camp asked to see her but was repulsed.

It is very hot: too much for me, but happily not too much for you and I feel that it will do you good if you come. Be very prudent if you do. They know that you are my friend and you will be watched. Things must come to a conclusion for good or evil, and it is better to be *then* free to act or move.

Bless you, dear, deeply dear, Emilie.

Your JOSEPH.

The next letter refers to a peril that hung imminent over the cause of Italian Unity.

It cannot be too clearly understood that though for his own ends Napoleon wished to see his nephew installed ruler over an amalgamated Northern Italy and Murat established at Naples, he did not mean to disturb the Pope. When the Papal emblems were wrenched down in Ancona, Bologna, Ferrara and eight or nine other important towns including Perugia, he repulsed and upbraided a deputation sent thence to him, declaring that the

* Garibaldi probably went to Bologna in connection with the military convention signed between Modena, where Farini was Commissioner, Romagna (under d'Azeglio) and Tuscany, where Ricasoli was in power.

French had not come to Italy to deprive the Pope of his possessions. He was, as a matter of fact, pledged to allow no encroachment whatever upon the Temporal Power. For this and other reasons he desired to keep Tuscany, abandoned by her Duke, definitely out of the hands of Victor Emmanuel, knowing what a stepping stone to further acquisitions for Piedmont that splendid province would form. Though his dream of installing his cousin "Plon-Plon" as ruler of Tuscany was vanishing, the election to that position of Victor Emmanuel's cousin, Prince Eugenio of Carignano, or of the child of Victor Emmanuel's brother, the late Duke of Genoa, might yet prove a substitute, for neither would be open to the same objection as the King of Piedmont. Tuscany would not then be fused with Piedmont; and Napoleon counted upon Tuscan pride and independence for keeping it a separate kingdom. It is the possibility of this false step on the part of the Tuscans to which Mazzini here alludes.

To Caroline. September 2nd, 1859.

Dearest Caroline, your men understand nothing about our question. I shall explain it to you in a few words. As far as *destruction* goes, it is all right: the people have sent away the old masters, and they will not be allowed to come back. If they attempt they will be fought against. But our question is a question of Unity; and this is misunderstood—through ill-will and sophistic theories—by the leading men; and misunderstood, through their being kept in utter darkness, by the people. The vote of the Assembly in favour of the King was meaning at all events exclusion of the Bonapartist scheme, and proving that all the talk about municipal local ambitions and rivalries between our [Italian] towns is, as I always said, nonsense. No Englishman ought henceforward to tolerate any utterance of commonplaces about the Italians being so "divided." Except [in uttering] a warning that the offering [by Tuscany, of herself to Piedmont], would be rejected, I did not much object to the tendency, because it was evincing a wish for uniting all the emancipated parts of Italy into one. But to me, the refusal is certain: it is ordered by Louis Napoleon whom the King is morally coward enough to obey. Now there comes the question, what will be done when the refusal comes? The Moderates in power will ask for a prince of the Sardinian family, or for any other prince. This would be building up against Unity: it would be, in fact, giving an *Italian* sanction to the dismemberment against which Italy has ever been protesting. What I propose is that once the refusal known,

Tuscany, Parma, Modena, the Legations, unite themselves into one, rule themselves through an Assembly, and declare that they will belong to Italy as soon as an Italy will be, and that meanwhile they will belong to themselves. The Moderates know my plan ; they are against ; and availing themselves of the dictatorship [of Victor Emmanuel, who was supposedly acting through his Commissioners] that was established at the beginning of the war, they do persecute, as you see, me and mine.* There is no press except their own : no liberty of meeting, or any other [liberty]. They have been, consequently, spreading horrors against me, which the people believe. They are telling the people every day that everything is going on perfectly right, and that by my wild schemes I would destroy every hope of success and set Europe against them. I have friends, but since the movement they [the friends] have dissolved all their organization, and they find themselves powerless : candidly speaking they are moral cowards to a point which I scarcely can understand. I tried, meanwhile, to sound the military men about the other plan, the action plan ; unfortunately, through some imprudence of Ros. my letters to them were seized. Thence the fury. I wrote to the least bad of the Government [Bettino Ricasoli, head of the Tuscan Government] declaring boldly that such were my views and giving my reasons for them. There was for three days a disposition in the man to relent, there was even a talking about an interview. But, owing to I don't know what, there has been a sudden change since yesterday—searching for me again, and so on. Should Tuscany accept a distinct king, not only there would be no step towards Unity, but, as you see, the division of Italy would have the sanction of emancipated Italians. The question from a *national* one would turn to be merely a political one : a change of masters ; a little freedom ; but more difficulties on the way to Unity than before. We had before plenty of reasons for rising : we would have scarcely any then, except for an Idea, which a whole people never rises for. I told you, I think, that I had still one chance. It is not exhausted ; I shall most likely know of it next week. I shall then be able to decide something about myself. I have said all this, dear, so that you may follow up—with more ground for judging them—things and events which will, mostly likely, be continuously mistaken in the papers.

Could I speak freely to the people all would be right : its instincts are really good ; but I am a prisoner in a room—and they have succeeded in nearly isolating me.

* Besides Mario and Rosolino Pilo, imprisoned, many other adherents were either imprisoned or had to fly : among them Corrao, La Masa, Monticelli, De Boni, Dall' Ongaro, Gavazzi, Galletti, Matioli.

They wrote to me from Genoa that the 23rd number of *Pensiero e Azione* will be the last. How so? Is it true?

There is a complete blank in my day. The only person coming every day from without, is gone, happy man! to the country. I hoped for an emotion from an impending storm; but after a weak peal of thunder the clouds have disappeared: the sky itself has grown *moderate* in this land of mine.

Does Joe remember me? Kiss him and tell him that others may amuse him more, simply because they are more amused, but that after all, none out of doors, will love him as deeply as I do love him and that I want him to remember me. . . .

To Caroline. From a copy by her. September 5th, 1859.

Yes—you are right in your reproaches against the Italians; still, I feel more ashamed than irritated. There is wickedness in the ruling minority, moral cowardice in our men, blind ignorance in the mass of the people. The Dictatorial system—very cunningly proclaimed before the war, and against which I wrote—has done its work. Not a single word of ours has been read or heard. The people believe that we are trying to proclaim the Republic and that all Europe will rise against us then, in arms. They are told so every day. The way in which they are systematically deceived is horrible. Yesterday, for instance, a cowardly answer of the King, “I have no objection of mine to the Union: only it rests on the will of foreign governments,” has been announced to the people as a decisive acceptance [of Unity]: the cannon has been fired, an illumination ordered by [the Florentine] Municipal Committee; and all the Government papers have spoken in the same way. The illumination has therefore taken place, people all the while feeling rather uneasy, but not enough to give the lie to the Government. A correspondence has been taking place between the [Tuscan] Government and myself: to no purpose; and the looking for me going on all the while. I feel miserable and restless like a caged lion, sometimes sinking to utter discouragement.

No, dear—there is no chance of my ever seeing the King. How can there be? And what hopes can you entertain about him? Does he not acknowledge the foreign powers as his rulers?

I must change my place of residence, through both public and individual reasons. It is rather difficult to travel just now: circulars have been spread everywhere, and photographs; and a gendarme will not understand that he had better let me go. I have had the offer of a passport “en blanc” here from the [Tuscan] Government. But I have refused it. I must be free

to attack them and consequently cannot accept a debt of gratitude. I have written an address to the Volunteers, which has been printed at Genoa; but I have not a single copy to send you. Soon or late, however, you shall have it. Rosolino Pilo is always in prison at Bologna. I feel more sorry and restless about him than I can say. The head of the Government there, Cipriani,* is a bad, ferocious man and a Bonapartist. I am, generally speaking, beginning to regain ground; but it will be slow work, and meanwhile, what an opportunity for Italy lost! Enthusiasm can never last long; the movement localizing itself, brings discouragement forth in all the other parts of Italy; and when [by the time] the minds of the people will be improved, its energy for action will be lost. For future purposes my journey has not been lost; but *actual* prospects look very disheartening. . . .

In the March of this year Cavour had signed a decree nominating Garibaldi head of the "Hunters of the Alps," (volunteers), a very important and, in fact, revolutionary step. In England, where the volunteer movement had started as a sort of answer to the bellicose writings and insolent, provocative demands of the French Colonels after the Orsini outrage, the authorization by Victor Emmanuel of a Volunteer Force greatly stimulated enthusiasm for Italy.

The confusions and complications arising after the Peace of Villafranca enhance the value to us of Mazzini's letters, containing as they do the reasons for his own straightforward policy.

Cavour, too much infuriated to submit to the practical insult of the Villafranca Peace, urged the King to resist, and failing to move his royal master, he flung decorum to the winds and resigned from office in a tempest of wrath. The King certainly stood up for himself to the extent of appending to his signature of the Peace Treaty the words "so far as it concerns me," but apart from that unnoticeable protest, he abandoned the field to his French Arbiter. Rattazzi took the place of Cavour. He has been described as tidily holding a belief in Unity.

At the outbreak of the war the Grand Duke of Tuscany, as already stated, had abdicated, and the Provisional Government had declared Victor Emmanuel Dictator, but Louis Napoleon,

* Cipriani succeeded d'Azeglio as Victor Emmanuel's Commissioner in Romagna, and owed the post to the influence of Louis Napoleon, who was very friendly with him.

stepping in through his nephew with a whole army corps (May 23rd), forbade the King to do more than accept a Protectorate of the province. Within a short time, Baron Bettino Ricasoli who, unlike Rattazzi, held more than a tepid belief in Unity, became practical head of the Tuscan Government, and after the Italian victory at Palestro on May 30th, he signed an address to Victor Emmanuel acclaiming him King of *Italy*. He had no wish to see Tuscany simply annexed by, and virtually absorbed into, Piedmont, for in his conception the duty of Tuscany lay in stimulating the formation of a homogeneous Italy ; but this was his personal creed rather than that of his Government.

In the Papal States the national sentiment, spreading fiercely from Romagna (Bologna) into the Marches and even Umbria, provoked the Pope to bloody work. By means of Swiss mercenaries upon whom he enjoined the making an example of the troublesome regions, and with the concurrence of Cardinal Pecci (afterwards Leo XIII.), he brought about a condition of things thus described by the author of "A History of Italian Unity": "Desecrated churches, burnt and plundered houses, women and old men massacred in cold blood made up a shameful tale of outrage. The Pope rewarded the brutal soldiery and . . . coined a medal in memory of the infamous deed."

The Marches and Umbria were therefore subdued before the end of June, but the Papal forces did not care to face the Piedmontese soldiers who were helping Bologna ; and as soon as it was possible Bologna offered unconditional dictatorship to Victor Emmanuel. In response to this offer the Turin Government appointed Massimo D'Azeglio King's Commissioner. Once again Louis Napoleon imposed a veto, notwithstanding that by his agreement at Plombières he had bound himself to allow Romagna to go to Piedmont. But D'Azeglio, co-operating with what he knew of Cavour's wishes, quietly took up the reins of government ; then tacitly aimed at some sort of Italian Unity.

Soon after the battle of Magenta (June 4th), Cavour sent a trusty friend of his own, Farini, to take charge as Commissioner in Modena, to which deserted Duchy Parma soon added itself. The Dukes of both these states had fled with their Austrian garrisons * after Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon had been

* The Duke of Modena also took with him 80 political prisoners, in irons, to the fortress of Mantua.

received with acclamations at Milan (June 8th), and it seemed certain that Lombardy would become part of Piedmont. Farini was not a Unionist to start with but the facts of the situation and the bombshell of the Villafranca peace, turned him into an opponent of subserviency to France or toleration of Austria. In fact, a very strong tide was making for Italian Unity—as opposed to Cavour’s idea of a kingdom of the North or Napoleon’s half-formed idea of a Federation of Italian States—some time before the imposition of the Peace of Villafranca. Indeed, “Mazzini was morally triumphant, though willing to stand apart, almost forgotten, in the rush of the moment.”* After the signing of that treaty, Victor Emmanuel’s Government sent to recall the Piedmontese Commissioners from Bologna, Tuscany and the two little Duchies; but Cavour telegraphed to them privately in another sense, and though the Florentine Commissioner, Bon Compagni, obeyed his Government’s behest, he knew that in Ricasoli’s hands the situation would be as safe as though he remained. D’Azeglio in Bologna, before he was superseded by Napoleon’s friend, Cipriani, unobtrusively suggested to Farini the formation of a military League between Romagna, Tuscany and the Duchies; and, in conjunction, they very soon raised a considerable force, to command which Piedmont, though with no great readiness, sent General Fanti, a man of some repute. Garibaldi—perhaps in order the better to control him—was appointed, under Fanti, second in command. Garibaldi’s brilliant, if rash exploits during the war had added not a little to the romantic veneration with which he was already regarded.

When Louis Napoleon realized the vital elements in the situation brought about by Villafranca, he did not hesitate to play a crooked game with Austria, and he left 50,000 men in Lombardy as a deterrent to any renewal of military effort on her part. The four Central States, feeling thus secure in regard to Austria, proceeded to summon representative Assemblies which at once decreed annexation to Piedmont. They knew that Cavour would not be suffered to remain long out of power; but, meanwhile, the Ministers at Turin presented to their view a sorry spectacle of want of policy or of weak vacillation. These men dared make no move that might displease Louis Napoleon, whose grasp upon them seemed, to their lively apprehension, far stronger than it

* J. W. Mario.

actually was. The hands of the Italian people could readily have loosened it had they been trusted to do so. But Rattazzi's following feared losing Nice along with Savoy ; feared Austria, weakened though she had been ; feared their own strength ; feared everything except some kind of compromise which they hoped that a possible Congress of the Powers might presently invent. Bolder men would, as Mr. Bolton King points out and as Mazzini urged, have disregarded the Emperor's probable withdrawal of his protection, and risked Austria's improbable attack. But when it became known in Turin that deputations pleading for annexation would arrive from the four Provisional Governments, the Ministry sent to Paris to ascertain Napoleon's desires. He promptly vetoed—as Mazzini foresaw that he would—acceptance by the King of Piedmont, having made up his mind that if that country's territory were extended beyond the Apennines, the thing he desired to avoid—the Unity of all Italy, must inevitably follow at no distant date. This was a phantom he was anxious to disperse before it could consolidate into tangible shape. And in the background, as a powerfully coercive factor, stood his own pledges to the Pope. The Roman question and the question of the Temporal Power must on no account be stirred up. Catholic feeling in France must not be antagonized.

Victor Emmanuel returned a disingenuous answer to the Deputation from the Centre (September 3rd), *privately* begging them at the same time to act as though he had decisively accepted their offers. Hence the illuminations to which Mazzini alludes.

To Emilie. Dated by him 8th ; by her September 8th, 1859.

Dear, no, you shall not see me. There is a sort of fatality attending our plans. I *cannot* stop here, and I shall be, I suppose, in a few days, back to Switzerland. Besides my feeling really unable to linger an exile in my own country without an aim—there is none now—I have scarcely any *safe* place owing to the very limited number of friends here and I *must* not be arrested by an Italian Government. I suppose you have not a clear idea of the position. Lib[ertini], Mario, Mont[ecchi], etc., have been in prison, then accompanied to the frontier. Rosolino Pilo after being a fortnight in prison here, has been taken, a prisoner, to Bologna, where he is, poor man ! and so on. It would be impossible to delay until your tour is completed. I am extremely sorry. It would be a comfort to see you, although it would be most likely only once. It is far worse than it was at Genoa.

There I had a mass of organized people. I don't know as yet where I shall go ; but if you write when you are in Florence to the address you have at Lugano, or to the one you shall have from P[iero] C[ironi] I shall let you know. I mean to linger and keep myself near whilst there is a chance of my being useful ; if so my first natural step will be precisely to Florence, and I shall see you. Whilst there is a provisional state of things there is a chance ; but I would spoil it if I allowed myself to be arrested. Italy is dead for the present, dear : the mind of the people ruined still by the *Moderate* propagandism. If God does not inspire the Pope to *attack*, the Italian question will be narrowed to the actual emancipated provinces of the Centre. My soul is sadness itself. The people will soon or late come back to their senses ; but what an opportunity lost ! Did you receive a letter of mine and another for Mrs. N[ichol] written as soon as you told me the sad news ? [of Professor Nichol's death]. I fear those letters are among the many taken on Rosolino Pilo. You will tell me in your first from Florence. I shall give you one or two when you reach. Meanwhile mind that P[iero] C[ironi] is at Prato, but twice a week in town. Send one word to him by railway when you reach ; he will come to you directly. Love to Bessie and William. I would have seen them so gladly ! Tell me as soon as you reach Florence by which way they go back. I hope you are better in health. When in Tuscany you may be useful to our cause. Poor Jessie is, I think, still in prison at Bologna. Bless you ; ever your loving

Jos.

In writing to the Taylors Mazzini explains the paralysing attitude of the Moderates, who will never take the offensive—will never attack when attack would be at once the wisest and the safest course. “Things,” he says in a letter of September 24th, “are still in the same position. They talk of the Pope and the Duke of Modena scheming attacks. It would be a godsend. It would lead to the spreading of the movement, which it is the policy of the Moderates to prevent. The Bonapartist intrigue [for Prince Jerome Bonapart] is not forsaken, it is, on the contrary, more active than ever. Three members of the Bologna Government are Bonapartist, Cipriani, a Corsican, Pepoli and Montanari. In Tuscany the principal agent is Montanelli, a Deputy. The plan is to wear down the enthusiasm of the population ; to make them believe in the annexation to Piedmont, to allow, by prolonging the provisional state of things, all the seeds of discontent, reaction, etc., to spring up ; then, when the middle-class

will be ready for anything, to refuse annexation and to say : You may save yourselves [from the Dukes] by choosing [Jerome] Napoleon Bonapart.

To Caroline. From a copy by her. September 15th, 1859.

I have had much to do these days which must look unintelligible to you in the present state of things ; but although fallen, I have to *do*, only I cannot write about it. Things are going on in much the same style ; but there is a beginning of dissatisfaction among the people which *may* grow. They begin to doubt the annexation ; they begin to doubt the friendship of Louis Napoleon ; they begin to feel that they may think earnestly of their own position and trust less the King and the Emperor. There is here a small nucleus of men agitating for a new solution of the problem : Princess Clothilde to be Queen of Central Italy, *assisted*—it is the word used—by her husband, Napoleon Bonapart. I believe they have very little chance of success. Things are altogether unsettled—should a struggle take place many of the Moderate leaders would probably vanish, and my place would naturally be in the Central Provinces. A movement in the South would be decisive, not for the *political* but for the *National* question. There would be, no doubt, an equal offering to the King of Piedmont and I do not oppose it ; the tide in the middle class is too strong. Only, the country being powerful enough to protect itself, there would be an unconditional “yes” or “no” requested [from him]. Should he accept, the National Unity would be formed at once ! Between the Centre and the South the Pope would vanish [as a temporal power]. If the King should refuse, then our own Party would get the upper hand there and would try something of its own. I am therefore helping and supplying arms to a limited extent. But I ought to send a few military men and I cannot. *Voilà*. The prestige of the King as a symbol of Unity is still all powerful. If the man had in him a spark of genuine moral daring and would only accept what is offered regardless of L. N. or any other power he would be, in one month, King of Italy. . . .

To Emilie in Florence. Evidently September, 1859.

Dear, real danger and my word given—it is long and useless to say why—during a contact which led to nothing, with two of these wretched, cowardly Governments, compel me to leave. I told you so in a letter to Venice which perhaps did not reach. I cannot express, dear, how I feel your disappointment and feel disappointed myself. I shall be, I suppose, when you reach, at

Lugano. There you may write to Signora Marchesa Nocetti—or to Mademoiselle Morice. Try to join letters, writing them on thin paper, with Piero and others. I must not be known to be at Lugano. I cannot safely retrace my steps, and as it is most probable that I shall have to come back to Tuscany in the first half of October and I shall have to cross Piedmont, etc., if I am known to be there ten to one they will arrest me. Too many letters will betray me. Do not accuse me, dear, of being too careful; Had I not a *hope* I should not be so. But I am bent on something and it would be silly to be arrested before. Burn my letters and never keep writings even of others. You are here as if you were in Austria. I am not sure that they will not annoy you: it may be that their knowing that I am away just now, saves you. You must know and apply freely for anything you want to Gius. Dolfi; Piero Cironi will introduce you. He is already informed by me. He is a *capo-popolo*, very good and extremely influential: then Leonida Biscardi, an engineer. I have spoken to him too; and Piero will lead him to you. Dolfi is in some contact with the Government—he may be of use. Leonida will help you to Vieusseux [who had a big circulating library] if you want books, or to read the *Times*. The brother of Piero is living in Florence, and is good. Mazzoni, too, is good. Ask Piero about him. They all want to be heated up; and you may do something towards it, speaking in the name of British sympathizers.

Give my love and sincere regrets to Bessie and William. Some twenty days ago I was in such a worn-out despairing condition that I was dreaming of going back to England with them. Since then some change has taken place and I feel bound to be near. At all events, for good or evil, the crisis is coming on and I must be in it. Tell me through what direction they go back and tell me when they go. If, by wonder, they should go back through the Tessin I would go and see them at once.

Medici is at Reggio at the head of a battalion: Cosenz, I think, is always in Lombardy. . . . If the authorities annoy you go straight to the head of the Government, Bettino Ricasoli: he is weak, but the best, or the least bad of the set, and he can be spoken to frankly. He fears me, but I fancy does esteem me. Ever your very loving

JOSEPH.

To those acquainted with the character of Tuscany's then ruler, it may be a matter of surprise that Mazzini should speak of him in so qualified a way.

The Iron Baron, as Ricasoli has been called, possessed many

of the same characteristics as the great revolutionary. Both exhibited indomitable tenacity of purpose, love of truth, deep reverence for religion, the sentiment of the future, simplicity of taste, self-reliance, and the conviction that Italy must be One. These points of resemblance throw their opposites into high relief; but there was a temperamental difference between the two men which it is more useful for us to note than it would be to go *seriatim* through the details of their divergence.

Mazzini was one of those rare *total* beings who combine Intuition and Intellect in equal proportions, the one constantly balancing and steadying the other within him. His love for the people was ever accompanied by an insight into the future which showed him that on their *moral* education must depend the fate of all that is called civilization; for power was bound to pass more and more from the institutions which had formed the nurseries for knowledge and skill, and which had exclusively claimed it, into the open hands of the people. He saw the necessity for preparing those hands. Mazzini foresaw the gradual underpinning, so to speak, of the fabric of our present civilization by a conception of human will and human responsibility that was destined to replace the conception generally obtaining. His reasons for spending himself in the effort to uplift the people were therefore profounder than those of Ricasoli, and even nobler.

Like Mazzini, Ricasoli was always true to himself, faithful in action to his own highest ideas, and far-sighted enough to save Tuscany at this juncture from irretrievable mistakes: but his courage was necessarily limited by his conceptions, and these did not allow him to see the full significance of Mazzini's faith or the ultimate character of his programme. In Ricasoli a noble intellect predominated over the twin faculty which lifts intellect into genius; and though we may very justly term him the "good genius" of Tuscany in 1859, we cannot place him in that rank which is specified by the word genius pure and simple. An aristocrat by temperament though a republican at heart, a Roman Catholic in observance though essentially a Puritan, a monarchist by intellectual conviction and a true philanthropist, he somehow passed away at a tangent from points of the creed that was ingrain in Mazzini's soul. Hence the failure, or rather the limitation, of sympathy between these two souls, each so strictly honest, each so fundamentally patriotic.

To Caroline. From a copy in her handwriting: September 22nd, 1859.

Here I am somewhere—after four days of travelling under rain and the severest cold possible. I write now in a hurry, merely because I do not want you to be uneasy. The cold has come on the Centre and North of Italy in a way which is declared to be bewildering to the Italians. Fancy the snow shining at this time of the year on the mountains of Como. At Florence it began to rain, to pour in torrents, the day, the very moment I left. I had to leave on foot, reach a certain place at the distance of some twenty minutes and find there a vehicle with two men of ours. I went under the rain: had to wait under a tree near an English cemetery—Campo Santo, as we call it—for a quarter of an hour, when lo! there appeared an *open* carriage. In this we went on, we three and a dog, with one not very large umbrella. You may imagine the state in which we were reaching a place near Pistoia. There, I could not change my clothes. We had, however, an immense fire and plenty of wine. We drank, nearly roasting ourselves meanwhile. Then I went on, the rain accompanying us during one day and one night, through the most beautiful part of the Apennines, with a few rare villages, in which the peasants speak like Dante in his love poems. Rosolino is still in prison, alas! All my seized letters were full with anti-Bonapartism, and he is in the hands of Cipriani, the Bonapartist Agent. . . .

There is a very slow *revirement* of opinion, and it may be that it grows with the Bonapartist attempt on Tuscany and the Legations, which is developing itself more and more. There is a crisis coming on, I do not exactly know of what sort; but whatever it is I must be in it. My yielding to these petty persecutions would be a selfish feeling. I feel an immense contempt for these ruling men who tell me that theoretically I am right and who still persecute me. And I feel an immense pity for the deluded mass of the people. Do you remember John Huss saying to the peasant who was casting new fuel in the burning pile: “O sancta simplicitas!” I really feel something akin. The aim must be pursued without reference to the transient errors. God knows that it is not for the living Italians but for Italy that I am working. And the aim is there threatened by plenty of things, but above all now by Bonapartism. This must be fought against. Rather as we were, than under the cousin [of Louis Napoleon]. I think he will be resisted. If he were not, then indeed there would be cause for despair, and I would come back and write the very last severe words, that you say, to Italy, and devote myself entirely—should I live two or three years, beyond that I do not dream of—to the writing of some book.

I see that a committee has been writing to Lord Shaftesbury about their taking in hand the subscription affair. The members are all of the exclusive Piedmontese-and-knowing-nothing-class, and if the money were handed over to them it would go to Cipriani or others who would apply it against us for Bonapartist purposes. Had my English friends pluck, and the instinct of the moment, as they have friendship and good intentions, they would have started already, instead of writing good useless letters to the papers, a Committee of their own. But business, country, and their being comparatively happy, check any good propensity. Tell them this boldly. If the money is not handed over to me or Garibaldi it will be thrown away. And leaving aside Cipriani and others, if the question is limited to protect the *actually* emancipated States, we have, provided we dare use them, arms enough: the thing ought to be done to help the *not* emancipated provinces; and if it is impossible to have funds coming to me, the outcast of the world, they ought to buy muskets and say: "The day in which you will have to fight for the whole of the Roman Provinces, we have here 30,000 muskets ready for you." As no man writes to me about this matter, I write to you for them. . . .

To Caroline. From a copy in her handwriting. October 3rd, 1859.

Rosolino is free and for the present near me. The way in which he was treated is worthy of the Austrians: * he was, by a Piedmontese employé, threatened in the first examination with being shot for being a friend of Mazzini, who was a traitor to his country—he was a traitor himself, and so on. Amongst the Bolognese they were spreading meanwhile that Rosolino was an Austrian Captain and his companion an agent of the King of Naples. The same thing they did with Mario and Jessie. This is the way in which the Bonapartist agent, Cipriani, rules. Rosolino owes his liberty to one of his usual attacks—to medical declarations, and to Garibaldi's interference.† Rosolino is well in health and in his usual spirits. Cipriani speaks of having me shot instantly could he seize me. Thanks. I am rather annoyed with Mario. He, and consequently Jessie,—who seems to me to be dominated in a strange way—[is] wanting, evidently, to play a part of his own; is going on sending articles right and

* Jessie White Mario, in a partly published MS., speaks of her own release and that of her husband thus: "When at length Cipriani opened the prison doors and sent the carabineers to conduct us as felons across the frontier, and the authorities of freed Lombardy, in like fashion led us to the Swiss frontier, all hopes of fighting for Italy seemed at an end. . . ."

† Pilo had become subject to terrible convulsive seizures, which rendered him prostrate for days after they had passed.

left calling the Italians to follow the Leader-King, that being the way of reaching Unity. They have both signed a declaration to this effect. I have protested against; the King is not leading to Unity: he has signed the Villafranca Peace; he submits the fate of the self-offering provinces to the will of the foreign powers. Placed between these *facts* and the undeniable hallucination of the Italians, the only thing we can do is to urge the King to really work for Unity, declaring that in such a case, but only in such, we are ready to join: beyond that we cannot go. The distinction between our telling the King "*If you declare for Unity, we shall follow,*" and telling the Italians: "*Give yourselves to him, that is the way to Unity,*" is to me obvious: they find it sophistical. . . .

The chance of which I spoke is the Sicilian movement—which ought to take place, and would give a fresh impulse to our affairs and probably determine Garibaldi and others to the execution of my plan. . . .

I am working towards the overthrow of the actual Bolognese Government, which is, as I told you, Bonapartist and stands in the way of any attempt on the very ground on which the attempt to widen the basis of the movement ought to be made. I think I shall succeed. And you will be able to trace in the press the growth of public opinion against Cipriani.

After discussions, reactions, etc., Mario is now wavering and endeavouring to retrace steps and explain in our sense what he has lately written.

I am very glad Joe does not forget me. I have such a horror of being forgotten by those I love. Of what did poor Dr. Nichol die? I am sorry for him, for his son, for astronomy too, which he was explaining in the true religious way in which it ought to be explained.

The Tuscan Government has decreed that an edition should be made, with public funds, of the works of Machiavelli. Is it not characteristic of the whole concern? Machiavelli was wishing for Unity, no doubt; still he started in all his works from the sceptical point of view, which has substituted tactics and worship of force to enthusiasm, to boldly asserted truth and to straight-forward honesty. My decree would have been for Dante's works. Kiss my darling Joe for me. Thanks and blessings for the touching little plant in your last letter. . . .

To Emilie, in Florence. October 11th, 1859.

I write to you, dear, as soon as I receive yours. I cannot have an answer yet; but I write these few words first because I write to Florence, and then because your letter had your own address

and it may have been kept. The obstinate silence of P[iero] puts me in despair. He had to write for public affairs, and to fulfil an individual task which he had pledged himself to. He wrote only once since I left. I do not even know whether or not my letter to Victor Emmanuel has been printed as promised. I had not a single copy. . . .

I am told that Mrs. Nathan and Jeannette come soon to Florence. Do you know it from them? I feel unsettled, gloomy and weary. But the crisis is approaching and it may clear the way to something looking like action. I long for it, and for having an end of all this—whatever it is. Tell me where you are living; not in a hotel, I hope. Are you watched? Annoyed in any way? Love to Linda. Blessings and love to you. Ever your

Jos.

To Bessie Ashurst. From Lugano. From a copy in Emilie's writing.
October 11th, 1859.

DEAREST BESSIE,

I have been days ago, calling at the *Parc*, at seven, at eight, at nine, with such a feeling of joy at the thought of seeing you and William! But alas! Nobody came from Luino. At nine I went away in despair, leaving my address, very imprudently, in my own handwriting, to be given to a *handsome* English lady with her husband if they came at some abnormal hour. I suppose the *traversée* had exhausted you. How are you? How is William? I trust you will go and spend one week at Eastbourne with dear Caroline and tell her all about Venice and teach her and Joe to love Italy more than they do. Still, it is not enough to travel; one must stop and live quietly in the country. My dream—never to be fulfilled, I fear—is to have you all for one month at least, near a lake or even a river, either in Tuscany or near Como, and take the airs of the “*Mâitre de la maison*,” giving you hospitality, showing you things and persons in my own way. But for this, Italy, or at least a corner of Italy, must be absolutely free: without this I shall always be an exile in my own country.

Send me an address. Do not lose your Italian, and practise it by reading my letter to the King and other things which I suppose I shall write. Let me know, either directly or through Caroline, how you have been delighted with your journey and if you and William ever thought of me whilst travelling. . . .

Ever your loving Joseph.

To Caroline. From a copy in her handwriting. October 11th, 1859.

My letter to the King [written on September 29th] has been reprinted in the *Progresso*, a paper of ours, and seized the next day by the French Authority. The French Authority at Milan ! * In Genoa it has been reprinted and not seized,—by the *Nazione*. The letter has been read in the coffee houses aloud. It has produced a sensation. But a few days will sweep it away. Events, clear and undeniable deceptions, must come before the people start up, really awakened. And this will come ; only it may be too late. We have some 200,000 Austrians behind the Mincio ; and 50,000 French soldiers encamped in Lombardy and Piacenza ; 10,000 more in Rome : Piedmont doing nothing, and the Central Provinces alone with some 35,000, with bad and partially Bonapartist Governments. Nevertheless, something will be done : what, how, or when, I really cannot say. Only I am regaining ground, and, for the rest, watching. I have, since the Letter, a proposal from the President of the Piedmontese Cabinet, [for an] interview ; but no passport or security being granted for having it in Turin. They cannot front the *possible* knowledge [of this proposal by] and wrath of Louis Napoleon. Of course I refuse. What hope can there be from people who do not dare that ? But I shall take the opportunity of writing my views. I am swimming in strange and dubious waters ; but I shall keep straight forward, and come out of this all right as far as I am concerned. Only the question is not about me, but about Italy ; and how will Italy come out of all this I do not know.

There was, there is, something to be done in England, which I believe is possible, but requires energetic work, work, work : to organize a powerful agitation against the prolonged sojourn of the French in Rome and in Italy. In Lombardy the contracts for the barracks and material are made for three years. In Rome they are since [for] ten, spite not only of the most solemn promises given in 1849 but of an explicit announcement given by Lord John Russell this year to the House “that when Austria would leave, France would.” With French troops everywhere as in a conquered land, what is the use of going on declaring that Italians are to settle by themselves their own questions ? How on earth can we, for instance, settle the Roman question with the Pope supported by French bayonets ?

The *Moderate* press are now amusing themselves with declaring that I am boasting that—I never was at Florence. I have now the certainty that the King has received the Letter together with a short note of mine advising him to read it. You say that it is too lenient to him ; some of my *exaltés*, Rosolino

* Lombardy was annexed to Piedmont on June 8th.

amongst others—have found it too sharp. I am sick at heart at all the trash our Moderates are hypocritically writing about Anviti's affair: it is merely intended for Louis Napoleon who chooses to be indignant at one man's murder, he, the wholesale murderer of December. There is now hypocrisy in everything in the ruling class: they have arrested some thieves without thinking that before the Court they will most likely prove their not having been concerned with the affair, and where will then be the satisfaction given? And they have done it *seven* days after the affair, not from any sense of justice or virtuous indignation, but merely because the French Consul asked for it. The *mess* I was always speaking of before leaving you is horribly thick. I cannot look on the state of things without true, deep sadness. For the solution must either be some phantom of confederation between half free and wholly enslaved provinces with two foreign masters, or—if we succeed in arousing some truly Italian spirits—a very chanceful war with foreigners coupled with civil war and plenty of Anviti-like affairs. We cannot undeceive the people and excite them to action without making them frantic. This French interference is the most fatal thing that could happen for us.

Reference has already been made to the assassination of Charles III. of Parma in 1854.* He was succeeded by his widow, whose rule, though an improvement upon that of her husband, was also punctuated by assassinations, for that horrible method of getting rid of undesirables had become a habit in the little State. The Count Anviti, here spoken of by Mazzini, was murdered about this time and his body mutilated by the mob. He had been one of the late Duke's most depraved associates, and Farini seems to have hesitated to enforce measures against his assassins. Frederick Harrison who happened to be in Italy, describes, in his autobiographic Memoirs, how he saw Anviti seized at Parma station. His head was stuck on a column in the Piazza, a gruesome object, the blood still trickling as Harrison looked upon it.

To Caroline. From a copy by her. October 23rd, 1859.

I feel very unsettled in my mind about myself, about my own affairs, about everything just now; but I am determined to do all I can to break the spell, if possible, which hangs over Italy and narrows the movement down to Duchies and the Legations. The true remedy would still be one, but I have no means in my hands.

* Vol. i., p. 304.

25th. For this (open action) I am straining every nerve; but my position is such that if I succeeded it must be through others, and I shall be bound to keep for a while off the stage. My aim is, as you know, to spread the movement and make of it an Italian one. Should I reach the aim, which is *very* doubtful, it must be through Garibaldi, and as my name would not please him and would, in the opinion at least of the majority, lend the pretence to Louis Napoleon for open opposition, it must be kept concealed as if I had nothing to do with the movement. Of course the thing would unavoidably end in a struggle with the French army here; and then I could come in. In all this, Fanti, the general in chief of the Central forces, will be, unless ordered by the King, unfavourable to us; and consequently those who from England give their subscriptions to the Italian Committee or send them to Fanti, give to the enemy, or rather to a man who will do nothing except guarding the Central emancipated Provinces from the Pope's *attacks*. The money handed over to Garibaldi may at least be an additional pledge for his doing something in the *offensive* way soon or late. Most undoubtedly *I* ought to be helped in my present tacit work both on the Italian army and on the South; but I shall not make useless appeals to England any more. . . .

November 2nd. It is clear that we are doomed unless we take the initiative of the offensive. Whatever talk they may have here about non-interference, interference is preparing against us in the Centre; and the subject under discussion, most likely by this time decided upon, is the interference of the French, Papal, and Neapolitan troops there, to help the restoration of the old masters with certain concessions. French troops would march towards Perugia, Neapolitan troops replace them in Rome, and so on. I think there will be *resistance*; but it will be a doomed one, a mere protest, fatal to those who will undertake it; whilst if we attack before they are prepared, we have a chance of awakening to insurrection the South, and being at once four times stronger than we are now. Had the thing been done when first I preached and proposed it, the chances of success were undoubtful: there was not between the Cattolica, which is the boundary between our own troops and the enemy, and the Neapolitan frontier a single nucleus of forces able to resist. They gave time to the King of Naples to muster up troops at the frontier, and to the wretched Pope to organize something of his own. Still, there are chances even now, and the thing ought to be done, not later than a fortnight. . . .

Mazzini was indeed straining every nerve, for the situation still contained fine possibilities which the committees of the

National Society and the entire Moderate Party, swayed by the servile Ministry at Turin, were rapidly frittering away. At Mazzini's instance Crispi had been slipping backwards and forwards to Sicily, with the full concurrence of the secret Unitarian committees in Genoa, Florence and Malta. All was prepared in September for a movement, and everywhere the one programme had been loyally accepted—"Italy and Victor Emmanuel."

Crispi, believed with Mazzini—as Jessie White Mario who knew him well tells us—that the invasion of the Marches and Umbria by Garibaldi, happening simultaneously with an insurrection in Sicily, would prove decisive for the question of Unity. Accordingly, at Palermo, October 4th was fixed for a rising; but La Farina, through his National Society, so well succeeded in representing that to make a move would be fatal before the expected Congress should have settled the fate of Italy, that Crispi experienced considerable difficulty in getting safely back to the mainland.

An unfortunate situation was developing in respect of the troops of the Central League, referred to after Mazzini's letter of September 5th. The idea of utilizing such a combined force to help free some of the Pope's subjects had been Ricasoli's, therefore when certain arrangements began to be carried out by General Fanti the Governor of Modena and Farini, without his approval being sought, the Baron considered their action disloyal. The Tuscan and Modenese section of the League troops had been placed under Garibaldi, and were now ordered to advance to the frontier of the Marches ready to support revolution should it break out either there or in Umbria. Garibaldi is thought to have been in correspondence over this matter with the King, and he observed no secrecy whatever in his dispositions. But Ricasoli, as head of one of the provinces supporting the Central Army—and provinces whose destiny hung in the balance—felt infuriated at his colleague Farini acting without his counsel and in a manner which he considered too perilous. He felt equally infuriated against Garibaldi, and Cipriani, the Bonapartist Governor of Romagna, eagerly shared his resentment—for the policy of Mazzini, no matter who conducted it, was the last he wished to see enacted. Together they demanded from General Fanti a reversal of his orders. Fanti and Farini flatly refused, whereupon Ricasoli appealed to the King. Victor Emmanuel's Ministry, who trembled at the idea of offending Louis Napoleon, hampered the King's desires as well as his acts.

He could not do much without them beyond trying to compose the acute quarrel. On October 29th he sent for Garibaldi. Neither Victor Emmanuel nor the rebellious General could have been whole-hearted in the semi-understanding at which they then arrived : or else we must consider Garibaldi to have carried light scruples in respect of his word, for his supposed pledges to the King did not stand in his way many hours.

But before his scheme of invading Romagna could be put into action, the Bolognese (Romagnian) Assembly forced Cipriani to resign from the Governor's seat. They called Farini to a Dictatorship, and he lost no time in conjoining the Duchies of Parma and Modena into one province with Romagna and calling it Emilia.

Meanwhile, not only did Cavour strenuously resist Garibaldi's plans for invading Papal territory, but General Fanti, taking fright with Farini at their own previous boldness, forced from Garibaldi a promise to abandon his design. Nevertheless, on the very day that he passed his word (November 12th), a spurious message to the effect that revolution had started, made him order his troops across the frontier. Fanti, who as Generalissimo of the Central Army, was Garibaldi's superior, countermanded the move and was obeyed by the soldiers. Garibaldi, most incensed, demanded the resignation of both General and Governor, futile as he must have known such a demand to be.

Once again the King summoned him to Turin where he was prevailed upon, by what arguments it is hard to say, to retire into the privacy of his rock island. Thither, via Genoa, he departed about the middle of November.

From an imperfect copy, in a handwriting that may be Matilda's. The date seems to be about November 16th or 17th, 1859.

The entanglement in which we are living is beyond description. We have been on the eve of invading, Garibaldi and others agreeing ; when on a sudden a conversation with the King changed all. Garibaldi is fluctuating between his own and our inspirations and the influence of the King and of the Moderate Party. We have succeeded in compelling the Bonapartist Agent, Cipriani, to withdraw. But, very cleverly—as soon as the Moderate Party perceived that we were strong enough to achieve the thing through a military-popular movement at Bologna—they

did the thing *legally*. Had the change sprung up from the movement, the immediately next step would have been to cross the Rubicon ; legally done, it gave the possibility to the Moderate Assembly, not as a decree but as an expression of opinion—which has weight with a portion of the population—that hostilities ought not to take place before the decisions of the Congress are known. Now the Congress will not decide except about the condition of things they find in existence at the time they meet ; and whatever organization they will contrive for the actually emancipated provinces, they will sanction, with invitations to reform, etc., the *statu quo* for the others. And the very nature of the things will make all the signing Powers hostile to any change attempted next day ; whilst *now* we might hope to divide them, etc. And that must be the key for you to understand and to value anything taking place. I have with me the vague instincts of the popular classes, and the majority of the military elements, volunteers, non-commissioned officers, and some of the officers. They have, for them, the regular leaders, like Fanti, etc.—the employés, the high classes and the mass of the deceived people, who believe in the best intentions and in the deepest plans of everybody ruling. And they have the whole of the Tuscan-Bolognese press : ours is absolutely forbidden. We are compelled to smuggle our writings and opinions in, just as if the Austrians were there. They open our letters—they must, as you know—etc. And they calumniate me and my intentions as much as they can. The weakness of my position is not—whatever they may say—the want of elements belonging to me, but the impossibility of leading them. . . .

To Emilie, at Florence. From Lugano. November 16th, 1859.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I had the day before yesterday the tiny note with the tiny Vallombrosa flowers. . . . Why so late ? I suppose it is owing to the immense cautiousness of Dolfi. I am very sorry at my letter to your family name being lost—that is, seized. Amongst other things it was containing outbursts against Medici and others which I do not like to be in other people's hands. By you they could be understood : by others they will be misappreciated. I feel bound and glad to say that Medici is behaving properly enough now. Still, of course he and they ought to do more. Things have come to such a *shameful* condition for us ; their King is so shamefully subservient to the new foreign master, and we are playing before Europe such a cowardly, childish part, that they ought to go "en corps" to Garibaldi and declare to him that he must attack or they will. You do not know all the history of weakness that has been transacted from the end of

October to the present time. Garibaldi *might* really be *trascinato* [dragged along] to fulfil his duty. To limit the Italian movement to the actual paltry limits—to acknowledge right in Louis Napoleon or a future foreign Congress to legislate upon our cause—to submit to the cowardly policy of Turin and of some governing men whom at the bottom of their hearts they despise—to not see that the salvation of Italy and of Italy's honour is in the movement of the South and that the movement of the South is in their hands if they choose to attack and march on in the direction of the Neapolitan Kingdom, whilst we would cause Sicily to rise also—is, unconscious of course,—betrayal of Italy. They are organized and armed : they ought to revolt against this French despotism and throw the gauntlet of defiance at everybody. I feel that Garibaldi and I, if united, might achieve much. But if they do not want me they know that I have offered to help and support Garibaldi with all my efforts, without in the least appearing. Dear, I have taken up the pen to write to you one word of love and blessing, and I go on with Italy instead. But I cannot help it. I feel really miserable and ashamed. Did you read a pamphlet [that has] come out in Florence, "*con approvazione*," signed by one Tamasoni ? I believe him to be the man who destroyed all the Roman organization after February, [1853] and who handed over the list of the whole hierarchy, being then a Piedmontese agent, in which I am described as "*vivendo negli agi e pur dando ai figli d'Albione di cinici usi ed abitudini*," [living at ease and giving to the sons of Albion cynical customs and habits] and hints put forward about its being "*giusto*" to kill me ? It is inscribed to Cosenz. God knows that to me all this is less than nothing : but if anyone would inscribe to *me* a libel on Cosenz, would I not write publicly to the man that I hurl back to him his infamy ? There is no moral sense in anyone just now. And Dolfi ? And our men who are not giving one single sign of Italian life ? Ah me !—I am again about Italy. . . .

I am sorry at your not having liked the letter to the King : it has been almost everywhere misunderstood into an adhesion, whilst it was nothing but a repetition of the "*Se no, no*," from the first line to the last. I have written some other thing which you will see by and bye. . . .

Are you painting or preparing to paint ? I have another most insignificant letter from Clementia, whom, however, I have answered. She asks me if I have read Lushington's Essays upon I don't know what, evidently thinking I am at Avenue Road, very comfortably surrounded by new books, etc. Was not Jessie to be helped in her novel or what it is she is writing ? She was then in a perennial crisis, had no news from anywhere and anything

likely to enable her to write with profit was really to be done [for her]. Why grow so ferocious at it ?

About myself I am just now very uncertain, but I shall tell you in my next what I intend or may intend to do.

Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. From a copy by her. November 17th, 1859.

At the end of October everything was arranged between the King and Garibaldi for overthrowing, through a popular movement, Cipriani, with a view to be free and cross the Rubicon : then to the popular movement the legal one was substituted. Then everything was again settled to the point that troops were already marching, signals on mountains, etc., concerted,—then a letter—the one concerning the Regency, from Louis Napoleon, overthrew the scheme.* The King shrank from what he calls the responsibility ; Fanti called the troops back—denied arms, companies of sharp-shooters etc.—Garibaldi, weak, influenced by me, by the King, by everybody, has sent a letter to the King with an ultimatum and declaring that he will resign, giving his motives, if the answer is negative. I am really sick at heart at the whole concern, but feel bound to try my last efforts before withdrawing—bound in honour, I mean ; the honour of Italy ; although almost hopeless. If ever I succeed in determining Garibaldi there will be no Unity : between wavering Piedmont, hostile France, and Austria, it will be rather difficult to manage. Still, anything better than to sink in this way.

November 19th. I wrote to you the other day all the affair of Garibaldi and how if repulsed by the King he was to give his resignation *motivata*, with explanations. In that everything was concentrated. He was to come back to Bologna and then, in the midst of the elements worked up by ourselves, to throw the bomb. Well, he is repulsed, but, won [over] I suppose, by the King to some miserable transaction, he gives his resignation, as pledged, without *any* motive, and not in Bologna, but far ; and he is withdrawing to Nice. The Moderates have all the time [they need] for taking measures, for deceiving during a few days, the people, by spreading that the resignation has no political grounds—and all our scheme is destroyed. No outburst of enthusiasm can be had suddenly and naturally in Bologna or anywhere else. Uncertainty will be everywhere : people will await to know the causes, and time is everything in such schemes. If they [the Moderates] succeed in avoiding a conflagration for which he has

* The Regency of Tuscany: a compromise was being sought to which, it was hoped, Louis Napoleon might not object.

taken away every opportunity, they will be happy in having got rid of the only impending danger and will be masters of the field, and he [Garibaldi] will have unconsciously, idiotically, played the game of Louis Napoleon. It is really enough for sinking in despair altogether. I feel inwardly frantic.—Whether or not we shall be able to determine some ebullition, you will see from the papers. . . .

To Caroline. November 20th, 1859.

I write two words only to say that I received to-day your letter of the 16th. I wrote a little complaining note yesterday and I feel bound to avail myself of the opportunity now to say that I am in a better mood as I always am when I have a letter from you.

Nothing new : you will have seen from Fanti's proclamation how he is afraid of our work—of the only spark of life now fermenting in this poor deluded Italy. Dear, I do not think I shall see Wolff at all. I suppose you gave him Signorina Fraschina's address. . . . From Emilie, nothing, although I have written ; but Tuscany is now a fatal place for corresponding. . . .

November 22nd. I hoped to be able to give you some news or the results of the resignation, but I have none : no letters as yet from Bologna, which is the important point. Garibaldi has, as you will see, given out some sort of explanation which is none, and coupled with the most unbounded praise of the King. You would say from his writing that Italy is not existing : he will fly to arms if the King bids—nothing else. There is a fatality on our affairs and I cannot try to conquer it. I could muster up a handful of men and protest by some deed ; but achieve nothing. A change is taking place in public opinion, but very slowly ; and all the high military men, Fanti, Mezzocappa, Ribotti, would act against us. For the second time in my life I feel as if I was at the bed of a dying mother without power to help. It is *very* sad. Rosolino has been ill these three or four days. He is really very good. He combines the two things which form my ideal : an extreme softness of manner and an extreme capability of energy when required.

There has been, at the receiving of the news, an attempt at a popular manifestation suppressed by the National Guard. Of course the N. G. is composed of the bourgeois, the working men carefully excluded. . . .

To Emilie, in Florence. Received December 12th, 1859.

DEAR EMILIE,

Days after days are passing without a note of yours saying that you have received some of mine, and without one word from Piero [Cironi]. I have written to you, to him, to Dolfi, repeatedly, trying all sorts of addresses. Do you, do they, receive? I have had letters posted from the interior. I do not know what I can do to reach you and to avoid receiving such notes as you wrote, saying that "of course" you do not expect any affection. It is a shame for the Tuscan Government that letters are stopped in such a way: it is a shame for the Tuscan citizens that they consent quietly to live as if they were in Austria talking all the while of liberty and independence.

I trust you to be tolerably well in health. Do you know, dear, that Mrs. Nathan is in Pisa, with her daughter? Are you in contact? I do not know whether or not she is in contact with Elena Casati who is there, who is extremely kind, and to whom I would have introduced her if I could have written without compromising, should the letter be opened, either or both. Jessie has lost her American correspondence. She complains of your silence. Of the state of affairs it is sickening to speak. Owing to the weakness of Garibaldi and to the wickedness of the actual Governments, one thing is clear: that we must patiently undergo the Congress and try to prepare things for a protest in action, successful or not, when its decisions will [turn out to] be partially at least, in favour of the old masters. All my efforts are tending to that, and I shall do at that time, *anything* to reach the aim. Meanwhile, to think that not a single man, neither Medici nor Bixio, nor anybody else near the frontier during the two last months, has had the courage of passing beyond the Cattolica—with the perfect conviction that doing so everybody would have followed, and Garibaldi the first,—is enough to make one despair. In fact I am despairing, but acting through duty and a sense of struggle which, however, will not last long.

Nicotera, dear, has had by this time the 500 francs. He found the way for drawing on his *fiancé* at Asti; happily she had still 400 frs. of mine and she has been able to honour the *billet de change*. So that if your *pastrani* [thick overcoats] reach, they [Nicotera and his fellow prisoners] will be for a while a little less uncomfortable. Of course you did thank Linda for the part she has had in the "buona opera."

I do not write more. I cannot, until you tell me that mine reach. It is very annoying to correspond for the benefit of the police.

Bless you. Your loving

JOSEPH.

To Caroline, in Halifax. From a copy in Emilie's writing. December 13th, 1859.

I have two dear, good letters of the 7th and I am going to answer with my usual laconism, but you will not mind it much now. I have to write for the forthcoming number of *Pensiero e Azione*, and as usual, I have let myself go on without writing just to the last days. Dear, can you doubt my decision? [as to returning to England for a short visit.] But what does responsibility matter? Should anything happen to me anywhere would you grieve the less because it would have been owing to my decision and not to yours? Still I think you did answer enough. As for the time, the 31st—and as for the rest, alas! there is even more uncertainty than the six weeks imply. I shall be dependent, as Hernani, on the sound of the horn, or a possible, not probable, telegraphic despatch which has nothing to do with the normal course of things. I am pledged and must be prepared to keep my word. Apart from this improbable incident I shall follow the course of Congress. Do not take the word protest in its absolute sense: there is no *hopeless* protest in the actual state of things. But supposing the Congress should say “have back the Pope and the Dukes,” you would not have us submitting meekly to the injunction without attempting to resist. But all this we will talk about. . . .

I have received a letter from Emilie who had, at last, received a scrap of mine. She is, as I anticipated, miserable with — and does not work at all, which would be the only likely thing to absorb her faculties. I am ferocious with the post on account of my little book. I had sent you the first copy and wanted you to read it. I have sent another, tearing the page with my name off, but I doubt its reaching. A mass of copies have not yet, owing to different causes, reached the different Italian provinces. I have spent already 650 francs of mine on this affair—and I have received 38 frs. Still, copies have been sold in Genoa, Milan and elsewhere, and I shall perhaps receive some money back. Emilie had not seen it: and I anticipated displeasure at one line contained in it.

What does it matter to me, dear, to see the MS.? [Of a translation Caroline was to make for him.] What was important was that you were willing and all was right. *Possibile* that you do not grasp such things? Now, can you receive a commission from me and fulfil it though at Halifax? You might, perhaps, through Clementia or some other friend in London. I wish, dear, to have something ready as usual for the New Year's Day, for Bessie and Matilda and my darling little friend Joe. [Then follows a list of persons for whom gifts were to be prepared.]

Should anything check my decision [to come to England] you would give them in my name.

Bless you, dear. I must now write my article.

Ever your devoted

JOSEPH.

Love to James. Write if you receive my little book.

To Emilie, in Florence. December 16th, 1859.

I send a scrap, dear, because I write again to Florence. I wrote the other day, but did the letter reach? *Grande nouvelle*. Jessie and Mario are going to see Garibaldi; Jessie not doubting for an instant that the great powers of the latter will convert Garibaldi to any Italian scheme possible. I thought one moment of asking an interview myself; but I confess I could not front the possibility of a refusal. Although I do not believe much in anybody's power on Cosenz's, Medici's, etc. determinations, still I think you ought to try it on them and devote these two months—I suppose the Congress will last as much—to instil in them as far as you can, the feeling of how their duty is to resist unfavourable decisions of the Congress: how it does not matter. They have Generals, etc.—how they are to serve, before all, their country. They celebrate the *fête* of the Neapolitan officers who initiated the insurrection of 1820; they would make a hero of the officer who would put down in France the despotism of Louis Napoleon. And why should they not do the same? They are all of them convinced that the only way of saving Italy is to spread the insurrection throughout the Roman provinces and march to the South. Why should they not have the daring of their own conviction? Their duty would be to act before: the decisions of the Congress will place us in a more favourable position. Still, then, at least, it will be a duty to resist—and to resist without making the movement an Italian one will be an impossibility. Shall not Italy find one single daring man amongst the military leaders? They ought not to be left a single moment at rest by you and by their Tuscan friends. I shall try certainly what man can at that time: but the power is in their hands. There ought to be one man crossing the Roman frontier: it would be mine to have him followed, and for that I can vouchsafe; and Garibaldi, too, would follow them. I know that most likely you *are* speaking in this sense; still, I wanted to tell you that you ought: to them and to all who come within your reach.

Bless you, dear. With all this be cautious and do not make Ricasoli send you away.

Ever your faithfully loving

JOSEPH.

Mazzini returned to London in time to spend the New Year's Day of 1860 with his English friends.

Peace had been signed at Zurich on November 11th. Then Louis Napoleon, anxious to gain the provinces which he considered the price of his assistance to Victor Emmanuel, strove to avert the assembling of a Congress, because if that question were discussed, the fact that he had not altogether fulfilled his part of the bargain, would be made too obvious. He had been instrumental in securing Lombardy to Piedmont, but Venice, the equivalent of Nice, had been abandoned. As he had also extorted the expenses of his campaign from the Turin Government, his position, on close inspection, would lose its glamour of generosity. In addition to the Venetian lapse he was desirous of keeping in the background any connection with the release of Romagna from the authority of the Pope. His own friend, Cipriani, who might not unjustly have been considered his agent, had been in power in liberated Bologna, although now dispossessed, and this might have an awkward look, to other eyes. Austria, Russia and Prussia having manifested aversion to a Congress, it proved not too difficult for him to give the idea its death-blow.

To Emilie, in Florence. No envelope. On the outside fold, under her name, is written in his hand the date, 1—1860. Inside, at the end of the letter he has dated it December 23rd. It is evidently intended as his New Year letter to her.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Although far, I feel near in thought and grateful love; and wish you may accept with a smile the somewhat substantial little present I send [some wine regarded in Italy as very strengthening and called Vin Santo]. Not being able myself to choose something in Florence and there being nothing to be found from where I write, I have preferred to order something which may not be altogether bad for your health and which will make you think of me every time you drink of it.

Pray tell Linda to accept the little nosegay with my best wishes for her and those she loves.

The probability of not doing anything before the termination of the Congress unless something is realized—this is a mystery, but never mind—for which the place would prove more convenient than the one I write from, have enabled me to take a sudden decision and go once more to the spot where I have found a second family and where I shall on the Day [New Year's Day] sadly miss you, as, every year I sadly miss all those who have

belonged to the circle and who are there no more. I cannot give you an address just now ; I do not know where I shall spend the next six weeks which most likely will be the limit of my sojourn there : perhaps at Mrs. Barton's. You might at all events send to Mrs. H. where Campanella was living ; then to B., etc., or to S. E. H. for me.

Bless you, sweet, good, dearest Emilie. I think it shall not be long before I see you, perhaps in a storm : I hope so at all events. Ever your loving Joseph.

1860

To Emilie, in Florence. From London. Seems 1st or 2nd of January, 1860

DEAREST EMILIE,

First of all let me thank you from my heart for your splendid, very useful cigars, and more for the good loving note. I have had the pamphlet but not one word about the paper to which you allude and in which you invite me to write—this latter being impossible to a man who has *Pensiero e Azione* to keep up, with another paper, *L'Unità Italiana*, which will appear on the first of next month in Genoa.

If Venturi loves you and appreciates you and you feel it difficult to separate from him, why should you? Do not give too much to your reasoning analysing faculties: follow your feelings. Much is destroyed by the Psyche's lamp being too closely applied. Protestantism in affections is a dissolving element. Do not yield to *passion*, but if you believe that his is an earnest, deep feeling, do not put to yourself the question: will it be so within four or five years? If within four or five years you will be to him what you are to him now, he will be in all probability the same. As for material things, they are nothing. You can come for some months in England every year, with or without him, and live the rest of the time in Italy. With the development which the Italian question will *unavoidably*, without the least merit on the side of the Italians, take, you will, I venture to say, feel you have a country in Italy very soon. You are, I feel proud to say, for the two thirds an Italian. The great thing for me is this: is he earnest? Is there in him a mere transient fascination or is there a deep moral feeling towards you? If so—and it ought to be so—bless you both. If not so, break all at once: he is not the man for you. I have made an effort to speak. I feel I ought not to advise, not to venture a word about your or other's feelings towards you. But you call me brother; I feel that I love you as the most loved of sisters; and I thought I was called on to speak.

Tell Venturi that I thank him very much for his good wishes, and that I would write to him were I not possessed with the idea that I shall see him soon. As for Lemmi, dear, I think I *know*

him. He is just the man for drinking in champagne the Loan money, believing that he forwards the Cause so : did not Kossuth do the same ? But he is the man for giving 10 or twenty thousand francs of his own—he *has* done so—for the Cause when asked, and when he has them. He is devoted, impulsive, sensuous, liberal and egotistical by turns ; moreover, dominated by the idea that to carry on a Party you must *represent* it, in the style of the Diplomats who have their Government's money for dancing parties and suppers. His acts may be sometimes wicked : *he* is *not* wicked. If you ever see him I think you ought not to be cold and repelling. The contact of the good makes him good. *Voilà tout ce que j'en puis dire.* I have heard nothing of him or from him.

I do not understand, dear, of whom you speak as of one you have helped : do you mean N ? Do you mean F ? Whoever he is, what you did is good, I feel sure. And do not speak of me, dearest Emilie. If I am sorry that you owe something to me, it is merely because I think you think sometimes of it. Otherwise I would forget it entirely. I am living comfortably enough ; and what more is needed ?

The annexation, [of Tuscany to the Piedmontese kingdom] is a good step if the Italians take it as a step—not merely to develop liberty, printing, etc—but to march on. They have no right to Italy whilst their brothers are slaves. “Au reste,” I give them all the advices I can in *Pensiero e Azione*. But the main thing is a secret organization in the army, and arming themselves, which they might do by establishing in every locality a rifle corps of volunteers. But of that I write to them. It is still cold and rainy ; but the real spring must soon assert its rights. I long for it for your sake, dear. Bless you : and love your loving
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Florence. From London. January 5th, 1860.

Dear, I can get frantic, but I cannot prevent the Tuscan Governing scoundrels seizing my letters. Not only, as I told you, I have been writing to you and never—except once—writing to friends without enclosing a scrap for you, but on the approach of the end of the year I thought that, far from home as you are, you ought not to be without a little sign continuing the old tradition, and I ordered some trifling present for you, sent the money for that with a note that was to be delivered on the New Year's Day. From a letter of Piero I see that he has received the money and not knowing what for, he has given it up to political purposes. He has not, consequently, received either note or the letter of instructions. I took all possible cares and had it sent from Genoa. I am in a rage, but there is no remedy. Accept, dear, if

this reaches, the good intention. I had suggested to you long ago to send a British Banker's address, Linda's or any other, but in vain. As for my Florentine friends, they seem incapable of finding good, unsuspected addresses.

Now what can one write, with this Damocles' sword—that one writes for Ricasoli and his *sbiros*,—impending? I was telling you in my note of the end of the year, that finding that I was not altogether necessary near, I had taken the sudden determination of taking an excursion to L. having especially to transact some business at Zurich and crossing the Alps. I did realise the thought, and here I am for a few weeks. Here I read your letter to Bessie, and see that from them, too, you do not receive. They have written however. If Linda drags you to Milan let me know in time, because *there* my letters will reach you safely, and I shall calculate the time and you shall have at least one. . . .

A general election in England in April 1859, had seen James Stansfeld returned for Halifax. Mr. Milner-Gibson had also been returned, and Gladstone had become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Stansfeld, who was of course kept well informed by Mazzini, managed, probably through Mr. Milner-Gibson, to apprise Lord John Russell of the true state of things in Italy. The following seem to be what Mazzini called "running notes" jotted down for this purpose :

I have nothing, unhappily, from *Pensiero e Azione* declaring, *before* the speech to Hübner, the arrangement about Savoy and Nice. I did mention it in my letter to Cavour, but I have it not. However, the state of the question is this :

At Plombières there was settled : War to Austria under any pretence : The Lombardo provinces to Piedmont : Nice and Savoy to France : A Kingdom of Etruria to Napoleon Bonapart : The Kingdom of Naples revolutionized *if* a chance for Murat can be got afloat : An Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head. If Austria was conquered and offered the terms which were offered through Baron Hummelauer to Lord Palmerston in 1848 (Peace, keeping Venice), they would be accepted.

All this, published by me at the time, was verified to the letter. The Kingdom of Etruria vanished through the opposition of the Tuscans. The cession of Savoy and Nice vanished through the condition of Venice* not being fulfilled. On the Peace of Villafranca Cavour resigned. He reappears now : and with him

* Nice was the stipulated price for Venice, and the Peace of Villafranca left Venice to the Austrians.

the cession of Savoy and Nice—of course on condition, on the side of Cavour, that the other part of the agreement is fulfilled, viz., that Venice is conquered from Austria and the words “from the Alps to the Adriatic” become a truth.

If you English therefore, by the verdict of opinion, prevent this annexation, you prevent, as far as is possible to you, the recurring of war. If you show yourselves indifferent, you allow, together with the annexation question, the question of war to be opened again.

Let me not be misunderstood. Do I deprecate the emancipation of Venice? God forbid. I hope Venice *will* be Italian—freed through her own efforts and those of her Italian brothers. What I do deprecate is her becoming the bargain of a dynastic, invading interest—her recovering her nationality through a step which, making dynastic interests the *ratio* determining territorial changes, would give a blow to the principle of Nationality throughout all Europe. This barter would reopen the question of Belgium and the question of the Rhine (the source of European war), not only not in the service of a great principle, but in that of the most threatening despotism Europe has of late witnessed.

The Principle of Nationality is sacred to me. I believe it to be the ruling principle of the future. I feel ready to welcome without fear any change in the European map which will arise from the spontaneous manifestation of a whole people's mind as to the group to which it feels naturally, by language, traditions, geography and tendencies to belong. But it is precisely on this ground that I deem it highly important to the international morality of Europe, that the British Parliament, by lifting its voice before things are concluded and ratified treaties are handed on to you for your consideration, should protest against this vile transaction: declare that it is not lawful that two kings should say to one another: “hand me that province, I shall hand over to you this other”; declare it not moral that, under the pretence of cancelling what is wrong in the Treaties of 1815, the very soul of those treaties—the power in Masters to dispose of the peoples entrusted to them—should triumph; declare that it is not useful to the Commonwealth of Nations that a nation, already strong in 37 millions of men and 600,000 soldiers, should be able to subvert any recognized idea of independence, affinities and historical antecedents by saying: “That land is mine, they speak French there.” Should this basis of appropriation ever be sanctioned, you must welcome any Panslavistic dream of Tsarism, give up Belgium, give up Switzerland, from Geneva to Friburg, Canada and the Louisiana to France, destroy the work of Canning and restore the South American Republics to Spain, etc.

You can say that you believe in a scheme of Louis Napoleon for reconquering to France what adepts call "her natural frontiers." Because it is the only tradition of the Empire : it comes out in Louis Napoleon's earliest printed aspirations. Because his whole system is grounded on an army whose interest is conquest : because to divert the French mind from lost Liberty there must be Glory given : because French semi-official language evinces the tendency day by day, etc. And thinking that a powerful nation like your own can, by a deliberate expression of her blame, prevent the unfolding of a scheme which seems indicated in every step taken by Imperial France, you think it your duty towards England, Europe and Liberty, to add your protest. . . .

The thing would be the most gross violation of the non-interference principle which the Empire *professes*, and which you are bent on upholding for Italy. Non-interference coupled with the annexation of two provinces !

Talk of Nationality ! Is the principle of Nationality triumphing in Italy ? Is Italy one ? Is Rome free to express her will, free from the 10,000 French bayonets which uphold there the despotism of the Pope ? Is Nationality the ruling principle, when in his Letter to the Pope Louis Napoleon says : "cede the Romagna ; we shall guarantee you Rome and the other oppressed provinces" ? Let the National question be settled by the free will of the Italian people. Let the pressure now exercised by more than 60,000 French soldiers vanish. Let the non-interference principle be faithfully carried out. Then, if Savoy and Nice evince, beyond doubt, their wish to be annexed to France, nobody in Europe will object—least of all an Italian Nation.

By geography, by history, by interest, there is no such thing as French Nationality in Savoy ; not even the shadow of it in Nice : not a popular wish expressed except by French pamphleteers. . . . They say that mountains are the natural limits. Why, in relation to Nice, do they forget that from the chain of the Alps a long branch is detached going from the Col Roburant to the Chabanac (1500 feet high) and through the chain of the Estrelles to the sea, enclosing the ground between Marseilles and Toulon ? The dialect of Nice is of course from the Provençal : but it is proved that Provençal or Romance, was a transition stage between the old Latin and the new national languages that embrace a great part of Italy and of France. You have only to compare the first ethnological documents to see that the dialect of Nice is far more akin to the actual Italian than to the actual French. From 1398 to the present time Nice has belonged to Piedmont.

Savoy is decidedly beyond the Alps. But is it settled that the

Alpine regions are France? Is there not a region, from Mont Blanc to the Splügen and beyond, whence all the rivers flow to the valleys of the Rhine and the Rhone, which bears the name of Switzerland? Does not Savoy make part of that line? Is not the population Alpine? Are not the habits, sources of trade, even the costumes, more akin to the Swiss than to the French? And if we are to allow the map of Europe to be redrawn, would it not be more rational to build up a Confederation of the Alps going from Savoy to Tyrol and forming a barrier—useful to European *équilibre* and peace—between France, Germany and Italy?

For Italy, France in Savoy would be an enemy at the door. From Chambéry to Turin, an invasion would be a *promenade militaire* of one march. For Switzerland it would mean the loss, at the pleasure of the occupier, of Geneva and Lausanne. Nice and Villafranca would be the realization of the Imperial axiom, “La Méditerranée est un lac Français.” To speak of the sympathies of Savoy as the French papers do on account of the soldiers of the [first] French Republic having been welcomed by the Savoisiens, is nonsense. The armies of that French Republic were welcomed there, as throughout all Italy, because they announced Liberty instead of the foulest, narrowest despotism possible. To-day it would be the reverse. It would be passing from the Constitutional atmosphere to that of Lambessa and Cayenne.

Enough of Savoy and Nice.

Going to the question for Italy: why do you ask me, with the facts before you, to refute d’Israeli as to the objects of Italy?

The thousands of conspiracies, revolts, secret negotiations, martyrdoms, from 1815 to Pisacane, all in the name of Italy—the explicit language of the whole Sicilian press, to whatever *nuance* it belongs: the necessity for Kings and Emperors when they want to have the favour of the Italian people, to speak lies about Unity and Independence: the movement of 1848, and the forming of an Italian camp whenever some enemy of Italy is to be fought against: the rushing of 50,000 volunteers from all parts of Italy on the mere whisper that “Piedmont is going to fight for Italy.” The annexation of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, Romagna, to Piedmont, merely for the sake of Unity, whilst the Lombards feel and are superior in political understanding to the Piedmontese and are still incensed at the memories of 1848: whilst the Tuscans feel and are superior in Italian civilization, language, and all else: whilst the Romagnoli are known as the most undisciplined, *localized* people existing in Italy. Are these facts not sufficient to point out unmistakably the wish, the aim of Italy?

The only question is about the means of evolving that wish, embodying that aim.

But then the old question : The principle of non-interference cannot be set up by a powerful, free nation merely as a fact amounting to saying : "Gentlemen, do what you like ; I shall not meddle," which would be a *prime d'encouragement* to usurping mischief and despotism. It ought to be the proclamation of a great general principle, accepted by all, binding on all, and preventing war except from wronged subjects against misrulers. "Italy for the Italians : Italy left to the Italians." Italy freed from French bayonets in Rome and Lombardy : Italy freed from Austrian interference in the already independent States. Fairplay—the ring. Do not guarantee anything : do not interfere in anything. If Venice will rise against Austria—if her Italian brothers will help her—let it be done. If Venice and Italy are crushed it is a sign that they are not ready for Liberty and Independence. But have the French out of Rome and Italy, otherwise where is your right to speak to Prussia ? Why should not the Prussian garrison be in Ancona and Bologna whilst French garrisons are in Rome, Civitavecchia or Piacenza ?

If there is a Congress England ought to go—but to uphold this principle boldly, broadly, as a condition *sine qua non* ; and she ought to withdraw if it was not conceded.

It is a very serious question. You are labouring to prevent war : don't you see that unless you make of the doctrine of non-interference a principle and not a simple fact binding war [hindering war], you will have an occasion for war—a pretence to invasion somewhere—every three years ? You deplore the interference of France in Italy : was it not owing to your subserviency to the most abnormal fact possible—the invasion of Rome ? You talk against the annexation of Savoy and Nice : is not Rome a more important strategical point than those ? Is it not the heart of Italy, the very key of the Italian question—which is there, in the hands of France ? Are there not 60,000 French soldiers encamped in Lombardy—*after* the peace of Villafranca, the Treaty of Zürich, and the peace that was to be everlasting between France and Austria ? Is there not an inconceivable *naïveté* from a great nation like England in talking so loudly about the enemy getting to the outskirts of Italy when he is quietly encamped—undisturbed even by speeches—in the centre of the place ?

This might be your link between the old Savoy question and the general one. You might, whilst adding your protest about the *special* threatened fact, state that it ought to be the opportunity for the House to protest against the basis of the whole system, the root of all the danger—interfering. You might say that it will sound rather strange in Europe that such a fuss is made about a

threatened fact, whilst she keeps quiet about *accomplished* facts. You protest because you believe that the protest of Parliament has a *general* meaning—because you believe that it tends to brand the *actual* interference in Rome as much as the threatened interference in Savoy, and so on. . . .

By the bye, Savoy has never belonged to France except during the French Revolution and Empire, when Milan, Ancona, and Bologna were also French Departments.

To Emilie, in Bellosguardo. From London. February 15th, 1860.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I *have* been sinning. I have been very long before writing. But every day there has been something to prevent me: letters concerning some scheme which I cannot unveil, wanting an immediate answer in cypher—hours of labour; Mario announcing his giving up the editing of the paper unless I send articles immediately, and so on. I would gladly have given up hours of the night to write to you, but it has been so cold! And, going back to Mrs. B. [to his lodging near the Stansfelds] there is no fire—no possibility of a fire! I have no coals: she gives them when claimed; and in the night no claim is possible. I go to bed raging; but I go—which is not even good for health, for I sleep very badly and awake every half hour. Still, who can sit quietly and write whilst shivering? Well, I write now, at all events, and remorseful—which is good for you—and happy at your improving in health; and using for the first time this address which, if it proves valuable, will be a blessing. You are at Bellosguardo, where Gallileo studied Jupiter and his satellites, and Foscolo wrote a beautiful *classical* piece of poetry called “Le Grazie” where he describes what you describe, and which you ought to read. Do not buy it; ask Cironi or Dolfi for it.

Dear, I think you are half right, half wrong about Italy. Mario, Quadrio, all the few who remain faithful to the flag, are against me: they are despairing, as you seem to be. I have been shamefully treated by friends and foes in Italy. Still, I cannot help thinking that my Italians are children, materialist children, short-sighted, blundering, weak to excess; not selfish. I believe they aim at Unity, only take the wrong way to reach it; and I believe that something will still come out of them, noble and worthy, when, having gone the whole length of the wrong way, they will find that no Unity can be reached through that. We may be sad, angry, shocked, anything—and I *am* so, God knows—but not falling to despair like Mazzoni, Gustavo Modena and others, and do nothing. We ought to mingle in the actual Italian

life, watch the faults, unveil them, choose the most favourable positions that are offered, and make the people sympathize with us on those, so as to lead them step by step to listen. The threatened Savoy annexation, for instance, is one of those positions. Our men ought to take it up; to catechize the people about it, to petition the Italian Governments about it, to address the inhabitants of Savoy about it. If the general Italian opinion should join the European—which is generally adverse to it—either Cavour would disregard opinion and grow unpopular, or he would disregard Louis Napoleon and they would end by quarrelling, which is what we want. So with plenty of other opportunities, and as far as you can, either when you go to Florence or friends visit you, or through Venturi, you ought to push our friends that way.

I do not know what the weather is at Bellosguardo: here it is horrid: windy, cold, rainy, snowy without a *good* fall of snow. The rooms at Mrs. Barton's are cold. All this does not prevent Bessie from giving a dancing party this evening, whereupon I shall find my way to Ledru Rollin whom I have seen only once, and whom I must see from time to time, together with one or two Frenchmen. [Then after giving a list of the Stansfelds' social fixtures]: as Mrs. Barton says when somebody dies, "is it not alarming?"

I have never seen Kossuth.

Mazzini then writes of a matter over which there has been a considerable amount of speculation. Mr. Trevelyan has given the fullest explanation, and as a sympathetic inquirer into all that relates to Garibaldi he cannot be surpassed. A short note by E. A. V. being misleading, it is well here to quote from *Garibaldi and the Thousand*.

"On the very day when he [Garibaldi] wrote this letter to Bertani . . . he committed the most foolish act of his private life in marrying the daughter of Count Raimondi. At a critical moment in the Alpine campaign of the previous summer, news of the Austrians had been brought to him across the mountains by a young lady, whose handsome presence and daring deed appealed to his facile sense of the romantic. In the middle of December he became her father's guest at Fino, near Como, and after his political visit to Turin he returned there again in the middle of January, 1860. That first month of his great year brought him in little credit either in public or private affairs. Forgetting his fifty-two winters and her youth, and much else that it behoved

him to remember, he proposed marriage and was accepted by her and her family. On January 24th, 1860, the ceremony took place at Fino, but before nightfall a letter was put into his hand which proved that she was in the habit of favouring a younger man. Full of 'bad thoughts,' but 'terribly cool as to his demeanour,' he sought the house through till he came to his wife's room, and asked her if she had written the letter. She confessed it. 'Then see,' he said, 'that you do not bear my name; I leave you for ever.'"

You know by this time Garibaldi's fates; and you are fully revenged. I do not believe, dear, that it was for him a money affair. I do not think him so low as that. And besides, she is an illegitimate child; and Raimondi, whom I knew, is a miser and most likely would have given her nothing or next to nothing. I hoped that, beaten both in Turin and Como, he would have grown furious and been ready for any frantic scheme; but no: he has to run to the island to dig, like Cincinnatus, or play "alle bosse" (bowls) like Machiavelli. He had in Genoa, on his way, an interview with Medici, Bixio, Bertani, etc., in which he contrived to make them all dissatisfied.

Why are you so poor, dear? I hoped Italy would have been a source of economy for you. Can I do anything? You will give Dall'Ongaro's poem to Linda if she comes back soon. I am dissatisfied with him. He was one of our best men whilst in Belgium. The sojourn in Paris ruined him, as usual. There he promised that he would not correspond with me any more and he kept his word. Then he became correspondent of *La Patrie*; then I don't know what. He is, I think, in the very poem you speak of, praising not only the actual King—*cela pourrait passer*—but Charles Albert, against whom he wrote years ago. I am very glad, dear, that Dolfi and Fabbrini * do their duty towards you; but although the first impulse came from me, it is your own deserts, dear, which keep them up to the mark. No impulse given by *me* would have lasted so long with them.

Did I ever tell you how disgusted I felt at Tom Taylor taking up Garibaldi as a speculation subject on the stage? I feel bound in conscience to express myself. . . .

As for me, dearest Emilie, I know nothing of my fates. I may be called away from here within a fortnight; if not I think that the natural course of events will call me away towards the end of next month. There must be a chance of crossing the

* Mazzini seems to have stayed in Fabbrini's house when he first reached Florence before going to that of Beppe Dolfi.

frontier of Cattolica or quarrelling with France, or at all events some storm brewing. Storm is my pilot. I wanted to send something to you through Michaelangelo Rosselli. He had promised to tell me when he would leave for Tuscany; but the coward must have deceived me. Which of the two Fabbrini is your devotee? Angiolo or his brother? Piero [Cironi] I suppose, keeps dignified and independent. Bless you, dear sister and friend. Try to be well. Do not hasten to leave Italy when the good season comes. I do not think that the *horrid* thing [the suit for the dissolution of her marriage with Sidney Hawkes] will soon compel you. Do not revenge yourself on me; write, I shall, especially if the address is succeeding. Thank Venturi for all he has done or does concerning your health. I shall take some opportunity for writing to him. Is he not in contact with Piero or Giannelli? Does he suggest friends he may have in the Central Army? Does he help? Remember me to Linda and believe me ever, dearest Emilie, your loving, devoted, grateful,

JOSEPH.

The vacillations of the Rattazzi Cabinet were so great that in January, Victor Emmanuel reluctantly recalled Cavour, who, on the 20th of the month resumed the premiership. With great care and subterfuge he still concealed or denied his undertaking to cede Savoy and Nice, even assuring Sir James Hudson, the English Minister in Turin, "on his honour," that no such agreement existed. The months of January and February therefore passed in a sort of heavy tension and uncertainty. But a pamphlet on "The Pope and the Congress" which appeared in Paris just before Christmas, anonymously, but indubitably inspired by the Emperor, proved the proverbial straw to show the way the wind blew. In effect, it advocated curtailment of the Pope's temporal power. For Louis Napoleon this matter stood hedged about with thorns—some of which were his own promises to His Holiness. Nevertheless, his political insight becoming keen enough to convince him that the union of the States of Northern Italy was now inevitable, he took a marked step upon a fresh path.

Within the first few days of January he changed his Foreign Minister, Walewski, for the anti-clerical, and pro-English Thouvenal. By this time a Congress had been arranged, but the contents of the Paris pamphlet alarmed Austria to the point of making her demand Louis Napoleon's real intentions: and

receiving what, to her, was an unsatisfactory reply, she refused to countenance discussion. Almost immediately after this Cavour came into power. He, too, clearly read the signs of the times and determined to create a Northern Italy, while he seems also to have more than glimpsed the grand possibility regarding the South for which Mazzini had been so long labouring.

In England, up to the time that disclosed the Emperor's designs upon Savoy and Nice, all had gone smoothly for an Anglo-French *entente* to settle the Italian difficulty. Louis Napoleon had accepted Lord John Russell's stipulations, but when suddenly English Ministers saw daylight upon the imbroglio and understood the deception practised upon them, they reacted. At this moment Cavour might have thrown himself upon the friendship of England and saved the unhappy bargain from being consummated, but he appears to have been unable to run so straight a course. Obsessed by all the fears which sink the statesman in the diplomat—fears that turn the man who might lead, into the pilot who merely waits and watches to bring his own barque in on the crest of a wave—Cavour dared not break with Louis Napoleon as, virtually, Louis Napoleon had broken with him by suddenly ending the war. Self-confident and self-valuing as he was, Cavour was seeking something far bigger than his own interests ; he was striving to force his little country into the front rank of European powers, and to make his king, king of a great, instead of a minor territory and people. But he was not a democrat, inasmuch as he would rather work for than through a people : he saw, and rightly, that brains were the asset most to be reckoned with—and he believed in his own brains. He must keep his own hand on the helm. He saw with deepening concern that Russia and Prussia, as well as Austria, would brook no attack upon the tyrant of Naples ; that the Catholic world would furnish thousands of mercenaries to defend the Pope ; that Spain was ready to supply arms and money, and the dispossessed Dukes of Modena and Parma, who were by no means without resources, must be taken into account. He had no belief that England would actually fight for Piedmontese interests in Italy, whereas France had so fought and might, with due pressure, be induced to fight again. The national sentiment in the peninsula must, he felt, be captured and harnessed to the royal car. Garibaldi, restive, impulsive, but still attached to the King, must either be stultified

or utilized in the same way. Mazzini, whose influence, widespread, intangible, subtle as the very spirit of religion itself, and to the diplomatic mind hateful, must not be allowed to crystallize it into actuality. At least one great sentiment held the Piedmontese and the French schemer together—hatred of the man who saw in the peasant, the soldier, the obscure citizen, not a pawn in his game, but a living soul whom a degree of responsibility could unfold and develop.

Cavour intended to possess Tuscany and greatly desired Romagna with its valuable coast upon the Adriatic ; and the one way in which he could stifle the objections of the French Emperor would be to make the populations call for Victor Emmanuel, even if they did so under the same sort of circumstance as the French in 1851 had called for Louis Napoleon. To be sure, the French elections had been open to aspersion : Napoleon had used his army to good effect, and Cavour had no wish to follow that example ; but he urged Fanti to prepare with all secrecy and despatch, so that an army of at least 200,000 men should be able to take the field at a moment's notice.

Cavour had promised the two coveted provinces to stand by them if they voted for retention by the King, and he obtained that the royal mandate for the plebiscite should be issued by March 1st. But Louis Napoleon, seeing his own plan thus endangered, threw finesse to the winds and wrung from Cavour the signing of a secret treaty (March 1st), which bound Piedmont to part with Savoy and Nice.

Meanwhile, Nice did not remain tranquil under her threatened transfer. Lively action took place, which tempted Garibaldi back, in order, as Laurence Oliphant, who was to have been with him, relates, to smash the ballot boxes and spoil the votes. Napoleon therefore insisted on the signature of an instrument, open and above board, making over Savoy and Nice to France. This instrument bears date March 24th.

To Emilie, in Florence or at Bollosguardo. From London, March 9th, 1860.

DEAREST EMILIE,

It is clear that we are marching on to a crisis which, of course, will call me away from here, although I do not know where as yet. No, dear, you have not, to me, been hard or unjust towards —. I had judged, and long ago, as you do

now ; and that was the reason for her leaving me always cold, although she was always very kind to me and to all concerning me ; and for her never awakening in me some of those impressions which soften me to some sort of "laissez-aller." At the same time, with my *usual* spirit of justice, I tax you with weakness. You are, if you choose, the stronger of the two. Why, then, yield ? Why spend more than you would if you were alone ?

Dear, I have been compelled to go to Lady Barker. She saw my atmosphere ; she saw my guardian spirits—three in number—around me : and the atmosphere was open like a fan, and the guardian angels were holding branches of some undescribed plant over me. My words were coming visibly out of my lips ; one of the guardian angels was touching them as they went with a crystal wand, and sparks were coming out of them, for what earthly purpose I do not know. Of all this, of course, I saw nothing. Lady B. was urgently requested to write as she usually does, with the pencil guided by the spirits ; but she refused ; "the spirits were very positively against it, as it would not have convinced me." Credo bene. Lady Barker looks very good, earnest and simple.

Near the same time Mr. Home was lifting tables, showing little hands *under* the table cloth, causing bells to walk, and "les cent coups," only as twelve persons were too many for the spirits, six were relegated downstairs, amongst whom, by a strange coincidence, were all the sceptical, Bessie included. William was admitted and saw a *little cloud* hanging luminous under the table : probably a little phosphorus would explain it as the room was left almost in darkness. Ah Me !

Coming to more important things, we march on to a crisis which may lead us far. It is very important that the annexation [of the Northern Provinces to Piedmont] should take place, because it may be the beginning of an Italian policy. The great thing *now* is to quarrel with Louis Napoleon. Either Piedmont, if things come to that point, will be compelled to seek the support of the Revolution, or it will lose itself and leave us free in the field. The only thing that we ought to do is to be always in *advance* of the Piedmontese Cabinet and movement. That is the reason for which I continuously insist on the Savoy affairs. Cavour is evidently weak on the point. We ought to send addresses and petitions on the subject to the King or Cavour, or to the House as soon as assembled, against the annexation of Savoy by France without universal suffrage fairly applied, or before Italy is constituted. This is the point through which we can link ourselves with Europe which is all against it. I tell you all this because you *may* exercise your influence in that direction on those you see. As for the rest, do not speak too much against

Garibaldi. We may want him: and we *may* have him. "Let me manage."

Dear, I am sorry to say I have lost the German address: give it again; although it may prove useless here I might avail myself of it elsewhere. And write soon so that I may know if this reaches. I have no time to write more. I have never been so busy as now. Do not mind the want of the fire or anything at Mrs. Barton's. I go to bed earlier and it is perhaps better. I would, however, manage if I had to remain here. Bless you again. Your ever loving Joseph.

Things were indeed marching on to the great crisis, little as any except Mazzini realized it. In January he had written a stirring and self-abnegating appeal to Garibaldi: "You have not replied to my last. . . . I write to you thinking of our country. . . . If others are weak you must not, cannot, be. . . . Will you have me with you? Will you have trust in me, trust in my loyalty, my love of country, as I have trust in you . . . ? There is only one aim: a Free Italy: Rome her centre: the French sent away. As to the King, I am, and shall remain, republican . . . I understand the times, I respect the will of the country, I will not act against him, I shall not conspire for a republic. I will give only the word for Unity, and push on the annexation—solely stipulating for its immediate acceptance. If the country elects him King, so be it. As for us and the way in which to meet him, I see but one: insurrection in Sicily and at the same time, or directly after, a movement to liberate Perugia and reaching to the Abruzzi. I believe that united frankly, loyally, we should succeed. If this is possible put two lines in my hand with your signature. (I will consider them secret. . . .)"

Mazzini detailed the preparations already made, urged Garibaldi to head the enterprise and declared that he would keep his own share and his own name entirely concealed. In case of success all should be thought to be due to Garibaldi; in case of a failure he, Mazzini, would take all the blame and bear all the obloquy. Garibaldi sent no reply to this letter till the end of March.

Meantime, Rosolino Pilo, who knew all that had been going forward in the south and was in full accord with Crispi and Quadrio, came to London, weary of the delays and vacillations that were once more eating away an irrecoverable opportunity.

He had practically determined to act if Garibaldi hesitated much longer. He thoroughly knew his native island, felt an invincible trust in the tenacity of his awakened countrymen and sensed within himself the capacity to precipitate the crisis. He returned to Genoa via Lugano at about the time when Garibaldi, at Fino, entered upon the marriage so mysteriously and suddenly repudiated.

On March 2nd, Mazzini addressed a grand Letter to the Sicilians in which he called on them to "Dare, and you will be followed. But dare in the name of National Unity: it is the condition *sine qua non*. . . ." This appeal produced a great effect. It is not too much to say that it determined that action in Palermo on April 4th, whose consequences ended by making an Italy.

The intentions of Garibaldi remained so obscure that Bertani, on Pilo's arrival in Genoa, sent Nicola Mignogna to Caprera to interview the General, who said he would do what he could. Pilo, compelled to live in hiding in a poor little room, carried on the most vigorous correspondence, acquainting Garibaldi with every fresh development. A reply he received from Caprera dated March 15th, could certainly not be considered encouraging. Garibaldi, entangled with the King and Cavour, yet reacting against all the circling methods of diplomacy, said he did not consider the moment opportune; said that the great majority of the people would blame an initiative if taken as Pilo suggested, and counselled delay until the proper moment should dawn. Moreover, the instructions he gave about the arms and money in the hands of the Million Musket committee in Milan, were so ill-defined when at last he did accord a provisional consent, that Finzi, who was in charge, could not feel free to supply Pilo with either. Pilo finally left Genoa in a small craft accompanied by one friend only, and merely provided with what Mazzini was able to furnish to him independently.

The story of the rising in Palermo which was to end so momentarily and which has been so vividly told elsewhere, can only be touched on here. A man of the people, named Riso, was to start the insurrection on April 4th. Stress of weather detained Pilo, but Riso, with seventeen companions, kept vigil during the appointed night, ready for co-operation with other bands at a given hour. In the first grey of the dawn, however, finding their plan discovered, they had to fight for their lives almost unaided, and they sold them dearly enough. For two weeks insurgence

continued among the peasantry—the rough, mixed, and owing to benighted conditions, somewhat unmoral population of the mountain villages—while Pilo strove against the elements to reach them. Then, but for his arrival, the rebellion would have been crushed out.

Pilo found himself confronted with a supremely difficult part to play while almost destitute of means wherewith to play it. By the owner of the boat which had brought him to the island he sent a touching letter to Bertani. “We count on the promised aid. . . . The Neapolitans are pouring volleys of shot and shell into Palermo ; Milazzo is in arms. These are facts. I am now on the march for Catania. Tell Medici and Bixio that these are deeds and not words, and that I had a right to be believed by them when I told them the true state of the island. . . .”

Garibaldi, who had been urged and entreated by Quadrio and others, besides Pilo himself, to head the movement, still dallied, torn by doubts, in spite of a promise he had made to follow Pilo in eight days if things could be kept going successfully so long. Six terrible weeks of hope deferred, of almost superhuman courage, and of unceasing struggle were to pass over Pilo’s head before the news reached him that Garibaldi had at last landed. (May 11th.)

To James Stansfeld. On the eve of starting for the Continent.

DEAR JAMES,

I will go ; but what on earth can we do ?

Ever yours

JOS. MAZZINI.

If letters received this morning are exact and if the King of Naples does not give immediately extraordinary concessions, we shall receive in a very few days news of a complete Neapolitan insurrection.

Thursday.

To Emilie, on the eve of his starting for Italy. May 2nd, 1860.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I do regret, you don’t know how much, my not seeing you ; but letters coming, and a promise, bind me to go. I decided yesterday at a late hour, when no telegram would have made it possible for you to reach in time ; and besides, calculating everything, we made sure that you would reach this morning. It seems a strange fatality that we cannot see one another now. But I *must* go.

Concerning Venturi, whom I regret not seeing, I scarcely know what to say. I have no earthly idea of how I can or will try to reach : it may be directly, it may be through Malta, through Tunis, etc. I cannot decide except on the spot. Should things last, and should I succeed and Venturi liked to join, I think the best way will be Malta, where Emilio Siebenas will introduce him to our friends. As he is a Maltese he [Siebenas] has only to ask for him : he is known.

Bless you, dear, dear Emilie. I wanted so much to know how you are physically ! Far or near, I feel that I am and shall ever be, your most loving brother

JOSEPH.

Just at the last moment.

May 2nd.

Mazzini's journey was accomplished more swiftly than he had anticipated. He reached Genoa from Lugano two days after Garibaldi had sailed from Quarto—two or three miles to the east of the city—to find Medici left behind for the purpose of organizing and dispatching reinforcements to the Papal States.

The letters of Garibaldi after the middle of April to the time of his departure from Quarto (May 5th), show that the scope of his idea and plan was virtually the same as Mazzini's save for one important reservation—his offer to Victor Emmanuel ; obviously unknown to Mazzini as the latter's letter to Caroline, May 27th, shows.

On April 16th, 1860, Garibaldi writes from Quarto to Bertani that the news from Sicily being so good, Crispi and Orlandi had better be sent to Turin for La Masa and company, and that he himself is sending in other directions to summon friends to rally in Genoa. He says it is indispensable that Pelligrini be sent into the Abruzzi to arouse insurrection there and also that the Marches and Umbria be roused. A postscript includes Tuscany, the Catolica, the Papal States and Naples in the area to be worked in.

On May 5th he writes from Genoa to Bertani that the Sicilian expedition must be aided, not only in Sicily but "In Umbria, in the Marches, in the Sabine territory, in the Neapolitan provinces—wheresoever there are enemies to be combated."

It was also on this day (May 5th) that he sent a letter to the King saying that as his brethren in Sicily had risen in the name of Italian Unity, "of which your Majesty is the personification," he is not hesitating to assist them. "If we succeed," he adds,

"I shall be proud to grace the crown of your Majesty with this new and most brilliant gem."

He then writes to Medici asking him to remain in Genoa in order to make every effort to supply arms and subsidies, not only to Sicily but also to *Umbria and the Marches* "*Which it will be necessary to assist to the uttermost.*"

The Government surreptitiously supported the Sicilian enterprise, but Cavour in Piedmont and Ricasoli in Tuscany both feared and entirely condemned the idea of attacking the Pope's dominions, even to the point of determining to arrest Garibaldi should he turn his steps that way. Garibaldi embarked at night from the quiet spot among the rocks at Quarto, and landed at Talamone in Tuscany on May 7th. Here he separated a small body from the main force destined for Sicily, and dispatched them to invade the Papal States under Zambianchi, a man who had given great trouble in Rome in 1849 by shooting down priests. He was a bad selection; it was a bad mistake. For not only was Zambianchi disliked but he inspired no confidence in those he had to lead. Medici was, however, to join him with reinforcements and take over command. Zambianchi not only advanced without difficulty but was actually aided by more than one Municipality; a condition of things which seems to have lulled what instincts of duty and caution lay within him, for having passed the Papal frontier he indulged in such copious libations that he fell into a drunken sleep. His gallant little band were surprised, and notwithstanding their fine efforts, routed. Scattered, they escaped into Tuscany, where Ricasoli lost no time in disarming them.

Of course Garibaldi's putting into Talamone came at once to the ears of Cavour, who, believing that his start for Sicily had only been a blind for an attack in the Centre, immediately ordered a war vessel to Port Stefano, close to Talamone, in order to arrest him; but before the ship reached, "The Thousand" had left for the South.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that although Medici had virtually undertaken Garibaldi's commission to divide the enemy's forces by an attack through the Papal States, he abandoned his undertaking at the instance of Cavour. And not only did he personally withdraw from it but he sought to persuade Bertani to change the name of his acting committee from *Soccorso a Garibaldi* to *Soccorso per la Sicilia*. Bertani's reply shows us the

state of mind which so fortunately enabled Mazzini at this juncture to give him his untiring support and co-operation. "Never ! For Garibaldi himself, wherever he may fight and for whichever province rises with his programme."

To Emilie, in England. Probably from Genoa, where Mazzini arrived from Lugano on May 7th.

May 12th, 1860.

DEAREST EMILIE,

How are you ? I am here, but I fancy not for long. I shall have, most likely, to go soon to the place which you left [Florence]. I have nothing positive as yet to tell Venturi. Much will depend on the success of Garibaldi which we shall know to-morrow. Push on the subscription with Cowen and others and let everything go to William. Money is collected here rather abundantly : still, it goes into other hands, and although it goes to the same purpose I do not like to be left entirely dependent. Medici is in Genoa still : blindly influenced by Cavour and La Farina. Bertani is good. Bixio went with Garibaldi. So did Savi, Mosto and others.

I am well but rather weak. I wish you were strong. I fear you left Italy just when it would have been beneficial to you. And the *horrid* affair cannot come on before December. Why did you leave so suddenly ? It is still a mystery to me. As for me, I believe that we *shall* act ; but it is premature to talk about it.

I should like so much to be once more amongst you all for one evening. Shall I ever ? If action will not be possible, of course I shall come back : my *individual* country is England. If I reach action, then, *à la garde de Dieu* ; I am old and weakened and I may end in it. In both cases, ever your loving

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in England. May 20th, 1860.

DEAREST EMILIE,

Venturi is on a useful mission. Unless you have excellent addresses for him, do not ask or speak much about it. We have to baffle Ricasoli and Co.—dangerous enemies. Dear, I must be sincere with you. Do not forget my crotchets. I like Venturi very much ; but if I liked him ten times more, I could not live with any man. Except for the duties to be fulfilled towards Italy I must be alone. *C'est plus fort que moi*. I could not live with Scipione if he came back to life. I am not happy. I have often soul cramps and long moments of dejection and moral weariness, during which the very step of a friend at my door is a blow ; and the smile I feel compelled by my nature to put on, a

torture. I must be alone, consuming my own smoke. Besides, dearest Emilie, what I can feel for Venturi is for your sake and thinking of you. I cannot love any new person. Except to those I already love, my soul is perfectly dead. I can esteem, like, devote myself to others; but I have no joy in it. Do not urge, then, impossible things. If I succeed in what I am working at,—in action,—he shall always be near me. Out of action, not. Do not hasten here now. Nothing is as yet decided. My aim is to rouse the Papal Provinces and fight Lamoricière;* but I am still far from my aim, and will faithfully tell you when I am within reach. Meanwhile, why should you not have a certain time with your family? Try to get Hodges—who seems to like you—within the circle. Will P. Stuart do nothing? I wish he gave you a few Colt's revolvers at least. Push Cowen on, too, for Newcastle. What I want *private* money for is, among other things, what you guess and what H. knows. For the rest, Bertani and I are now on very good terms and I see him secretly. I have not seen, nor shall I see, Medici. It would be perfectly useless.

Bless you, dear; love your loving brother

JOSEPH.

To William Ashurst, in London. Seems from Lugano. If so it was probably dated May in mistake for April. "May 22 or so."

DEAR WILLIAM,

I have yours. Forgive a man, who thirsts for money and spends some every day in unlawful purposes, his susceptibilities at the long delay. The son of Israel has explained concerning you; and all is right now.

Do thank most warmly Bessie for what she did on behalf of the Bazaar and ask her, moreover, to not forget me and to believe that I think very, very often of her and wish very much to see her. I know nothing, however, about my fates and it will require four weeks more to get a glimpse of them. I wish the scheme of the paper was realized. I think there ought to be a weekly paper wholly and exclusively devoted to *foreign* matters, and I firmly believe that if well done it would succeed. I think, moreover, it might be managed and good contributors found out in the different nationalities, provided you find good translators. Let yourself and others think of it. Depend upon it, the foreign question will, by and by, be *the* question for England.

* The Pope's General who commanded a "sort of loosely-pieced mosaic of fanatics from every country in Europe." Mazzini's plan, when these should be beaten was to leave the Romans to maintain their own freedom, and for Garibaldi to push north with the victorious volunteers, to free Venice.

Do not send anybody to me but keep names if you can.

Mrs. Nathan is not here. Signora Maria, and Martha, are very proud of your remembrance. [Mazzini frequently stayed—of course in hiding—at the house of Madame Maria Gnerri in Lugano]. Grillenzoni, little aware of how much he has been calumniated, sends his “homages.”

Do not mistake [Alberto] Mario. He never will look for a position.

There is nothing but vanity in what he does.*

Ever affectionately yours

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. May 23rd, 1860.

It is very sweet of you to speak as you do about me, but never mind. I have plenty of men loving me; but the *intellect* of the many has been perverted, and besides, there is a terror in all the bourgeoisie that to honour me now would be immediate war from Louis Napoleon which would be an immense danger for us, of course, until we have the South. The feeling of terror is carefully nursed by Cavour, La Farina and others. It does not matter, at all events, that I am not gratefully treated; the important fact is the feeling that there is a bond of Unity between all Italians and that the country must *act* and conquer. This feeling is daily gaining ground and will lead to deeds which will improve them morally. I think we shall end by being the *initiating* people in Europe; action will ennoble the people. The great thing is now to create it, to cause the initiating power to pass from the Government to the people. If we succeed in that throughout the country the rest will by degrees follow. I shall, if I end in helping Victor Emmanuel to get the whole of Italy, give a last farewell to Italy—and come back to die near you. That is my programme: happy if I can fulfil the last part. . . .

To Caroline. May 27th, 1860.

You have heard by this time of the death of Rosolino Pilo; there are still doubts; the news comes only from Neapolitan sources, and days ago they announced the death of Bixio, which I have grounds *almost* certain to believe unfounded. The same thing might be of Pilo. I hope so. It would be a great loss and a deep grief to me. His corps was attacked and the thing may be true. We shall know this week. Of course if good news came I should write instantly. Of course you look at the *Unità*,

* This remark probably meant that vanity rather than ambition, or real political determination, actuated Mario.



CAROLINE STANSFELD

and you saw yesterday a fragment of a letter written by him. I remembered your dream and another omen which I kept silent about—the breaking, I don't know how, of the ring you had given me for him.

What you say about my position is perfectly true; and certainly I believe I have never been so faithful to *duty* as now; my moral suicide is complete. On the other side, the great thing is not my position; it is the birth of a People, of a Nation. It is worth while submitting to anything. Have I not preached self-sacrifice throughout my life? Are not the many who die now for the country, unknown, unhonoured, nameless, the true heroes, teaching us to forget ourselves? Never mind what is spoken or not spoken. . . . I *do* help, and that is the real thing.

You saw Garibaldi's declaring himself a Dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel. It is bad and ungenerous from one who carries help. But *anything* just now from him will be enthusiastically welcomed. There is still an undercurrent growing more powerful every day which may produce very much unexpected results within one year. I think Italy will end by awakening. I shall not, perhaps, send this letter to-day. Love to all. Kisses to Joe.

“*‘Viva la Tàlia, e Garibaldi Amicu!’* That welcome to the *Italy*, resounding in Rosolino's ears as, rushing down at the head of his *picciotti* [little fellows] to join Garibaldi, a bullet pierced his brain, gladdened the death that ended a lifelong, desperate struggle; that ‘*Viva l'Italia!*’ shouted by the Sicilian people, proclaimed the ‘*Victory along all the line*’ of the idea of Italian unity, and proved that the moral revolution was accomplished before ‘the Thousand’ landed at Marsala.

“The Sicilians who had refused the ‘new religion’ so long and obstinately, were subdued at last, and to its service brought the patient, dauntless passion with which for centuries they had defended their autonomy. . . . A garden ocean-walled, ‘chosen and kept peculiar ground’, was Sicily for the Sicilians. This it was that had made Crispi so chary of summoning Garibaldi until sure that his fellow-countrymen would not repudiate the unitarian flag. And, once landed, it was he who summoned the inhabitants and the syndics of the freed communes to offer Garibaldi the dictatorship of the island. An offer after Garibaldi's own heart truly, and characteristic of himself was the acceptance of the said dictatorship, *in the name of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.*” *

* J. W. Mario, *Supp. to Autobiography of Garibaldi*.

Though Mazzini, Pilo, and the great bulk of Mazzini's disciples, including even staunch old Quadrio, to whom the republican idea was as the breath of life, had resolved that that idea should not interfere with the chance of Unity, it was none the less bitter to them to find Garibaldi making any but the monarchical solution impossible, and that he was practically committing United Italy to it without allowing the population any opportunity of analysing and expressing its own will.

To Caroline : Supplement to that of May 27th, 1860.

My position is this. I aim at conquering the South [of the peninsula] to the National Cause through popular action. I aim at invading the States of the Pope, crossing rapidly the territory between the Apennine and the Adriatic, avoiding Rome, and—for the present—a direct quarrel with the French force, and reaching the Abruzzi. It is the work of three marches and a half. The plan is theoretically approved by everybody. It is the plan of Garibaldi too—he left Medici with a special errand for that purpose: he writes to Bertani from Salemi [Garibaldi reached Salemi May 13th and left on May 15th] “Tell Medici to enter the territory of the Pope.” Of course, on our reaching the Abruzzi, Garibaldi, who would then have conquered Palermo, would land with a force in Calabria. Attacked on both sides, the [Bourbon] Kingdom would doubtless rise to insurrection, and Naples would fall. The conquest of the Kingdom to liberty is *the* question; it would be an army of 140,000 men, through a change of leaders, in our hands; it would mean a beautiful flotilla of war steamers; and immense material of war; our being able to tell France immediately afterwards, “Be so good as to leave us to ourselves”; it means Unity and Emancipation, and going back to take Venice by land and by sea. Medici is dominated by Cavour and La Farina, the head of the so-called National Society. He will not, consequently, go there [to the Papal States]. Bound by honour to do something, he is organizing an expedition for Sicily. *Sicily is uprisen*; therefore they have no great objection to securing it by allowing help to go there. But they are still under the thralldom of Louis Napoleon. They do not want to promote insurrection, they want to leave the Kingdom to the possibility of the Muratist element coming afloat; they do not want to attack the Pope. By yielding, Medici gives up the solidarity of the Italian movement, the proclamation of the Italian Right, and he helps the second edition of the fatal error which prevented the popular insurrection at the beginning of the war—that is, the centring of our best and most influential young men on one point. Having now Garibaldi,

the *name*, and the moral help wanted, Sicily does not want men, but arms, powder, and caps, and that *we* are sending. Sicily must be saved at Naples. Bertani has been entrusted with Garibaldi's scheme—he has been convinced by me. The best military men surrounding him are helping in the same direction. Thence his starting up as a Collector and our helping him,—*creating* him, as I told you, in all possible ways. Considering the monopoly exercised by the *official* National Society, we have done wonders. The half of the money collected going to him.

But Bertani is weak ; Bertani is a new conquest ; Bertani is besieged daily, hourly, by deputations of Counts, Marquises, Princes, official persons, endeavouring to bring him back to La Farina and to the Government, frightening him, flattering him, telling him that he is a tool in my hands—in the hands of the demagogues. Bertani generally denies me, like Peter, though he has some little good outbursts from time to time, and writes to me, "For God's sake conceal your being with me or I break." I submit patiently to all this ; I see him concealed in a little room : people belonging to the Moderates being in the other. Really the *individual* is dead within me ; nothing but the *aim* survives, and I am determined to drink the chalice to the very dregs. But this weakness [on the part of Bertani] and promises given, and a natural tendency to help Sicily in any way, compel him to yield almost all he has hitherto received—muskets to Medici's hypothetical expedition. So that until Medici has sailed, if ever he does, I am not sure of having a musket or a farthing.

On the other side I am strong, very strong, in elements—thousands of volunteers are ready to march provided they can get arms. I have proposals from twenty points. All the Venetian exiles, all the *congédiés*, all the young men who refused to go to Piedmont to enlist in the Imperial war, are offering themselves, tormenting me with impatience, threatening partial onsets which would only be a ruin. Officers are giving their resignations to be free to follow. The enthusiasm for going is general. You have seen the symptoms of dissolution which are pervading the [regular] army. Action would drag the half of Italy after it. Meanwhile, I am powerless.

I might go at any time with three or four hundred men who would gather muskets anyhow. But I want a first victory. I want 3000 men at the upstart : the rest would follow, and for 2000 at least, muskets, blouses, shoes, ammunition knapsacks, mobilization money, are wanted. The country is disarmed. All possible muskets have been bought with Garibaldi's money : they are detained in the Government arsenals ; a few in the hands of the National Guard, others in Medici's hands, others sent two days ago, with our consignment on a little steamer—may it reach ! for

Sicily. Had I money I would be able to play a more independent game with Bertani; treat on terms of equality; threaten him with the possibility of acting alone. And as he is substantially on the right side—only weak, and knowing me to be powerless,—he would yield.

I rather reckoned on the little that was to come from England. But even there, my friends, through good motives, have been rather weak. They have not had the courage of saying to the public "As we have faith in Mazzini's love of Unity and we know him to be actually in accord with Garibaldi's scheme, it is to him that we send our offering." As soon as an Italian Committee has been formed they have acknowledged Serena Fabbriotti and Co., to be more legitimate organs of the Italian thought than I am. They did not ascertain anything about the men, and those men are so weak that even now they are not decided to send to Bertani himself, but are talking about being bound to give to one single individual, Amari, a Sicilian and good, but who of course wants nothing but to send a few volunteers to Sicily. For all they know, the Italian Committee might have followed the old current and sent to La Farina—that is, to the Government. The word Committee has been all powerful on British minds. Peter himself has set the example, and who will not follow him?

The best thing would have been to let the Italians collect what they could, and to canvass the circle of individuals in London, Newcastle, Liverpool, Glasgow, etc., making me the centre of their offerings. It is too late now. And I suppose the £200 from Glasgow will constitute the whole of my little treasury.

The only consistent nucleus has been the Florentine nucleus headed by Cironi. They have boldly opened a subscription for help to Sicily, and declared in the Florentine *Unità* that as it was proved to them by my anterior correspondence that I had been a determining cause of the Sicilian movement, they would send the amount to me. Only in a most crochetty way, they opened the subscription on the 22nd declaring that it would be closed on the 28th. Why? Je n'en sais rien!—depriving themselves of all times and means for agitating, etc.: I shall know most likely to-morrow the result. It must be a trifling one.

I have written all this to you for my friends; for James, William, Peter, Shaen, Hodges, etc. It is well that they know why I do not act as yet and in whose power I am. Of course the idea is so powerfully rising [attaining such power] that Bertani will be prevailed upon and we shall, I suppose, end by acting. Only time is an all important element; and that is absolutely out of my hands. It would not be if I had 2000 muskets at the Roman frontier in Tuscany. There are now in London good Prussian muskets. I have all the samples at the exceedingly cheap

price of 13 francs each. £1000 would buy 2000. Still, English subscribers ought at least to exact from the Italian Committee that their money should go to Bertani: they really have a right, and a duty, to watch over the money not being diverted to channels through which it would be less useful than it might be. This they can still do. And they may avail themselves of Saffi for a contact with the Committee.

Go on numbering your letters, it makes me see whether they *all* come right or not. Why was not a single person of ours at the St. Martin's Hall meeting for Sicily, etc.? Let me be remembered by somebody to Holyoake. Does Saffi talk of coming to Italy? What do they anticipate in England about the East? Do you remember my prophecy of a Franco-Russian alliance? Ask James. Love to him, and to Matilda, Bessie, William—of all of whom you will always give me news. . . .

To Emilie. Evidently in the summer of 1860.

What can I say, dearest Emilie, about it which I have not already said? You must have had since you wrote, a scrap of mine. I saw him [Venturi] twice; and the second time I saw him in the presence of three persons for a short time. I liked him decidedly. I believe him to be radically honest, with a sense of self-dignity which will ever guard him from anything low or unworthy; feeling very much for you, and capable of feeling for others although cold in appearance and a little too much wrapped up in himself, which comes probably from circumstances having kept him aloof from the sphere of activity where the self disappears before the greatness of the aim. He is evidently easily irritable and likely to forget, in moments of irritation, the suffering he may inflict; but I believe him to be capable of tenderness and devotedness, if attached. I believe him to be earnest and likely to prove constant, and I believe him to be brave. The danger in him lies, as I already said, in his rather exaggerated—as I think—self-respect. But how can I really judge a man whom I saw only once alone? Towards me he appeared feeling and more expansive than he must generally be; but *that*, of course, was your doing.

Summing up. I believe there is much good in V. and much more to be elicited by a self-forgetting love. And now, dearest sister Emilie, blessings from your most affectionate brother. About Italy, etc., I write to Caroline. I am fighting under all possible disadvantages, the last battle for action and Unity. Shall I succeed? *Nol so tanto*. More I cannot do. Ever your loving brother,

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. June 4th, 1860.

It may be that the Sicilian movement remains a solitary fact, and falls, therefore, into the hands of diplomacy. But there is a chance for other things and everybody ought to help. I might do much if I could work publicly or half publicly; but the great objection to my appearing is Louis Napoleon. The whole of the middle class believes, or affects to believe, that my name is identical with a declaration of hostility to him and from him. I am therefore doomed to be the Egeria of Bertani and nothing more. It is a very tiresome part, and I have moments when I wish myself in England or anywhere else. Still, I must remain and try. I have not seen many people except travellers, mostly Venetians.

I shall write to-morrow. The moon shines beautifully on the sea, which I see from afar, and Jupiter looks like an infant moon; and sky and earth are lovely—and I wish I was near you. . . .

To Caroline. From Genoa, June 5th, 1860.

The Sicilian news are perplexing, but you have them before anything I could write. The way in which La Farina or the monarchical party are monopolizing a movement which is not their own and for which they have done nothing, is sickening; but all this is unavoidable in the present state of things. The great point is to spread the insurrectionary movement and to have the people learning *practically* that they are saved by their own doing, not by Cavour or by the King. Soon or late they will be more difficult to manage.

6th. I did not post after all, and I receive your letter. I have never been so *affairé* as I am in these days. Things are marching, I hope, towards my own solution; in point of preparations, I mean. What obstacles will arise in the seventh hour from the Government, *non so*. Kiss fondly my own young friend Joe for his little joyful cry—which I fancy I hear—when he found the letter was mine; and thanks to you for having told me. Really, there is such a love in my heart for that South End House* that I feel inclined to cry over it and myself. . . .

Garibaldi arrived at the old hill-town of Salemi on May 13th, having been joined on the way by some fine popular elements. He still had the Neapolitan army—hated by the Sicilians—to face and to defeat, but from this place of brief rest he wrote to hasten

* The Brewery house where the Stansfelds had gone to live.

Medici's movement which was to create a diversion in the Papal States. Two days later he carried off a hard-won victory on the heights of Calatafimi. Thence marching across mountains via Alcamo and Particino, he reached a point a few miles from Palermo on May 22nd. Meanwhile the varied populations of the interior had begun to venerate him as a "crusader sanctified by religion," an attribution which called out the genuine mystic vein in his composition. It was after he had sent to make certain arrangements with Pilo, who, with his little force lay a short distance to the north, that his skirmishers and Pilo's peasants were attacked and scattered by Von Michel, and Pilo lost his life (May 21st).

Garibaldi then carried out a most difficult march in order to get into touch with La Masa, whom he had sent to rouse the *squadre* in the stretch of country to the eastwards and south-eastwards of Palermo. A body of three thousand men had collected under La Masa's leadership, and had made their camp at Gibilrosa; but before the Dictator could reach them some stiff fighting had to take place. Finally, after a clever feint, which sent Von Michel and the best men of the enemy a long way on the wrong tack, he and La Masa met and decided on attacking the city. Encouraged by the sympathy of some English and American officers, and furnished with valuable knowledge by a Hungarian, who corresponded for the *Times*, they completed their plans, and the famous conquest of Palermo began in the dawn of May 27th. What miracles of audacity on the one side and of ineptitude on the other gave the city to the insurgents at the end of a three days' struggle, cannot be related here, though for the understanding of Mazzini's attitude it is necessary to note some features of Garibaldi's extraordinary situation.

With nothing to divert them from him—as would have been the case had his full plans been adhered to—the great adventurer was up against a powerful combination of open, implacable foes, who could only be successfully struck if thrown under the influence of panic, or, through some miracle of good luck, surprised. Yet this was the moment in which Cavour introduced a covert enemy, in the person of La Farina, into Garibaldi's "household." The most exquisite and finished bluff on Garibaldi's part had surmounted every difficulty, and was bringing about the evacuation of Palermo by a large, well-equipped army

who, had they but known it, could easily have wiped out the posse of red-shirted conquerors, when Cavour dispatched his representative to instruct Garibaldi in the wishes of Turin. From the moment of his arrival La Farina sowed trouble and misunderstandings for the Dictator, and sent misleading reports to Turin. Cavour's desire—mistaken, in the estimation of some of his wisest adherents—was for the instant annexation of Sicily to Piedmont ; for he regarded revolution as men regard fire ; he would use it for his purposes but limit it strictly to those. In his view it was of vital necessity to prevent it spreading, and to hinder the people from learning that "who would be free himself must strike the blow." He and Victor Emmanuel must, somehow, seem or become, their liberators. Now, to annex Sicily while the Bourbons remained enthroned at Naples would have been fatal to the Italian Unity at which Garibaldi aimed, for he himself would have been debarred from attacking them and Cavour would not dare to do so. Once the island became Piedmontese, the other Powers would have some right to call Cavour to account in regard to the insurgent warrior, who would find himself brought into miserable toils. Garibaldi saw these possibilities and stood firm against them, though he was sorely beset and not a little tried by the rivalry and mutual detestation of his factotum Crispi and the unwelcome, intriguing, envoy from the north. Loyally as he felt towards Victor Emmanuel, his instinct here fortunately ruled him. Garibaldi in harness, Garibaldi orthodox agent of orthodox government, would have been genius emasculated. His sway over the people lay in just the unnameable, unamenable element that qualified his whole individuality, and made him stand to them as that transcendent Vision and Goodness which, of themselves, constitute Authority : the authority that grips the spirit of a people. It was this in him, unconsciously teaching what the individual can be, and calling out in others an *educative* sense of responsibility in the service of a noble idea, that Mazzini valued in the great guerilla leader. But Mazzini knew all the weakness of instincts that are not balanced by foresight, deep thought, and the grounded faith that supplies the aim to life, and he trembled, not without justification, for the man whose career was for the most part, as far as Italy was concerned, his own creation.

To Emilie, in London. From Genoa, June 8th, 1860.

Dear Emilie, I had the "hymn"—unexpected as sweet. Why is my position heart-breaking? It does not break mine. Of course I wish for Italy's sake and for the dignity of human nature, that things here should be otherwise than they are. Such as they are—and they were so when I left England,—I am rather glad that I work as a subaltern. It saves a great deal of idle, unbearable talk, and it leaves me free to tell my countrymen one day that they are brave men, but idiots. Applause and praise, I don't know why, I could not bear now. I long to act for Italy's sake; but through and beyond action—if I survive it—I see with longing, London—a corner near Caroline in which to scribble a book and die quietly. I should not be happy—I cannot be—but that is not, certainly, because my countrymen are somewhat ungrateful. I think I am the most unfeeling man in the world.

I have not seen Medici. He will leave, I suppose, at the end of the week; to-morrow or Sunday. He ought to have left long ago. But he wants an *army*, and to go in perfect understanding with Cavour. I only fear that by these delays he increases the dangers he may run through Neapolitan cruisers. I think we too shall act. Have calm of mind and patience, then, as Zannetti [a distinguished physician whom Emilie had consulted in Florence] prescribes. Besides all the old and new motives for being well, there is the probable unfolding of the Italian movement worth seeing. I receive in this very moment your little note of the 6th, leaping from admiration to "adoration." I would evidently be spoiled, dearest Emilie, if it was not too late. Bless you, at all events, for the good intention, and let "adoration" take the shape of improvement in health. . . .

To Caroline. From Genoa. June 8th, 1860.

The best are doomed. Rosolino died of his wounds. I am grieving for him, for us, and for my having to write this sad news to you. The Sicilian news are better to-day. Medici has not left; he aims at going with an army and improvising himself General of a "corps d'armée." His delay bothers me dreadfully for many reasons. The Genoese company, Mosto and others, have behaved bravely: almost all of them have been wounded, but none of the known-to-me, mortally. The ferocity with which I am now attacked by the Moderates, and not only by them but by the Medici men such as Gorini,—well known to Emilie—verges on the dolefully comic. Bertani is attacked, and in such a way on account of his guessed connection with me, that it is a wonder he resists and does not throw the scapegoat overboard. Meanwhile, I am buying rifles. La Farina has gone to Sicily. I fear very

much their falling [the Sicilians] into the hands of diplomatists. Garibaldi is so weak. It grieves one's heart to know, as I do, that the same valour displayed by the Sicilians would be displayed by all the Italians if an opportunity was given, or if the intellectually blundering, intoxicated state in which they are, did not leave them in unworthy hands. I might quote to you things done by young lads even in the affray led by that horrid Zambianchi, which would astonish you. Placed in good hands, my Italians would have nothing to fear from Zouaves or any troops on earth. They will one day astonish the world—if awakened. And although it will most likely be too late for me, they will awake. I cannot write more to-day. . . .

To Caroline. From Genoa. June 10th, 1860.

“Uno sfogo.” Medici has sailed yesterday night with his expedition for Sicily. As I told you, Jessie and Mario were here. Of course they were informed of everything—of what we were going to do and that I wanted all our men to join, etc. Yesterday morning a note came from Mario saying that having seen a proclamation from Garibaldi asking for arms and men he had determined to go with Medici; that Jessie was going with him; that having no time to spare, they wanted me to go to them before they sailed. I went accordingly; found Jessie ill, with her face wrapped, etc. I protested—through mere affection for her—against their decision. I spoke of our own far more important enterprise; of the necessity of all our men of principle and intellectual capacity enlisting in it, etc. I communicated to them a telegram stating that Palermo was abandoned by the royal troops; that consequently except the siege of Messina there was nothing more to be done in Sicily, whilst everything was to be done elsewhere, etc., etc. I spoke for one hour. The only objection from Mario was that he had engaged himself to Medici: that he had spoken of it to some volunteers and his absence would be misinterpreted. He was, in fact, convinced by me and acknowledged it. The mere question of pride remained. I asked him to go to Medici—to frankly state that after the Sicilian news he felt the position—and his duties with it—to be changed; that, moreover, his wife was ill and that he wished to remain. I observed that he was leading nobody, responsible for nobody and representing only himself and Jessie. He said he regretted very much his having asked Medici to admit him; but that he had no courage for the interview. I found an officer who volunteered to go to Medici instead. He was accepted, [by Mario] interested, and went. He came back saying that Medici understood perfectly the case and approved of the change,

and of Mario's acting elsewhere. All was then settled. Only Jessie went on lamenting, saying that they would repent, etc. The scheme, however, was utterly abandoned when I left them at eleven in the evening. As soon as I had left, they went, without even leaving a single line of farewell. It was rather bitter to me because I had spoken affection, etc.

The fact is that Mario was thinking of nothing but what people would say of him, and Jessie was dreaming of Mario dominating Garibaldi and having an important rôle there. I did not like her at all last night, and something like a will has come down from this day between her and me. I wanted to tell you all this because it has rather affected me and because it is like talking with you.

Profumo and Maran[zoni]: wish to be remembered to you. The latter has been ill and unable to go with Medici. The expedition of the other night numbered more than two thousand men. Other small nuclei are continuously coming from Malta and other points. Fabrizi has landed too. All this costs immensely and is done with the subscribed money. The Government are doing nothing—not resisting the movement. Other thousands would go if steamers could be had easily; with all the rest. These organizations are quickly done, as much almost as if they were done by the Government. The Italians are good, only misguided. No, Nicotera is not yet free; the *croisière* [the Pope's Government] forbidding any attempt on the islands. But unless they take him to Naples he soon will be so.

12th. The expedition was nearly three thousand, and two hundred were left; there was no room for them.

I have received £400 with a note from William, and it is through him that I send you this. . . . I really think that it would be better for Emilie to remain a little longer in London, near you. In Italy the hot season approaches and as far as other things are concerned she could not be with Venturi. He is and will be wandering and must be alone.

Dear, this is only a long scrap, but of myself I have nothing to say. My life, although very busy, is really so monotonous, physically and morally, that there is really nothing to record. Jessie's affair has been an event, and politically I am, as you know, working towards a certain aim which owing to the means being in other people's hands I can never be absolutely sure of reaching until the very day in which it will begin to become a reality.* . . . I feel an exile with all the useless longings of one.

* In her *Memoir of Mazzini* E. A. V. states that, recommencing his labours for the fourth time, Mazzini, appealing only to the patriotism of Italian men and women, equipped and officered a body of 8000 men to enter the Roman States. The men raised and equipped by his first three efforts having been dispatched to Sicily.

Let any one who reads my "Doveri" be duly informed that the end is contained in No. 69 and not in No. 70 of the *Unitd.* No. 70 ought to be read before the other. So much for Quadrio's proceedings.

Tell me some time before, the *when* of your going to the country. Love to Emilie and James and a fond kiss to Joe.

Ever your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in London. From Genoa. June 15th, 1860.

DEAREST EMILIE,

You know by this time the sudden departure of Jessie. By and bye you will be able to write to her at Palermo, I hope. I am so glad of your being with Caroline, and although the cause of your stopping is sorrowful and disagreeable [her divorce suit] still, do not grieve too much at your not being able to come here so early as you thought. You would, most likely, be unable to see either him [Venturi] or me for a while. August will have made, I fancy, matters clearer. I receive letters from Venturi; very practical always and satisfactory. I have nothing special to tell you, dear; of general politics I speak to Caroline. I think the "Doveri" [his beautiful exposition *The Duties of Man*] would be rather useful amongst the working classes: only a preface must let them know that they were written for Italians; or omissions, etc., might take place [be made]. I am indulging in hopes that your health is improving a little; do not disappoint them; and if a real deep affection will in the least help, you have it, dear, from your

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. From Genoa. June 15th, 1860.

There is a rumour to-day that one of the steamers is captured by the Neapolitan cruisers; but besides its being a vague rumour, it cannot refer to Medici's expedition. His ships were still, on the 13th, at Cagliari in Sardinia, I don't know why. But I shall be rather uneasy until I hear of the safe landing. They are just now rather alarmed at my presence in Italy and, whilst I am working for monarchical Unity, abusing me daily in the Government papers. I really feel sick at the whole concern—at the position in which I am—at the vile abuse which is poured upon me whilst I am sacrificing all the dreams of my life for Unity's sake—and more than that, at the weakness and fluctuations of the men without whose means nothing can be done—at the loss of precious time, at difficulties arising every day. Cosenz will most

likely be the military leader [for the expedition on the mainland] : once in action he is excellent ; before, a new bother. He is hesitating from nature, suspicious, crochety, susceptible, always fearful of being deceived and dragged where he does not like to go : and—I feel it by instinct—not loving me. I am therefore to work concealedly more than ever. And on the other side, the three-fourths of the young Lombards, Venetians, Genoese and others, enlisting and receiving my instructions, are mine in heart and believing that they are going to embark at last in action under my guidance. I shall have, instead, to go with them in a sort of concealed way, shunning any mark of interest or demonstration. I shall do it throughout all the Roman States and only recover my individual liberty to a certain extent beyond the Neapolitan frontier—if I reach it. Well, the great thing at all events for Italy is that we aggress the Papal question and the Neapolitan one : that we break with the wish of the Government, with Diplomacy, with Louis Napoleon, and that we drive Piedmont to the necessity of displeasing Louis Napoleon and breaking with him, or of unmasking [themselves] and breaking with the country. The multitudes who are really wanting to act are now finding the sea and the want of steamers before them. A land-valve once open to them they will throw themselves through it. “*Pour toutes les raisons*” I submit and shall submit to anything. Amen !

One thing more, dear, for justice’s sake. Do not react against individuals. Bertani, I believe, is good, and becoming even affectionate to me. He unavoidably yields—as I do—to the tide. He would most likely cease receiving money if he *confessed* me. The terror spread around my name is such that he is literally besieged by visitors and correspondents alarmed at his being secretly at work with me. And do not accuse the whole of the Italian people ; I meet with multitudes of loving, devoted volunteers, working men, etc. With a democratic initiative the people, free and called upon to express their feelings, would bother me with ovations. So do not blame them too much. . . .

To Emilie. Seems June 19th, 1860.

EMILIE DEAR,

I send the few words for Weill [whose “*Guerre des Paysans*” he had suggested should be translated for some popular magazine]. Whatever value they may have it is better that you send them. But how can you translate and come to Italy ? Never mind : yours is the decision ; mine is to send what I am asked for by you.

I do not think that Mario runs away from danger ; I believe

he has ambition and that Garibaldi has become their *point de mire* [aim]. You admire my softness and meekness ; alas ! alas ! lament it : grieve over it, dear. It is nothing to me, dead as I am to these things. I have had too many.

I do not advise, dear ; the only thing I want is that you get strong in health, and I heard so much of your style of travelling that I think you will ruin the little you have gained by physical rest.

Cosenz is the most wavering, weak creature possible, and without knowing it. I do not see him, he actually makes me frantic. But I cannot now explain. Forgive this hurried scrap and believe in the true affection of your chosen brother

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. From Genoa. June 19th, 1860.

The expedition of Medici was composed of an American Clipper, a little steamer, and two large steamers. The Clipper and the little steamer have been captured by a Neapolitan cruiser : the Clipper was containing 1000 Volunteers ; the arms and ammunition thrown overboard. The commander was a man called Corte, come recently from London and known, I think, to Saffi. Had the Volunteers gone by land this would not have happened : but as the Government does not want to have the Papal territory violated, people like Medici, Cosenz, etc., do not choose to take the best way. I don't know what the *Times* correspondent, who made you frantic, was saying about me—but here, hostile papers choose to call me “fratricide.” Do not anathematize all Italy. There are two Italies : the *official* one, who are masters for the time being of the Employments, of the army, of the press, and so on ; and the other composed of the working classes, of the Volunteers, of all those who want to act. This Italy is specially good, and in certain things admirable. The *Unità Italiana* gives you from time to time specimens of it : poor sailors refusing payment for their work concerning the expeditions : young men who were walking and who, seeing the expedition sailing, followed just as they were, and so on. The sums of money subscribed for Sicily or for the Italian Cause are really very large, and coming almost all from the comparatively poor : the wealthy give very little. The *popolo* is good, very good : misled and ignorant, but with all the virtue of self-sacrifice, daring, etc., which with a little intellectual improvement or a better leadership, will certainly make a great people. Since he is in Sicily Garibaldi has not written to me, nor I to him except three days ago. In Sicily, out of camp, he is weak as usual : he signs bold decrees and—except for the few who are

ours and who were there before the others—he everywhere employs people who will not carry them out; the very men who ruined the revolution of 1848. With friends he privately curses La Farina as having deprived him of Nice, and smiles to him in public: whilst his frowning would be quite enough to turn him out of the island. Savi, Mosto, Crispi, and Nicotera—from whom I heard yesterday, entreat me to go there. I do not want to go *now*; I cannot, even for the sake of doing good, go and fight for ascendancy. I shall not go anywhere nor do anything except through *action*. Meanwhile Cosenz refuses the leadership on account of the disapproval of the Government. Dear, do not make me regret my “*sfogo*,” and do not believe that I feel too Learishly the ungratefulness of the people or the somewhat false position in which I find myself. I really do not care too much about it. I do not wish for anything from my countrymen or from public opinion. What grieves and torments me sometimes is the uncertainty of what I am trying to forward—my seeing that had I the means in my hands I would have already done the thing; my being at the mercy of other weak, irresolute persons; my having, consequently, to be uncertain up to the last moment.

Of course Quadrio sends his love. He goes on opening as many of my letters as go through his hands, and declares naïvely that he succeeded in deciphering the last from Peter—which is more than many people can do. He is strong and *alerte* as he was when you were seeing him, only more deaf, and as he wants to catch all the names pronounced before him by me when in intercourse with others, “*c’est grave*.”

To the society of sparrows I have added two hens—I have always been fond of hens—whom I feed after dinner sometimes with bread and wine to strengthen their constitutions against shocks and adversities. . . .

To Emilie, who had just reached Genoa. June, 1860.

Dear, I write at a late hour, in the new abode, which by night is always sad to me; and *intontito** to the highest degree. I have been in a constant whirlwind of people and talking, besides, with the most consoling news in the morning and the most distressing in the night. But what I write for is this: I feel somehow, as though you were angry with me; I don’t know why. I was dreadfully disappointed last night in seeing you so late and with so many people. I wanted to see you the first time alone. [Mazzini was living concealed in the house of a friend, but met the political circle at Dr. Bertani’s, late at night.] Then

* The nearest equivalent in English is “out of sorts.”

I made attempts in the beginning to delay the political question till the day after, but Nicotera would not. I could neither speak to you nor look at you. The same thing happened with Sarina : I had no pleasure in her. To-day, too, the friends had the bad taste to remain present. In the evening I thought you would come but I scarcely could wish for it, so crowded was the room. Write a line to me, will you ? I suppose this evening I shall be there again. When did you hear from London ? Since a letter of the third I have nothing. Write anything, dearest Emilie, you can about yourself, etc. I foresee that we shall never see one another alone now. Another sad disappointment is that circumstances compelling me to change plans, the war will be most likely at the beginning a mountain war, in which it is impossible I should take part. I fear I shall have to wait till some steps have been gained, to share in some risk—which I want supremely. I am altogether unsettled, and deluded* in almost everything. Ever your loving

JOSEPH.

Several undated notes, evidently belonging to this time, reveal some of Mazzini's efforts to secure the solace of a little private family talk with Emilie. Wearied out as he was with political struggles, a breath of the "home" atmosphere was the one refreshment possible to him.

Dear, What can we do ? Where can we meet ? The moon shines full and broad on the heath—that is on the Acquasola. However, see the bearer. He would come and take you there daringly at ten o'clock or so. I would meet you there, and after exhausting ourselves with walking, we would remove to the "death-bed" of Bertani. . . .†

Dear, is my plan right for this evening ? The Acquasola is near Enrichetta ; and does not the idea of a walk there before going to Bertani's fascinate you ? Answer one word, at all events, please.

Dearest Emilie, Unless at Bertani's, I do not think we can meet anywhere this evening. From nine to half-past eleven I am bound to see people. How are you ? Do not come out if you

* Mazzini frequently employs the word deluded for disappointed.

† Bertani had for some time been suffering from internal catarrh and obliged to keep to his bed. Although excessively weak physically, his mind remained clear and active, able to cope with a stupendous amount of organizing work, and intent on the service of Garibaldi.

are unwell. If not, tell the bearer and somebody will come to take you there. . . .

DEAREST EMILIE,

At Bertani's, then, for this night. The man who brings me your note brings two appointments which will keep me all the evening. To-morrow it will be better to come to me in the evening. But I shall send word as to the hour, etc., to-morrow morning, or tell you this night. Ever your loving
Jos.

To Caroline. From Genoa. June 25th, 1860.

I gave you, the same day as the *Unità* had it without my knowing, the news about Nicotera. Nicotera is a Neapolitan, dear. He would most likely have come to me, but he and others wrote to me insisting for my going there and they thought I would go.

I am tormented by Bertani and all, in a way which cannot be described. You know, at least in embryo, my scheme. It is a vital one. It is accepted. A mass of work has been done; a mass of elements prepared for that. Meanwhile every now and then schemes of direct expeditions to Sicily come afloat. Leading military men like Medici, Cosenz, etc., prefer to do what is approved by the Government, propose to go and require help. Bertani, weak as all men are, dares not refuse, and gives it. One day he has money or material for our scheme, the next he has nothing. And this is not enough. The elements, organized, God knows with what amount of labour by me, are swept away by every expedition which takes place towards Sicily. It is Penelope's web. Moreover, I am attacked, tormented, bothered to death by our men who come to complain that we give dreams instead of realities. If I speak the truth to Bertani he reacts, and we quarrel. Meanwhile all the means are in his hands: alone I can do nothing. . . .

Did you notice that in his last proclamation to the "Cacciatori dell' Alpi," Garibaldi has dropped the usual "Viva Victor Emmanuel" and substituted "Italia una e libera"? Very good, if it lasts. Caldesi is in prison in Naples. He was on the clipper. Libertini pretends that he is frantic for action. Meranz: writes ferocious notes about my not leading him to die; he says that his mother has ordered him to do so, and that he is too respectful a son not to abide by her wish. Cattabene is here: breathing action very loudly through his cravat and waistcoat: tell Bessie, please.*

* After the siege of Rome Cattabene found refuge in England. The Ashursts liked him and admired his good looks, but deplored, and probably mildly teased him about his stoutness which might have been overcome, as he was young.

Of course I do not see him, but he has a brother far better and more resolute than he is, who will, I suppose, act with us—if ever we do act. . . .

To Caroline. From Genoa. July 1st, 1860.

I am still overpowered by work which cannot be delayed and which has come suddenly from many points to me. Besides this, Nicotera, etc., take time, too. I have been seeing Nicotera every day since he came: he is even better than he was, faithful to his creed. He was offered by Garibaldi the rank of commander of a brigade which is to land on the continent; he refused unless Garibaldi consented to drop from his programme the *Viva Vittore Emanuele*. With me he is at work, but the difficulties are now immense from the Government being decidedly averse to any attempt of the kind we mean. Yesterday night, moreover, I could not avoid Frapolli; he caught me at Bertani's. Of course *il segreto è finito*. Frapolli has become the greatest *brouillon* possible: he is a Ministerialist, a Bonapartist—anything. Of course professing all the time to be ours and to plot for our triumph.*

Never mind the Italians and their ungratefulness. My defence of them may seem commonplace and flat, but the great and not at all commonplace argument for not caring about it is that I do not care about anything—but affection. . . .

In the month of June the prisoners in the Favignano had been set free, and Alberto Mario, in his graphic book *The Red Shirt*, gives a moving description of the arrival upon the terrace roof in Palermo—where Garibaldi spent most evenings—of a group of eight pallid, emaciated men, who all demanded to be set where they could strike a blow at the enemy. Antonio Mosto, leader of the Genoese Carabineers, took them at once into his company, excepting Nicotera, who was sent north to organize the volunteers in Tuscany. He went first to Genoa to interview Mazzini, and make sure of his ideas, for, clinging hard to his old republican faith, he with difficulty accepted the actual programme.

* Frapolli was one of the men Cavour sent to Garibaldi while the latter was vacillating in the Villa Spinola, Quarto. Frapolli's mission was to dissuade Garibaldi from going to Sicily; for Sirtori, who from the first took a gloomy view of Garibaldi's chances in the island had been interviewing Cavour and damping his semi-willingness for the guerilla leader to try to fan to a conflagration the insurrection Pilo was sustaining. Cavour well knew what troublous complications might follow upon the death of Garibaldi, the people's hero, should disaster supervene.

To Emilie, then in Genoa, for her birthday. July 6th, 1860.

Dearest Emilie, let me keep whilst I can, the sweet tradition and greet you democratically on this morning, as I always did. Do not smile epigrams or feel your dignity offended by the nature of the gift. You give me cravats; why should I not give a modest gown? I have grown dreadfully utilitarian of late, and I shall be glad if this absurd thing spares you a few *lire* of yours, and is good at least for the house. Besides, I like the thought of your wearing something of mine. And so take my little gift with a blessing and plenty of true, deep affection. Ah! how gladly would I have come myself! And to be in my own native land and town? . . .

Bless you, dearest Emilie; may you be some day happy in the only happiness you can have.

Ever your fond brother, Joseph.

If we *can* meet either at Bertani's or at Quadrio's horrid place, or at Enrichetta's, or at any other place you can fancy, tell me. I must see somebody between nine and ten this evening, but I can change the hour. In fact it is yours to decide with the bearer.

Dear, Garibaldi has spoken delay. Bertani yields. It is both individually and collectively, ruin. I never felt more the bitterness, the "scoramento" [disheartenment] of finding myself in another man's hand.

To Caroline. From Genoa. July 9th, 1860.

Things are going on very badly with me and my scheme. When I thought that we were on the eve—to the point of summoning officers by telegraph—an order of Garibaldi reaches Bertani enjoining delay [for the movement against the Papal States] and claiming immediately the greater part of our muskets.* Of course they have been bought with the Garibaldi fund money: Bertani is merely his agent and he obeys. I have nothing in my hands except the Glasgow money; it would require at least £4000 more to enable me to act spite of them all. So I have nothing left but to submit, feel unable to vent my rage even in curses, keep quiet and feel sinking and discouraged to a point which I cannot express. Besides my own individual disappointment, my position towards the organized people, etc., the thing is really bad for Italy. A mass of localist, Muratist, and other intrigues, is going on in Naples, and if things are allowed to settle down there somehow, anyhow, we shall have to regret

* The muskets with which The Thousand had been provided were out of date and very bad.

deeply the lost time. Naples would be ours now through any attempt of ours : we shall have to *conquer* the whole kingdom at a later period. I feel my powerlessness very bitterly. *Que cela ne tienne* ; it was to be so.

Meanwhile, if the news is true, there is a truce of forty days between Naples and Sicily at the suggestion of Louis Napoleon ; and if Garibaldi has signed it, it is one of the greatest mistakes possible. What Louis Napoleon, Cavour, and *hoc genus omne* want, is to prevent what they call revolution from spreading. They will settle an alliance or something between Piedmont and Naples, and substitute a confederation of Kings to our long sought-for Unity. Garibaldi continues to be in intercourse with the King and yields, most likely, to his suggestions. There is, in his heart, spite of his recently renewed declarations of friendship, a feeling of jealousy of me which is really unintelligible to me. Listening to our scheme of action, as unfolded by a friend of mine sent to Palermo on purpose from here, he said in a sort of sad tone, "Ah yes, it is what I have been told twelve years ago—we shall do better than you." I do not remember any such expression from me ; and it is not in my nature to have uttered it ; but twelve years ago we had, after his coming out of Lombardy and stating to me that he was leaving for Genoa, a conversation in which I said, most likely, "very well, we shall try to do something without you." If Bertani is driven to resign his agency I really don't know what I shall do with myself. If all hopes of carrying out my design should vanish I should still feel obliged to try something else, and to exhaust all chances before taking the decision of running away from my country to yours—for ever. It may be that I go to Naples.

The rumour of a six weeks' truce at the suggestion of Napoleon had a real basis in the desire of that ruler to preserve the Bourbon *régime* at Naples, provided always that it existed under French influence ; and the Neapolitan diplomatists desired that the Western Powers should insist on a truce in order that they might secure time to carry through elections, etc. Already the differences between Francis II. and the liberal faction had brought about the surrender of Sicily to a force ludicrously inferior in numbers and equipment ; and now all parties felt that the one chance of survival for either King or Ministers, lay—as Mazzini knew—in patching up some sort of Constitution that would enable other Kings and Governments to support them, and stop the career of the people's hero. Hence every wire of diplomacy

and partisan interest was being pulled first by one, then by another, Garibaldi being the cynosure of the intriguers.

Although the Neapolitans would rise for no one else, and resisted the intrigues of Cavour when he presently exhausted all attempts to rouse them, they would have risen quickly, as he soon came to realize, under Garibaldi, or a competent leader acting for him. The finessing from Turin not only lost precious time, but before long nearly caught Cavour's own feet in a snare, woven by himself, in regard to England, that would have crushed his newborn intentions and been fatal to Italy.

To Caroline. From Genoa. July 16th, 1860.

I have your sweet, half-reproachful note of the 11th. I know that I was unusually silent during the time that you were so yourself, and I was expecting a letter every day. I would have been restless and writing more frequently, only I knew from Emilie that all was right. How this note, dated the 11th, reaches only on the 16th, I cannot account for. Dear, this one solitary instance excepted, you cannot complain of me for not writing. Most of yours are one little sheet like this, and even when they are of larger size, remember your hand-writing as compared with mine. I certainly write five times more than you do. Mind, "je n'attaque pas; je me défends." I have, besides, unavoidably much to do and often go to bed at half-past three.

I did not think that Matilda's birthday was coming so early. I had the date of the 20th in my mind. I am sorry for my mistake. I would have written a little note: a present without it is worth scarcely anything. Thanks for what you did. I have no news of Emilie, but I suppose she is by this time with Mrs. Nathan near Leghorn. According to what Georgina [Saffi's wife, née Craufurd] says, one at least, of my notes has been lost.

Things are going on slowly, still, going. Garibaldi is no doubt guilty of hesitation and wavering. But such a net has been spread around him! You will understand the position if you glance at the correspondence in the *Unità*. The first [Sicilian] Ministry, as you know, was mainly ours; Crispi, Orsini [Giordano Orsini, no relation to Felice], etc. Terror sprang up in the camp. Cavour sent La Farina. La Farina is hated by Garibaldi. Still he received him. La Farina organized an *émeute* against Crispi; Garibaldi had the weakness of yielding. He had the weakness of choosing Amari—not the historian—an ultra-Moderate, as his representative in Turin. The new Ministry

were men once belonging to what we call the "Independentists" or Separatist party, now Piedmontese, but always with a lurking feeling of Sicilianism. All the men of 1848, all those who ruined, through want of energy and leaning to diplomacy, the revolution of that year, were sent on war-ships of the Government. Garibaldi was almost overcome. But they went too far. The order to arrest me, Jessie and Mario—the war made to his delegate Bertani by calumniating him to Garibaldi—the threatening contained in the letter of Admiral Persano which you must have seen quoted in the *Unità*—the furious preaching in the La Farinian organs against Savi, and the very same men who have saved from overthrow the Sicilian insurrection—aroused him: and he shipped off La Farina at once. The new Cabinet is a transition towards our element: Errante, Interdonato, Amari the historian, are neither ours nor entirely theirs.

The whole question is this.

There is an understanding between Cavour and Louis Napoleon. I know to a certainty—just as in the case of Plombières—the existence of a second treaty between them. I do not know the articles. I only know that on certain unknown terms a hope is given to Louis Napoleon that Genoa will be yielded to him. But whatever the compact is, the first thing for them is to prevent our getting National Unity, and the element of popular insurrection becoming the initiating one. Thence the Neapolitan Constitution * and the proposal of a Royal Confederation: thence all possible artifices to prevent Garibaldi landing on the continent—the agitation for immediate annexation, [of Sicily to Piedmont] which would give the right of preventing it [Garibaldi's reaching the continent] to the Government—the decision taken in Turin of depriving Bertani † of his agency and consequently of money, arms, etc., immediately after the annexation—the circulars sent to all the authorities at the frontiers ordering them to avert by persuasion, or to *écraser* by force, all attempt on our part to cross and attack the territory of the Pope—and so on. Reckoning as they do on annexation, therefore on their being absolute masters in Sicily, they help all expeditions to the island because they take away all the elements on which we reckoned for our operations, and they hope to cluster and seclude in a corner of the land all the *turbulent* and dangerous young men. And of course they are, in that, successful. By giving the watchword "Sicily

* Francis II. of Naples was practically driven by Louis Napoleon to proclaim a constitutional form of Government, June 25.

† As early as June 28 Cavour had threatened that he would stop all supplies from Government stores, and even prevent the embarkation of volunteers if Garibaldi retained Bertani as his agent. Being extremely angered by the La Farina affair (July 7) he did stop supplies, though, as he still desired to use Garibaldi, he permitted reinforcements of men to start for Sicily.

and Garibaldi" they very easily drive there all our elements ; we cannot give our secret out to all. Besides, Bertani being bound to Garibaldi and Sicily, and Garibaldi being flattered at the thought of being at the head of an army, is compelled to give, for each successive Sicilian expedition, the money and the material in store for our own scheme. I, like the spider, begin again to spin, every time, the web.

The question for me then, is this : (1) To prevent the safe, regular establishment of the constitutional régime in Naples. It would, on our side, by awakening all the petty local interests and ambitions, prove at a later period, a serious obstacle to Unity ; on the other side it would, by its being a provisional state of things, leave the field open to the Muratist intrigues promoted by Louis Napoleon : (2) To convince Garibaldi that he must land before the annexation is proclaimed : (3) To break every possibility of a renewed alliance between Piedmont and Louis Napoleon or to compel the Piedmontese Monarchy to unmask the alliance under the most unfavourable, anti-national conditions : (4) To cause the initiating power to pass from the hands of the Piedmontese Government to the People.

The scheme, as you know, answers all these aims. Such is the present struggle, in which every delay is damaging us. Had the money been in my own hands instead of in Bertani's, the thing would have been already done.

Still, if you want my opinion—not certainty—concerning the future, here it is :

Spite of all difficulties, and through a series of patient, almost self-degrading efforts of mine which make this period the most meritorious of my life before God, I think I shall realize my scheme. I think that Garibaldi will land—I think that an insurrectionary period will take place—I think that Italy will be all in an uproar—and that we shall reach Unity—

The next step will be (if Imperial France still exists at the time) a war with Imperial France—

Englishmen might do much for us. Besides the subscriptions they might, should there be friends in contact with the Government, convince the English Ministers that we hate Louis Napoleon, that our going on to Unity is unavoidable—that movement towards it ought to be helped—and that by helping it England would get the most effectual barrier against Imperial encroachment and against such propositions as "*La Méditerranée est un lac Français*," and so on. We might be helped by England asking Louis Napoleon to leave Rome—by her declaring openly that whatever events take place in the Centre and in the South, she will not allow France to interfere. We might be helped by her giving, lending, selling—with time granted for

payment—some ten thousand Enfields. We might be helped at least by their keeping an ominous silence, and not talking nonsense like Lord John Russell, about the difficulty of our uniting the North and South of Italy. But it is all useless. Nothing shall ever be done. Lord John will talk nonsense to extinction and honourable members will say “hear, hear.” England will go on talking beautiful things about “Liberty for all Europe” and allow Louis Napoleon to do what he likes; and we shall have to sink or swim by ourselves. In all this I, individually, regret nothing except the sojourn of the French at Rome. . . .

My two sparrows are getting more friendly: one especially, my favourite, because he is deprived of his tail. I take him up very often, at which he pretends to be raging and pecks me very hard; then, when I open my hand he remains there and will not stir. He, or it, never goes to his cage in the evening unless put there by me. This is all my amusement and emotion. . . .

The manner of La Farina's deportation from Sicily may be open to question, but the wisdom of the Dictator's freeing himself from the coil cannot be doubted. Trevelyan relates that “Garibaldi endured La Farina for a month, and then his patience gave way. . . . He was determined to advance on Naples and make Italy, and if Cavour's agent strove to lock him up in Sicily by arousing there a movement for premature annexation, the man must take the consequences. He decided to send him back to his master.

“On July 7 La Farina's house was surrounded by the police; he was made prisoner, taken on board the Piedmontese flagship and handed over to Admiral Persano, from whom La Farina's captors had the impudence to demand a ‘receipt’ for his person. . . . For the decision to deport La Farina there was much to be said. It restored political peace at Palermo, and cut short a controversy which could not be safely conducted in the face of the enemy, who had still 20,000 troops in the island. . . .”

Garibaldi, while still suffering under the infliction of La Farina, received a request, which he can only have regarded as a curiously mistaken insult, from La Farina's chief. Cavour had been undergoing a protracted fever of longing to sweep Mazzini out of the way—a malady in which Louis Napoleon shared; indeed the symptoms sometimes grew even stronger in the latter than in the eager Piedmontese. Cavour knew that Mazzini must be in Italy though his agents continually failed to discover

him, for those of Napoleon had ascertained with certainty that he was not in London, nor did they think that he was in the Tessin. They therefore supposed him to be embarking on the *Washington*, with Medici and Mario, to join Garibaldi.

It should be a matter of satisfaction to America to know that one of her sons enabled the purchase of three vessels—rechristened by American names—that carried some of the Volunteers in this year of wonders; and that an American Consul exhibited his own flag on one of them. These three ships met safely, as appointed, at Cagliari in Sardinia, whence they sailed on June 16 for Castellamare. But on nearing the coast of Sicily a Piedmontese war-ship approached the *Washington* and the commander came on board. Carrying out instructions from Admiral Persano who was instructed by Cavour, he requested Medici to hand Mazzini over to arrest. Medici proffered the assurance that Mazzini was not with the expedition; but as soon as his force had landed in the island and been welcomed by Garibaldi, the same demand was ventured upon to the Dictator.

To La Farina's credit—though perhaps we should not be wrong in attributing it to want of sufficient boldness—he refused to put forward this request, insisting that Persano should, in fact, do the thing himself. It is not difficult to conjure up the image of the Dictator's lion-like countenance, and the fire of his singular blue eyes, as he listened to words which, even pledged as he was to the King, must have struck him as amazing. But he steeled himself against the smart, and perhaps the warning he must have felt, for he did not seem to have yet awakened to the truth that diplomatic men usually measure others by themselves, and that minds which could conceive him capable of such a treachery must necessarily be capable of treachery themselves.

The lesson of Aspromonte lay in the future.

To Caroline. After the letter of July 16th, 1860.

I wrote a long political letter to you, the conclusion of which was less discouraging than the preceding one. I confirm my predictions. All is going on to the solution smoothly enough, the only serious obstacle still being a decided opposition from Cavour. The how to surmount the obstacle is left to me and I shall try to manage. I make war to him and offer peace to everybody else; and if you read the *Unità* you will have guessed

some article of mine, not signed, but preaching action to everybody and preparing the ground for our affair. It is not improbable that Cavour will fall before long. As he is bound to Louis Napoleon, *that* would cut the knot at once and ruin the Imperialist influence. Altogether I think it difficult for him or them to stop the onward movement, although as far as we are concerned, *entre la coupe et les lèvres*, there may arise plenty of untoward accidents. We have a sprinkle of French Republicans, La Flette and others, coming to take service in Sicily or elsewhere. They begin to feel that the initiative is here.

Yes, I have the *Macmillan*—the article is good, but why did he put so many inexactitudes like that of poor Bentivegna fighting still? Bentivegna was shot in his attempt; he behaved nobly; there were medals struck in his honour; and this is an instance of how the fate of these poor martyrs and precursors are forgotten. I saw a crown of *immortelles* sent by the Genoese working-men to Sicily for poor Rosolino's tomb. Dear, Morici, who is travelling on our account, went the other day to Bologna, and there, after an interview with *doctrinaires*, he had to see the Capi-popolo: hemp-makers, bakers, and washing-men. He began to say he thought of course they were all of our faith, when five or six drew from their pockets as an answer, copies of my despised *Parole ai Giovani* and threw them on the table before him. "There is our faith," they said. I do write this, dear, merely because I know that you like to hear it: don't tax me with *amor proprio* or vanity. I never had a shadow of it in me—but even if I had it would have died long ago. . . .

To Caroline. July 26th, 1860.

I wrote to you about my position at such length! However, Cavour is doing everything he can to obtain annexation and to obtain from Garibaldi that he does not land on the continent. I am told that spite of the King pretending himself antagonistic to Cavour, he has been prevailed upon to write an autograph letter to Garibaldi for the same purpose. Will Garibaldi yield to his good or to his evil genius? But instead of going to the continent he lingers to take Milazzo, which he will of course achieve, but only when he has such a loss of brave men! Almost all our Genoese Carabinieri have been killed—Mosto and Savi, happily excepted. If left free Cavour will no doubt yield to Napoleon's scheme of an alliance between Naples and Piedmont, and announce thus Italian Unity. Meanwhile, foreseeing the case in which the popular element will prevail, there has been concocted a secret treaty like that of Plombières. You will have seen it by

this time, translated in your papers from ours. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the text, but the substance is true. I had the communication of it at the same time that Garibaldi had it from quite a different source. I am moreover told that there is in Cavour's office a map of Italy with Genoa and Spezia marked in blue with the word France written on that part of our land.

Yes, it is very good that Garibaldi sent away La Farina, and it is a triumph for us who initiated the war against him; but we must have a higher and more difficult triumph—the overthrow of Cavour. Whilst he remains the Bonapartist influence is there.

I am fighting my weakness with bark—but do not think from my yielding that I am really ill and *avvilito*. I take it in vermouth. The possibility of having something to do makes me ready to yield to outward pressure—from Nicotera, who goes and buys and sends back the vermouth and everything.

Either my letters have not been received at all or women are the most hard hearted things in the world. Except from you, good and faithful one, not one word reaches me. Did you see in the *Unità* the touching scene of the old mother of a Volunteer killed by a companion, of course accidentally, going to the trial and adopting the Volunteer?

I begin to think I am not fit for any task except for that of encouraging with my presence those who like me—something like the drum with Ziska's skin—and nothing more.

Male: delays on delays I fear. I had yesterday night a military conversation which has enraged me. Seventeen hundred muskets of ours have been seized by Ricasoli. . . .

In the middle of the month Cavour instructed Admiral Persano to prevent Garibaldi crossing the Straits, as he himself intended “at all costs” to excite revolution in Naples, so that, apart altogether from the Red Shirts, Victor Emmanuel's Government might be proclaimed there. A few days later he read the situation more accurately, and understood that without Garibaldi as the King's tool, the “chestnuts” which he suddenly saw the chance of obtaining, could not be pulled out of the fire. Garibaldi might burn his fingers, but . . . they would not be the King's fingers. He therefore drew Victor Emmanuel into a little plan for publicly forbidding the Dictator to cross the Straits while secretly urging him to do so.

The King sent two letters to Garibaldi, the private and vital one being as follows:

"To the Dictator General Garibaldi.

"Now, having written as King, Victor Emmanuel suggests to you to reply in this sense, which I know is what you feel. Reply that you are full of devotion and reverence for your King, that you would like to obey his counsels, but that your duty to Italy forbids you to promise not to help the Neapolitans, when they appeal to you to free them from a Government which true men and good Italians cannot trust: that you cannot therefore obey the wishes of the King, but must reserve full freedom of action."

To this Garibaldi replied as desired, ending with the words, Allow me then, Sire, this time to disobey you. As soon as I shall have fulfilled what I have undertaken, by freeing the peoples from a hated yoke, I will lay down my sword at your feet and obey you for the rest of my life."

But now the great danger to Cavour's new-born plans lay in the fact that English Ministers, listening to Louis Napoleon, who was all anxiety to arrest the career of Sicily's Dictator, believed that they would be serving Piedmont's interest and acting as most desired, by joining France in a naval mission to guard the Straits of Messina against him. Cavour, learning by accident that a treaty to this end was all but signed, rushed to Sir James Hudson.* Sir James suggested instructing Lacaita, an old friend of Lord John and Lady Russell, to explain in strict confidence to the former the change of policy at Turin. Sir James Lacaita, for years resident in London, contrived to see Lady Russell (who was ill in bed) at the very moment when her husband sat closeted with the French Minister. From her room she sent an urgent word downstairs that frightened Lord John. He, thinking that she had become worse, hastened from his study to find the most surprising visitor with her Ladyship. Lacaita poured out all the fears and hopes that were now agitating Turin, and Lord John, finally understanding the real wishes of his *confrère* and of Piedmont's King, sent the emissary home to bed—for he, too, was ill—with more than a hint of reassurance.

To the world, Lord John presently appeared to take his stand upon the useful, hackneyed "principle" of non-intervention, a principle that would not have remained in his way had the breezes of diplomacy blown from a different quarter.

These incidents are instructive for the student of Mazzini, to

* The British Minister at Turin.

the splendour of whose life-long dream, a United Italy, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel had been—one may say—rudely awakened. Instead of limiting the aggrandizement of Piedmont to the North of the Peninsula, they were now resolved to utilize the alarming patriotism so carefully cherished by Mazzini, and make it turn the Sardinian crown into the crown of Italy. No one in the actual world of “practical” politics had risen to the conception of Dante, of Macchiavelli, or of the man working almost unseen in their midst, whose influence constantly confronted the courts of Paris and Turin, as well as the several rulers in Italy; but debarred as he was from open appearances, from an open apostolate, Mazzini yet transmitted to the *people* a subtle potency of spirit which misfortunes only seemed to strengthen. We have seen how from the root of “Young Italy” there came the Five Days of Milan, the glorious Roman Republic, the splendid struggle of Venice and all the minor movements that were not less educative; how in 1852 and 1853 men of the professional and middle classes, and men and women of the people, demonstrated in their every action, and by their deaths, a religion of free will dedicated to service. Never, since their publication, had there been a year in which the significance of *The Duties of Man* did not practically assail, through popular movement, Italy’s masters. Mazzini had touched deep springs of feeling in the human heart. Like another and much travestied Gospel, his called men to a reassessment of values, to a sacrifice of outer things for the sake of a glorious self-assertion—to a claim for the means of progressive unfoldment through the exercise of intellect and will. It was his aim to teach men something of their own nature and inheritance as part of that Humanity whom he conceived of as the “Infant of God.” Between him and Cavour, who represented a school of which the Great War has recently taught us the power and effects, there could only be *lutte à outrance*. Both aimed at obtaining material benefits, but in widely different senses. To the astute, intriguing, power-loving diplomat, they represented an end; to Mazzini they were a means, without which the “only absolutely precious thing in the world,” “character, built up and matured in goodness,”* could not be. Liberty imposed would cease to be liberty. Liberty righteously won is an ennobling responsibility. Mazzini intended the peoples of Italy to attain to this. Cavour was now

* Principal Caird.

preparing to exploit current enthusiasm for the dextrous instalment of a new rule that would still divorce thought from action—would still maintain a *politique* destitute of the real virtues, and which would still count “frank lying” as one of the instruments in its tool chest.

To Emilie, then staying with Mrs. Nathan in or near Leghorn. July 27th, 1860.

Dear, I had your note in which you speak of Medici and Venturi. About Medici it is useless to speak any more. He was very dear to me, and his abandonment has wounded me very much. But I shall not think of it nor speak of him any more. About Venturi I have already written. Speak to Nicotera. The only thing I fear is that no opportunity for action shall be found for him or others. We were to act on Monday. A conversation of yesterday night has—to my mind—changed everything. I do not know now the *when*. I feel discouraged to the utmost. I feel the bitterness of a position in which I am a subaltern to the *means* [subordinate to the means], and that when the means are in the hands of a mediocrity unable to understand the problem in our hands.

You will tell me if and when you go to Florence. I shall take care of Bernieri, etc. No tidings of him as yet. Jessie writes from Palermo: she is going to leave for the Ambulanza at Milazzo. Victory there has been won very dearly: too much so, I think. I believe Mario was remaining at the head of the College. Give my love to Sarina and Jeannette. Tell me if the former leaves on the 30th for London. The “Doveri,” as a book,* are out next week. I dare say copies will come to Leghorn and Florence. The edition is not in my hands. Blessings and love from your

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. August 4th, 1860.

I have yours of the 28th–30th July.

The storm in which I have been and still am cannot be described: I can only sketch it. I told you in my last I think, about the King, his assent, his dissent, etc. Since that measures were taken by the Government foreboding the battle. A battalion of Bersaglieri came down to Genoa. Arrest was determined on, in certain cases, against Bertani. Steamers were watched. All at once, whilst we were still preparing to go on

* *The Duties of Man*.

and the mobilization of our men from Parma, etc., had begun, the Minister of the Interior, Farini, came to Genoa and sought for Bertani. A long interview took place in which the Minister stated that he would oppose by force any expedition towards the Roman or Neapolitan frontiers: Louis Napoleon and other powers would [he declared] fall on Piedmont: besides, it was known that I was behind the scenes, etc. The simple answer would have been that as they could not have prevented the four or five expeditions which took place for Sicily changing direction on the high sea, and as our own was *ostensibly* bound for Sicily, they were running no more risk than they were running before. It was, therefore, a war not to the thing itself but to the men who were in it. Now about the intentions, programme, etc., all possible pledges were of course offered, and our settled intention was to end the discussion by saying "let each try to manage." It would have been very difficult for them to oppose [our movement by] force without arousing the population; and I think that they feel already so weak and undetermined that they would have shrunk from the experiment. Things took a different turn, however. Bertani was overwhelmed and ended by a transaction which was that "we should go to a Sicilian harbour, from there go where we liked."

Grazie. [Thanks.]

Bertani announced to me the transaction in the morning in a triumphant way! Now the expedition could not touch Sicily at Milazzo, where Bertani intended to go, without Garibaldi taking it under his command. The fascination of both land and sea action would have divided our forces between those who would have been ready to start again and those who would have chosen to remain. In fact, through plenty of reasons which I cannot explain now, I saw directly that the labour of two months, the aim, the whole scheme, was at an end—destroyed at once, and the whole affair changed into a fifth or sixth reinforcement to Garibaldi who wants none. We would be accused of having practised a vile mystification on our men and of having worked all the while under a compact with the Government.

And I had created a supremacy to Bertani—told everybody to give him money, organized all my men for the purpose of granting to [him] Garibaldi's Minister, what we had refused to Garibaldi himself. Above all that, the great political aim, the Papal question, the overthrow of the alliance, [of Piedmont with France] the destroying of all the Bonapartist scheme, lost. You may imagine all the silent rages and struggles of these days. I, fighting on the most unequal terms; money, steamers, etc., everything out of my hands. And he was pledged to the Minister [Farini]. At the end I succeeded—but it was not much—in obtaining a

written and signed promise that the Expedition would land on an opposite point to that where Garibaldi is, and after having taken up coals and water, etc., it would start back. Days are fixed which make it impossible to seek a contact with Garibaldi. He [Bertani] did the thing reluctantly. I handed the document over to the Central Tuscan Committee. I don't know whether he will keep his word or not. I scarcely understand the state of the affair. The Expedition begins to sail—the Genoese Bersaglieri, four companies—this evening under the law of the compact; and nevertheless measures are taken, Piedmontese Bersaglieri consigned to their barracks, rumours of arrests spread, etc. However, we shall see. If nothing happens all is not lost. The Expedition, will, ten to one, find Garibaldi away from Sicily; and will come *really* back. Besides—but I cannot now say what is in my mind. With Garibaldi I am “*tiepidamente bene*.” He reads my letters three times; never answers them; welcomes people sent by me, but he keeps independent and bent on monopolizing for himself initiative and all. Suppose he goes on? I believe he will. Generally speaking, and whether the actual plans are realized or not, we are getting stronger every day and the onward movement will not be checked. They have twice seized the *Unità*; once for an article of mine on Louis Napoleon, the second time for an article written in my praise by somebody.

Libertini is, in his own country, very active, I must conscientiously declare; and doing good. I have no time. My writing to you is a wonder. Of course I can and shall write a scrap, but I do not like it, and this is the cause of my delaying and not writing so often. I shall send, somehow, the suppressed article, so that you and others may see how the liberty of the press is managed here.

Although Mazzini says “I scarcely understand the state of the affair,” to us, able to scrutinize sources unavailable to him, the wonder is that in his cramped circumstances he could understand so much. Not one incident of these pregnant days was without its complications.

Garibaldi had not ceased to write to Bertani urging him to organize an expedition against the Papal States. A letter of his, dated July 30th, containing an injunction to this effect, got delayed fifteen days in transmission; a delay useful to Cavour, but which plunged Bertani into further uncertainties. Nicotera had gone to Genoa with the full intention, known to and approved by Garibaldi, not only to help to organize Volunteers but to accompany them in the aggression upon the mainland, and

after his departure for Tuscany Bertani's great problem was to find a suitable commander. Cosenz followed Medici to Sicily with a third force dispatched to the Dictator's aid, and Sacchi with a fourth. Bertani could find no one to head the fresh expedition. Nicotera was busy preparing a body of Tuscans to cross the Tuscan frontier, while some thousands of Volunteers, called to assemble in Genoa, were to start by sea, and disembark on Pontifical territory. In Florence, Ricasoli, weary of the Turin delays, allowed Nicotera practically a free hand. "Nor was any formal opposition offered by the Piedmontese Government to the plans laid in Genoa until the eleventh hour. The difficulty of finding a fitting commander still existed. At length it was settled that Colonel Pianciani, a Roman, should take the provisional command until Garibaldi should either come himself or send a man of his own choice. When the steamers were ready, and the Volunteers at Genoa, [except about two thousand who remained in Tuscany] Bertani was informed that the Government . . . intended to prevent, even by force, the departure of any expedition except for Sicily ; and . . . Farini . . . went to Genoa to convince Bertani that persistence on his part would bring about a collision between the Government and the Volunteers." * Bertani sent two messengers to the King. The answer received by one still left him some hope that he could fulfil Garibaldi's wishes and directions. That of the second quenched this hope, whereupon Bertani arranged with Farini that the expedition should steam to the island of Sardinia under Pianciani, while he himself went personally to consult with Garibaldi. Before going he sent both money and arms to Nicotera, but with instructions not to cross into the Papal States until ordered by Garibaldi.

The Dictator was surprised, when Bertani arrived on August 11, to find that he had not received his instructions of July 30, which had run :—

"I hope to cross over to the mainland before the 15th. Strain every nerve to send me muskets here, at Messina or at the Torre di Faro before that time. *With regard to the operations in the Papal States or on the Neapolitan mainland, push them on with the utmost vigour. (Circa alle operazioni negli stati pontifici o napoletani spingete a tutta oltranza.)*"

* J. W. Mario : *Supp. to Autobiography of Garibaldi.*

To Caroline. August 8th, 1860.

Things are going on towards an unknown solution. A bit of the Expedition is sailing every night, going to concentrate, as I told you, on a point of the island of Sardinia, thence to go—where? *Nol so*. It depends on many things which are not totally in my power. Bertani is away in Sicily in search of a *leader* to be given by Garibaldi, believing honestly, that if he succeeds in having this everything will run smooth—which is not true. The opposition of the Government will not cease for that; and then, on a point where there is no centre of population to be excited, the opposition has all the chances in the world of proving overwhelming. *Al peggio andare* [if the worst comes to the worst] these 6000 brave men, collected by the Party of Action, will not be useless: if prevented from landing where I want, they will end I think, on the Neapolitan Continent.

My best compliments to Mr. ———; for the man who can be enthusiastic for the House of Commons is evidently an uncommon man, endowed with a robust faith which is not to be met with frequently. . . .

The moment of Bertani's arrival at the Faro—the point of Sicily projecting to within about two miles of Calabria—was a critical one for the Dictator. Three days before (August 8th), under cover of night, he had sent across two hundred men commanded by a Calabrian, who had previously slipped over to the mainland to arrange matters with his compatriots, and who managed somehow to land his little force in safety. Unfortunately his plans either miscarried or were betrayed, for instead of capturing a fort which should have been accessible to him, his men had to take to the mountains—to the summits of that "Bitter Mount," Aspromonte, one day to be otherwise and more sadly associated with Garibaldi. They were soon joined by considerable numbers of Calabrese under Plutino, a local leader, and once they actually captured an important coast village. Everywhere they received help from the inhabitants, and by the middle of the month half Calabria had risen in revolt.

On August 11th it was a question with Garibaldi of overcoming, for the rest of his force, the almost insuperable difficulty of crossing the Straits in the face of a strong enemy. But he rushed at once with Bertani to the Orange Gulf in Sardinia—with what real intentions can never be clearly known—and there, finding to the surprise of both, that half the Genoese expedition had departed,

escorted by Piedmontese ships to Sicily, he sent the remainder after them, then paid a few hours' visit to his aerie in Caprera. From his self-communing on that lone rock, he returned with plans decided. He sent orders to Nicotera to cross the Papal frontier and precipitate revolt in the Pontifical States, and then bent his whole mind to the problem of crossing the Straits of Messina and so reaching those States by way of the Abruzzi.

He could not credit a fact which had now become clear to Bertani through the situation they had found at the port in the island of Sardinia, namely that Cavour definitely purposed to prevent the Volunteers landing on the peninsula, or, should they succeed in doing so, to stop their further advance.

The workings of Cavour's mind may be inferred from the fact that in transmitting to Garibaldi, through Admiral Persano, his congratulations on the victory of Milazzo, he observed, for the Dictator's benefit, "I do not see how we could hinder him from passing to the continent." Yet on the same day (June 30th), he wrote to the King's Minister in Naples, the Marquis Villamarina, that a national movement must be made to take place in Naples so as to *prevent* the intervention of Garibaldi. He privately instructed Persano to go to Naples and put himself under the direction of the Princess of Syracuse, "the real object being to co-operate in a plan which is to ensure the triumph of the national principle *without the intervention of Garibaldi*." A month later (August 1st), he wrote, "do not assist the passage of Garibaldi to the continent ; on the contrary, use all possible indirect means to retard it."

Meanwhile, all this scheming was carefully cloaked by Victor Emmanuel's remaining on apparently cordial, almost brotherly terms with Francis II., and Admiral Persano's continuing ostensibly to offer Garibaldi every assistance.

On his return from Caprera Garibaldi passed just sufficient hours at Faro to make his instructions clear, then (August 18th) he drove with all speed through Messina to a place thirty miles south, where he had appointed to meet Bixio, whose men had been dealing with a posse of anarchists near to Mount Etna. Two steamers, which had successfully eluded the Neapolitan war-vessels, lay ready at Giardini with Bixio's force aboard ; and at nightfall, Garibaldi in command of one and Bixio of the other, they quietly slipped away from the shore of Sicily to traverse the thirty miles of open

sea that separated them from Melito on the southern coast of Calabria.

To Emilie, in or near Leghorn. From Genoa. August 11th, 1860.

One word of love, dear. I have no time for more. I am exhausted by thinking and writing. As they will tell you, the Expedition is going: the most brilliant possible—6000 men, and well organized. But up to the last moment the whole scheme may be baffled by the Government, Garibaldi, etc. As for me I have been compelled to remain here so long that I do not think I shall be able to come to Leghorn. On Monday—no mischief happening—I shall be in Florence. And it is there that Mrs. Nathan must see me if she chooses. It is better for her than to come to Genoa.

Ah! if you knew the crisis, the changes, the silent and not silent rages of these days! I send a note from Matilda.

Bless you, dear, from heart. Your Joseph.

A few days later:

Dear one, you must feel that I am overwhelmed by work, worn out morally to a point which I dissemble but which is nevertheless a fact—and that I cannot say or do or be towards individuals as I would be in more quiet times. I don't know what will take place in the next few days, whether words given will be kept; arms given back: the Expedition sailing at all. Sailing or not, it is wreck and ruin for all my former plans. I shall tell you more as soon as I can. Love to Sarina and Jenny. Your loving brother,

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. August 15th, 1860.

I am on another point [at another place], as you know by this time. Never mind the place from which the letter comes to you. I have scarcely time for writing. Well—the crisis has come. The Expedition organized with so much sacrifice and care for the Roman States—is in Sicily!

Pianciani, the Commander pro tem., reaching the concentration point in Sardinia, found nobody—not one line from Bertani, who had appointed him and was there on the 23rd—and heard that the Expedition had gone to Sicily. A telegram brings us a few words, meaning that Garibaldi leaves it to our wisdom to act from this side or not to act. And here we are with some two thousand men in barracks, ready, costing more than two thousand francs a day for nourishment, etc., without any money except what

I instinctively saved from the hands of Bertani—and now that they feel that we are alone, with the Government declaring open war to my attempt and threatening us with all possible repressive measure. Comfortable ! To which is added my having no news from England. . . .

The following which is undated, seems to belong here.

Dearest Emilie, Can you send the enclosed to Caroline with not much delay ? I would have seen you to-morrow evening but this dreadful crisis keeps me in suspense about everything. They talk now of dissolving the Volunteers : bad enough : worse still if Nicotera resists and fights ; it would be the death of our Party now. I cannot write anything more. Do not send Venturi back ; and, generally, dear, dear Emilie, leave me entirely free and untutored. I never could, but just now I really cannot bear it. Bless you. Love your loving brother,

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. August 18th, 1860.

Your last was dated the 3rd, and it is rather disheartening for a poor man already disheartened enough, to be told *négligemment*, that after six days you must be short because all your time has been taken up by others. Pazienza ! At all events you and Joe are well, and that is much.

It is here intensely hot, exhaustingly hot. Things go wrong on every side. Weakness, fatality—everything conspires to defeat the aim and destroy the long labour. You remember how Garibaldi has often unconsciously ruined the plan by summoning away to Sicily both men and material. You know from my last letter that when Bertani entered a compact with Farini and sent the Expedition to concentrate in the island of Sardinia he ran off frantically to Sicily in search of Garibaldi. Garibaldi had, meanwhile, sent a dispatch summoning men, steamers, and arms to Messina. The order reached Türr and another man. They, in their turn, telegraphed the order to Sardinia. One of our largest vessels the *Turin*, contained 1500 men, had a Hungarian as Commander. Between Garibaldi's summoning and the Government's solicitations, the *Turin* leaves, and after her the *Amazon*, both escorted by Sardinian frigates and threatened in case of deviation. This was nearly half of the Expedition. Meanwhile Bertani reaches Sicily ; and Garibaldi hearing of the 6000 men, etc., takes fire, approves, leaves Sicily and goes with Bertani to Sardinia, probably to take command himself. Telegrams come to us saying that all goes well ; that Garibaldi assents, etc.

On their reaching Sardinia they find half of the Expedition gone : the other half under the surveillance of Sardinian frigates. The end is that they all go to Sicily with the intention of coming back. Meanwhile here I find 2000 men ready but not a single farthing ; debts ; the cartridges and caps sent by Bertani not fitting the muskets. I am trying to front everything. I spend the 30,000 francs which I had kept against Bertani and everybody, and which were to be the *cassa di guerra* on our crossing [the frontier of the Papal States]. I send a man to Sicily with urgent letters of mine and of Nicotera—this letter declaring to Garibaldi that on the 25th at the latest he (Nicotera) will cross the frontier with our men alone—if the Expedition is not sent back. We should have of course to front both Government and the Committee—still, we would have tried. All at once quarrelling arises about details, administration, and I don't know what, between Nicotera and the Committee. They are apparently smoothed. Yesterday, Nicotera, who is very violent and has the bad habit of striking the Volunteers—strikes a man. Complaints come to the Committee. The Committee send a short, very unkind note to Nicotera declaring that they won't leave Tuscany, believing that the Austrians have come back. Nicotera writes back to declare that he leaves the corps to-day and that I am to send another Commander, as if Commanders for such an enterprise grew up in my pocket. I send away to another part of Italy the offending member of the Committee. I write to Nicotera—he is encamped out of Florence—adjoining him for the sake of Italy, for the sake of the pledges given to Garibaldi, for the sake of all the men connected with us and drawn into the scheme by his name, lastly for my own sake, to endure, and not destroy the whole affair perhaps on the eve of having to act, telling him to not correspond with the Committee but with me who will stand as intermediate. This morning comes a letter persisting, and saying that if I do not send a new Commander he leaves the corps this evening in the disorder of a headless body. I wrote back telling him he was deserting ; to appoint a provisional head so as to give me time—and to do what he likes.

Really, *non ne posso più* [I can do no more]. This, if it really takes place, is the last anchor broken. Any Commander whom I may find in Tuscany will be in the hands of the Government and will never act unless the Expedition lands. Without money, without support, the men will have to beg to go to Sicily ; and thus "Othello's occupation" will be gone. If this takes place I have done with organizing or acting. I am sick of everything, beginning with myself. Only as a general crisis is impending and I hope that Austria is preparing to attack us, I shall not leave before having been in a fighting under any [some] banner. Then

if all goes on right or wrong—I do not know clearly which is right or wrong for me—I shall vanish altogether from the scene. And here you have all the tale. I am sorry at my having always to write sad things—but I have taken the habit of saying everything. I believe you like it and I cannot easily give it up. Do not dwell on ungratefulness or reward or applause, which I do not care a straw about. I believe that we shall have war and that Unity will come of it. *That is something. . . .*

P.S.—Nicotera has at last yielded, and remains. So far so good—and I am rather sorry at having written all that tale of annoyance to you.

To Caroline. August 24th, 1860.

The 6000 men have all gone to Sicily. Garibaldi, heedless of our position here, gave the last blow : he went, as I told you, to Sardinia ; ordered those who were still there to Palermo ; told the obstinates that it would be all right and he would explain in Sicily. Then the explanation was that he needed reinforcements for his landing on Neapolitan territory ; that, moreover, from communications of Turin, he felt he had too many enemies ; that in Turin they were adverse to the scheme [for attacking the Temporal Power] ; that he had better act in the Roman States as soon as he had had some brilliant success on the Continent ; that it was a mere postponement of two or three weeks : Pianciani, the provisional Commander, objected [on the score of] our position ; Garibaldi answered “he had provided for us”—which he had not. And all was settled : Pianciani protesting and withdrawing : the others obeying. The fact is that Garibaldi wanted men, since the Cabinet here, now antagonistic to him, has forbidden any further expedition of Volunteers to Sicily ; and—most likely unconsciously—he disliked initiative anywhere that was not his own. Since then we have heard nothing of him nor of Bertani nor of any other. Money promised by Bertani for expenses [expenditure] ordered by him had not been sent. We drew bills of exchange on his Agency in Geneva : they were protested [against] ! Two thousand men encamped under Nicotera at Castel Pucci were left starving. I had 30,000 francs, which I spent to the last. We had decided to act alone—but who can move 2000 men from Florence to the Frontier and beyond ? Ricasoli had promised to Nicotera and Dolfi that he would help, approving entirely of the scheme. Yesterday he summoned both and declared that as the bulk of Expenditure had failed, as I was in Florence, as Cavour and Farini were furious, and as the King himself had written about it, we were to dissolve or go to Sicily “as a favour.” Plenty of proposals were made and inexorably refused. Meanwhile, battalions of Bersaglieri

had come to Leghorn on steamers ; preparations were made to use force. Nicotera proposed, rashly, to march openly and armed, and to fight the Piedmontese *en route*. Of course I opposed. This civil war would be ruin and would call on him curses from all Italy just now. Something has been devised between us which I do not like to speak about here : of course entirely different from the former scheme and implying their accepting and sailing. Sad, very sad. About myself I can say nothing just now—as soon as these two thousand men have left my turn will come. The Government will hunt after me, but never mind that. I do not think I shall be long where I am. . . . Action is retreating before me through some fatality like the waters before Tantalus. . . .

Although I am numbering the days by disappointments, things are going on. The Neapolitan question is the decisive one, and I must see the solution of it. There is a growing antagonism between Cavour and Garibaldi which may lead far. The Government is losing ground, though slowly. They are now committing themselves by withdrawing all help of Volunteers from Sicily, that is, from Garibaldi. I have taken up the thing as a step for agitation and written an article against Farini's—the Minister of the interior—circular. The two papers, the *Unità* of Geneva and the *Unità* of Florence, in which it appeared the same day, were seized.

The few Englishmen enlisted in our cause are really behaving bravely and creditably in all ways. . . .

To Caroline. August 28th, 1860.

A few words only. I have but a few minutes free. Never have I found myself in such a whirlwind before, and if I do not give way I am still indeed with something of an iron frame in me. Of course no financial help came from any point. From Garibaldi nothing except a dry advice that we ought to act with the 2000 men we have and he will soon join us in the Roman States : meanwhile the last 3000 men belonging to our large expedition are summoned to Calabria. I sent a man to Crispi to ask individually for some money ; the man writes, "I leave Palermo on Friday and shall bring you some money on Sunday." It was the last anchor of hope. We are at Tuesday now ; nobody came. All these days we have been struggling for the bread of the Volunteers. Two thousand are without shoes and other indispensable things. They cannot land anywhere without mules or other animals to carry the ammunition, etc. Meanwhile the Government are urging the men to leave for Sicily tomorrow night from Leghorn. Nicotera will not go to Sicily, and for plenty of reasons he is right. He was going to give his

resignation this morning ; of course it would be the signal for the dissolution of the corps, and outbursts and ineffectual struggles : they are armed. I prevented him, and am trying a last attempt to make it possible for them to go somehow. I do not suppose that I shall succeed. Besides they would be most likely escorted. You have not an idea of the hostility and terrors of the Government towards what they call the Mazzinians. Telegraphic messages which I have—but which are in cypher—are continually flying from Turin, not to the Governor, Ricasoli, whom they fear to be in our interests, but to the Prince Eugène of Carignan. The garrison of Leghorn is increased. New troops are summoned. Threatenings of disarming by force are put out. Why on earth do they not arrest me, who am known to be here to half Florence, and who see twenty persons every night, I cannot imagine. The decisive day will come to-morrow and I shall try to let you know with one word to some address or other. Meanwhile, being left alone and free for ten minutes, I felt the want of writing.

I cannot leave, not even if all this ends in nothing ; I am bound to try some other thing and plunge again into another whirlwind of men—hating it. . . .

They have arrested just now Nicotera and Sacchi in the street. I cannot write any more now.

Same day : later.

After having done certain things and destroyed papers for all possible events, I write again. The arrest of Nicotera has been evidently taking place not through the orders of Ricasoli but of the Prince. I was foreseeing it, only it is an act of needless and absolute betrayal, when under certain agreements he was ready to go to-morrow night. What I fear more is that the news flying to Castel Pucci, the Volunteers break into open revolt and march on Florence. It would be the most fatal thing possible, leading to nothing and ruining us entirely. Of course I have done what I could to avert the evil. I shall tell you to-morrow of the state of things.

It is now seven hours that I have not a single message concerning what is taking place. I cannot, of course, walk through Florence to Dolfi or others. I do not know whether there are other arrests or anything about the Volunteers. Castel Pucci is three miles from Florence. Is it not tormenting ? There is no servant in the house : there is a poor consumptive man, and another who is out and has not come back since this morning ; why, *non so*, unless he too is arrested. I wish I could know. . . .

Perhaps some of us, to whom the Great War has taught the full torturing capacity of suspense, can realize the suffering of this lonely man, deprived of all independent expression, his very existence hanging upon the good offices and loyalty of others, confined to that poor little room in the Piazza Santa Croce, with nothing to ease his mind upon, or distract it from, the intricate problem of how to lift a whole people into the honest virtue of self-help. On all sides his ennobling counsels were deviated or travestied and their author belied. He had become the centre of such a net-work of intrigue as has seldom been spun around any man. The scribes, pharisees and chief priests, had indeed taken "counsel together how they might destroy him," but their time to lay hold upon him was not yet. Years of the mental rack still lay before him during which he was to see many of his sons in faith, his trusted friends, his intimate disciples, succumb to the lures of diplomacy, expediency, necessity.

Within the profound problem of Necessity we can at least glimpse one truth : that the greatest minds create or control, instead of bowing to, relative necessity ;—that belief in the inexorable power of relative necessity, or in other words, allowing the mastery by circumstance over the deep verities, maintains that atheistic divorce between thought and action, between belief and conduct, which it was the supreme mission of Italy's rejected son to annul.

The Necessity of the moment, the grand, fatal sweep of circumstance towards Unity and a true Italian Nationality, was the slowly matured offspring of Mazzini's dynamic mind. It was now overbearing the weaker wills that sought their tools or weapons in the armoury of Expediency, though it could not cause these tools to be discarded. Cavour stands as high priest of Expediency, as Mazzini remained a high priest of Truth-in-Action ; and between these two there could be no accommodation.

To us, who can see but a little way into the machinery of Life, the dice may appear to have been loaded in favour of the first ; but there are not wanting signs among us to-day that the austere and mighty Gospel of honour—the lasting fruits of which may yet mature in Italy—is manifesting in other lands through a few men whose burdens of responsibility are being finely carried.

29th. It is now five o'clock after midnight. I have just done with work for Nicotera. He leaves this evening. He was set free. The 2000 Volunteers were preparing to march on Florence. The Government gave what was wanted, and they leave. They leave with a plan which we drew up hours ago, but the execution of which rests on their being escorted or not up to a certain point by Sardinian frigates. Do not write any more here, or anywhere until you hear of me. I do not go with them, but I go. I shall again write, however, before leaving. . . .

To Emilie, then at Leghorn. Seems end of August, 1860.

I send from Caroline. But why this roundabout way and loss of time? You know, most likely, the Tuscan seizure. Threatenings of serious opposition are coming from high quarters. Delays on delays, consequently. If you pricked me, dear, my blood would come out green, not red.

I hear nothing of or from you. Is Sarina leaving? How do you spend your days? I had a long letter from Matilda. I have been very weak, but am better. *Non so nulla di me* [I know nothing about myself], only that I am your ever loving brother
JOSEPH.

To Caroline. September 1st, 1860.

I dispatched somebody to Leghorn at five o'clock in the morning for the Volunteer affair. I am awaiting news which I shall give you before I close. Ah! if you could but know the war of calumnies they are waging against us! We have been doing all that men working earnestly for their country can do: giving assurances, explanations, pledges that we do not want to raise another flag; that we only want freedom of action to conquer Italy for them; these explanations have been in private conversations between the King and Pianciani, Farini, Bertani, Saffi, etc., welcomed—accepted, my self-denial praised, then, next day, a flood of wild calumnies against the flag of the Red Republic and my ambition, is poured through the columns of their papers and believed in by a great portion of the middle class. It is worse than in 1848—and really sickening. These two thousand men of ours have turned their heads. It is on their part, a war against individuals merely. They know perfectly well that they can trust us; they will not: they fear my influence—they fear that of Garibaldi; I have proofs that they are antagonistic to him already almost as much as to me: only he is at the head of some thirty or forty thousand men and he is now the idol of the whole people. I have only two thousand men, not a franc to

dispose of and the half of the middle class against me. They choose me, therefore, as the object of their avowed hostilities. Meanwhile we gave them the Neapolitan provinces. The *Comitato Unitario* [in Naples] is ours; it is the work of Libertini and others. The insurrection of the Basilicata is ours; two thousand muskets of ours and some thousands of francs which I sent, are the only help they have received before they began. And then, too, we proclaimed the Unity of Italy and Victor Emmanuel. Still, they feign to doubt our loyalty.*

I am too far now to withdraw. I am bound to too many of our men; and too much attacked for that. I must go to the end. Cavour must fall and we must have the movement spreading from Naples to the Roman provinces; then war with Austria, and Venice free. Then, if I live, whilst I suppose Victor Emmanuel will be proclaimed King of Italy, I shall leave Italy and come and die near you. Do not be frightened by this programme.

I shall not have news of mine before half-past three, and I must post at three, but the Government news are, that after a great deal of threatening—troops and National Guards called out at Leghorn—Nicotera has yielded; that part of the Expedition leaves to-day for Palermo under escort; the other part will leave soon after. It was to end so. The fault in Nicotera and others is that of not understanding clearly the position and yielding in time. When Bertani entertained, without my consent, the compact with Farini, I told him in the morning "I protest . . . but as you have now entered a path of concessions, yield everything. Go to Sicily altogether: land on a point distant from the part of the island occupied by Garibaldi and as soon as the escort leaves you, come back." He took the middle way; dispatched the Expedition to Sardinia and left it, to go himself individually, to Sicily in search of Garibaldi. The Expedition, left alone, was cleverly dismembered, and you know the rest. The same with Nicotera. I told him from the beginning, "Protest, and yield: persuade them that you resign yourself to go to Sicily; it may be that you are enabled to go somewhere else." He preferred the other way; showing resistance at every step; talking about dying at the foot of the hill, etc., which was leading to nothing. I am placed between two extremes: the timid and the *enragés*,—people like Castelli and others who unconsciously substitute pride, resentment, fury, to the aim, and compromise others and everything. Shut up as I am, I cannot resist [counteract] all these abnormal influences.

* To underline the last four sentences as a summary of fact is tempting: but for readers who have attempted justly to estimate the intellect and foresight of the man who penned them, it is surely unnecessary.

The sailing of the two thousand in two separate bodies destroys all the plan, and although I do not see clearly my position in this moment, it may delay my own plans.

I feel to-day, spite of all, calm and quiet : partly owing to the fears of a civil contest being over, partly to my having been crying over some book or other—a peg, merely, which I wanted. There is still, spite of years, too much of the stormy, self-torturing element within me. But I never miss the least clear, serene spot of the horizon ; and affection, the remembrance of one word, of one smile, of one loving shake of the hand, wins me back to sober senses. I have been thinking a great deal and concluding that I have more still to bless and comfort me in life than I ever expected—or perhaps deserve.

Ever your loving
JOSEPH.

To William Ashurst. Superscribed by E. A. V. as probably from Florence.
September 6th, 1860.

DEAREST WILLIAM,

A telegram from Genoa speaks of 150 francs sent, I suppose from Glasgow. If this tale proves true, which I shall know by and bye, you shall have a regular receipt and all. Meanwhile I take this opportunity to write a few words. McAdam [a Glasgow friend who did much good for the Italian cause] is furious against me for not writing to him. I wish he had been just as I have been all this time, to see how he would have behaved with his correspondents. I have kept Caroline *au courant* as to my bed of roses. It is not at an end. I sincerely wish I had never left England, but as I have I must go to the end of the chapter. Meanwhile whilst the Moderates persecute and calumniate us, we give to their King, after Sicily, the Neapolitan provinces. For that insurrection is entirely ours ; and—tell it not to the irreverent Bessie—one of the chief workers is the stammering teacher ! I have been duly informed of her and your doings and thought of you and wished always for you, that is for my being near you. Shall I this winter ? Pray consult the spirits, or Barker, a little about this. What is Peter [Taylor] doing ? I have long been silent with him too, but it is not my fault.

Do you know that Campanella has had the honour of being sent away by Baron Ricasoli on account of “sectarian practices” ? Away to Genoa, which is as if they sent you to Eastbourne. This is our way of understanding Constitutional Liberty here. Pianciani and his wife went to Sicily, came back, are now sent away too. Quadrio is in Genoa very active, very grumbling,

and always with *trop de zèle* telegraphing to me unintelligible things every day. Do you see Clementia? Is she always in raptures with you and spoiling you?

One of my constant dreams is of spending the winter at Eastbourne, alone, talking by nods and signs, pretending to be dumb, reading novels of the last century—all Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and the "Castle of Otranto,"—keeping a faithful record of all the gulls—winged, I mean—I see, and sinking gently into idiocy. If I stop here, I shall, evidently, sink into that state, only not gently. Spite of all this, rest assured that we shall end in fighting the Austrians, most likely the French, build some sort of Unity, after which we shall be *guillotiné*s by the *Moderates* as our reward; unless I die in a little Dalmatian village. Why Dalmatia, you will say? Never mind. Dearest William and dearest Bessie, I am getting dreadfully old; I wish very much to see you before the end. I certainly shall if I can. Meanwhile remember me with affection and have, as ever, mine.

Your
JOSEPH.

The masked agony in this letter makes itself further felt as we endeavour to realize the position of the writer, and of the great cause that owed its vitality to his persistence. He could literally tell off his adult years by the moments, big with fate, which in spite of his utmost endeavours, had been lost to Italy through misapprehension, blindness, folly, or treachery. In the middle of August he, Bertani and Pianciani had each and all striven to make clear to the mind of Garibaldi that if he really meant to invade the Papal States he must do so while Nicotera held, unmolested, the little body of men in Florence. These could meet any force which, under one of Garibaldi's own commanders, might land upon an arranged point, and thence, backed by the men in the interior who were eager to rise, press forward to form one arm of the pincers designed to crush the Bourbons in Naples. But Garibaldi could not be brought to believe in the covert hostility, or even rivalry, of Cavour, nor in any necessity for a constitutional King to burnish his crown with meretricious credit: the credit of a revolution, the fruits of which would be garnered whilst its conductors were relegated or denied. And so once again a moment passed, a broken web had to be replaced, the problem dealt with from another angle.

But fortunately, while Mazzini struggled to control the tide of

difficulties in Tuscany, the Dictator speeded up matters in the south. The little band of his followers already in Calabria, were now under the leadership of Missori, a young man who had gallantly saved Garibaldi's life during the battle of Milazzo. As soon as the Chief and Bixio landed at Melito, Missori hastened with all dispatch to join them (August 19-20). Although the invaders must almost certainly have been known to lack equipments, terror seems to have taken possession of the Neapolitan commander in Reggio—a place on the coast some twenty miles north of Melito—for though the Red Shirts had plenty of fighting, they quickly got possession of that well-garrisoned town.

Cosenz managed at about the same time to get his men over from the Faro, and after a struggle, plus much suffering due to deprivations, these presently co-operated with Garibaldi in winning an almost incredible, bloodless victory, which gave them as willing recruits 35,000 men, a fort furnished with artillery, and several field pieces. On August 24, three more formidable forts became theirs. Then Medici's little army crossed the straits, the Basilicata as well as the whole of Calabria turned to the victors, and Garibaldi began a triumphant march into Naples—following the trail of some 10,000 fresh troops under Ghio. The very name of this man, the butcher of Sapri, stank in the nostrils of Pisacane's successors. The Calabrians themselves, armed mostly with axes, farm implements and shot-guns, after compelling another force of 3000 well-armed troops under Calderelli to turn about and retreat towards Naples, now barred the way north for Ghio, so that, beset on both sides (albeit on the one, only by Garibaldi and some half-dozen mounted friends of his staff!) he judged best to wait unresistingly for the Dictator's fiat. By mid-day a great number of Calabrians, burning for action, had managed to join Garibaldi, some of whose Red Shirts also came up; so when the 10,000 saw themselves silently encircled, they quietly handed over their rifles, cannon, horses, etc., and tamely dispersed.

Scarcely had this remarkable scene ended (August 30) than Garibaldi received indubitable news from Naples that Liborio Romano, Minister of Francis II., was ready to desert his King for the new Dictator. The latter, reaching Salerno on September 6, learned of the determined, though so far, abortive plots to forestall him, and clearly realized that it must be a race between himself and Cavour to reach Naples. Either he must head the

revolution, or allow the diplomacy which he instinctively hated, to entrap and wrest it out of the way in which he had been labouring to carry it.

To Caroline. September 8th, 1860.

I have your dear, good, strengthening letter of the 29th. I know nothing as yet of Nicotera, and this is the main cause for which I linger still. There is a racing now between Garibaldi and the Piedmontese Government, the latter wanting to destroy any chance of a Southern Dictatorship being conferred to the former. It has been settled between Louis Napoleon and Farini in their last interview, that the evil [they dreaded] was really threatening, that we [the Party of Action] would soon get the upper hand unless the Government did something : that to check us and to check Garibaldi's Dictatorship was the supreme necessity, and that therefore they ought, on one side, to cause the Neapolitan movement to take place before Garibaldi reached, on the other, to invade, on some pretext or other, the Roman Provinces and hold them—Rome, of course, remaining to the French troops. Accordingly, movements of troops have been taking place towards the frontier, arms and biscuit sent, the leading moderate men belonging to Umbria and Marche sent on to the frontier, too, to stir up with promises of help, the populations. The *mot d'ordre* has been given to the press, and it is curious to see articles preaching exactly what we preached a few days ago—the necessity of invasion which would have already taken place had they not prevented us. Thus, strange to say, everything that I scheme is destroyed if I prepare its execution, then adopted. The war is a personal one. Troops have been sent on ships to Naples so as to be ready to land as soon as the movement would take place. All this was, of course, communicated by us to Garibaldi, so as to hasten his march if possible. The men of Cavour, in Naples, are the men of the *Comitato dell' Ordine*, ever hesitating and wavering. Our own men, *Comitato Unitario*, were not to stir unless feeling powerful enough to get masters of the movement. They were so in the provinces, and they moved ; in Naples they were not, and accordingly they kept quiet. Garibaldi is most likely in Naples by this time. The advice given by me there is to proclaim his dictatorship, then, as he cannot remain there [on account of military exigencies] a sub-dictatorship of three men if possible, five at the most, belonging to our own party ; then to proclaim annexation and Unity in principle, not to be realized until the whole of Italy is free. Will they be able to do so ? Will Piedmontese troops land and set at nothing the dictatorship ? *Je n'en sais rien*. They will most likely enter the Roman

Provinces : *their main object being to preserve Rome to the Pope and Louis Napoleon*,* our main object being to get rid of them [the Pope and the French]. Had we been masters of the field, of course we would have left Rome undisturbed for the present ; attacked Austria on the Venetian territory, then, with all the forces of Italy, we would have risked war with France. If the *Moderates* execute their plan, Garibaldi will not be able to [go so far as to] cross the whole of Italy without their consent, and nothing will be left but to break the ice and march on Rome. It will be decidedly premature : but will be unavoidable, unless renouncing to actual Unity, and leaving the advance party to manipulate at ease.

Will Garibaldi, if things come to this point, dare the bold step. Of course Rome would not be conquered, but it would be the beginning of a war. If he does so, we must all join him, whatever flag he chooses to bear. If not, “servitore umilissimo.” Everyone will do what conscience suggests. I, for one, will leave the arena altogether. On these hints of the future you will better follow the unfolding of events. Had Europe checked Louis Napoleon and asked for a withdrawal of his troops, when Austria withdrew, we would not have come to such a difficult pass. But everybody has quailed before that man. . . .

Do not imagine for one moment that I remain and linger through the wish of playing a part, or even of realizing some idea of mine. Somehow, Unity will be achieved : it is the fates, for other ideas of mine there is no room. The only thing that keeps me is what I said—the problem of Rome to be solved. Should there be, against the wish of the Monarchy, war with the French troops for Rome’s sake, I certainly must take some part in it : every Italian must. That point, once decided, should there be weakness in Garibaldi or any other cause of delay, I would leave Italy immediately. . . .

Garibaldi was already in Naples, as Mazzini supposed. He had won the race against Cavour owing in no small measure to the part played, half involuntarily, by an English Garibaldian named Peard, who with three or four others happened to be in advance. Peard was everywhere taken for the Liberator and forced by the populace to undergo embarrassing honours, whilst misleading reports, and very highly coloured telegrams—the last struck off their own bat by these *avant-coureurs*—created such alarm both in court and army at Naples, that troops were withdrawn from Garibaldi’s path which might easily have stopped his career,

* The italics are mine.—ED.

while Francis and his Queen departed unostentatiously from the city.

Illuminations and every other sign of enthusiasm marked the last stages of Garibaldi's extraordinary journey into Naples, where the very soldiers behind their artillery in the great, commanding forts, seemed hypnotized by the glamour of his name and unable to arrest his triumphant entry (September 7th).

His first acts ought to have disarmed suspicion in the mind of Cavour, whatever misgivings they accentuated in the heart of Mazzini, for he handed over the Neapolitan fleet to Victor Emmanuel—which was precisely what Cavour, seeing how the race was going, had intended to try for. Persano was placed in command of it and Piedmontese troops were invited to participate in the garrisoning of the city, while the Dictator chose many Cavourians for his Ministry. "These first steps . . . proved to all the world that no thought lurked in Garibaldi's mind of any ultimate settlement for Sicily and Naples except union under the monarchy of Victor Emmanuel. But he intended to postpone that union until he could proclaim the King of Italy on the Capitol, and he publicly announced that he would march on Rome over the last ruins of the Neapolitan army on the Volturno.*

Extract from a letter to Peter Taylor, September 11th.

Everything is now resting on Garibaldi—will he go on without *interruption* his invading career or will he not? That is the question. If he does, we shall have Unity within five months: Austria, in spite of the boasted position, will not hold up, if the proper means—*un coup de main* on the Tyrol, and insurrection in the Venetian mountainous districts, an attack by land and a landing near Trieste—are adopted. If he does not we shall have slumber, then anarchy, then,—a little later—Unity. That you may consider as settled, and so far so good. The rest is all wrong. And as for myself, don't talk of either posterity or consciousness of having done, etc. All that is *chaff*. The only real, good, sad thing would be to have Unity achieved quickly through Garibaldi, and one year, before dying, of Walham Green, or Eastbourne, long silences, after affectionate words to smooth the way, plenty of seagulls and sad dozing.

Ah! if you had in England, condescended to see that the *glorious* declaration of non-interference ought to have begun by

* Trevelyan: *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy*.

taking away the French interference in Rome! How many troubles and sacrifices you would have saved us. . . .

To Caroline. September 12th, 1860.

As I write to Clem and Peter [Taylor] I send a flying scrap to you. I have scarcely anything to say. Yes, I have plenty! And the reason is that I receive, whilst writing, your dear long letter of the 5th, and change the scrap that was to be sent through Peter, into a letter to you. Bless you twenty times. . . .

I feel all right. I know I ought never to complain, because when I do, ten to one I am not only wrong but ungrateful. Still, if it causes me to receive long, sweet letters, I think I shall continue to be, or look, ungrateful from time to time!

Nicotera and the Expedition landed at Palermo on Monday week, September 3rd. It is now Wednesday. There the Sicilian Government,* seeing that their flag was the pure Italian one without the Savoy "spot," declared that they would not be allowed to march on. Nicotera and some thirty officers, tendered their resignations, handing over the men to some other Commander; and I suppose they will come back each to his own place. It is clear that Nicotera was bound to do so on account of his public declarations: as for the others, I should have preferred their remaining. It would be precious for us to have in the army *whole* compact bodies of men belonging to us. They could not expect that two different flags would be allowed to go side by side in the same land. But nobody seems to think of the future, and as it is a matter of conscience, I have nothing to say to them. Only such men as Castelli would be more useful by conquering, which they would, the command of a battalion, than protesting up and down the country against a flag which is, shamefully enough, adopted by the Italian people. The great invading Piedmontese movement you know from the papers. Rome and Venice will remain an obstacle not to be overcome except by Revolution through our own Party. It is only under our visible pressure that this [invading] movement takes place. It must be our pressure again which determines the next.

About Naples and the part that Garibaldi plays I am uncertain. Will *he* go on or not? That is still the great question; and it will decide my steps too.

No; I cannot publish now the contrast between the private and the official conduct of the King. Pianciani will, I dare say, some day or other. He had the interview. . . .

* Before leaving Sicily Garibaldi asked the King for a Pro-Dictator to represent him. Drepretis, a sometime republican, and now an admirer of Piedmont, was sent to fill the office. His greatest ground of agreement with Garibaldi was that he objected to the cession of Nice.

The great invading Piedmontese movement consisted in an endeavour to do for the sake of monarchy what Mazzini had so long been urging upon the organizers of the war for the sake of the people. Cavour was by this time convinced that he could not, through his own diplomacy, bring about a rising in Naples to forestall Garibaldi, so he turned in another direction in order, as he wrote, to "acquire the force necessary to overawe the revolution." He decided that a sufficiently powerful army must invade Umbria and the Marches and break up the army of Lamoricière, the Pope's general; for he read aright the sage implications in Mazzini's plans though he could never bring himself to credit the word of either Mazzini or Garibaldi, and still believed, in spite of definite and specific pledges, that the Red Republic would be proclaimed by the one or the other should either obtain a really great lead.

Before acting, Cavour sent Farini and Cialdini to Chambéry to seek the consent of Louis Napoleon. In an account of this interview by the Minister Thouvenel, Farini is stated to have said that it would be impossible to hinder an attack on Venice unless Victor Emmanuel could invade Umbria and the Marches "as soon as Garibaldi shall have promoted the insurrection, to re-establish order there, and without touching the authority of the Pope, *to give, if necessary, a battle to the revolution personified in Garibaldi on the Neapolitan territory. . .*" Cavour found the Emperor's answer "perfect," and in a letter to Nigra dated September 12th, which is quoted by Jessie White Mario, he remarked: "You know all I have done to cut Garibaldi off from Naples. *I pushed audacity up to the utmost point that was possible without risking the outburst of civil war, and I would not even have drawn back in that extremity if I could have hoped to carry public opinion with me. . .* Come what will, I see with gratitude that the Emperor augments the garrison of Rome. . . . The French Government at the same time renders us a great service *by augmenting our strength against Garibaldi.*"

In the interval between September 12th and Mazzini's next letter much happened in the Papal provinces. Italian Volunteers crossed their frontiers on September 8th, to be followed on the 10th by a great body of Piedmontese troops. These divided, part making for Perugia and part moving towards Ancona. Cialdini, a very brilliant *quasi*-Garibaldian military tactician, after a victorious

progress, intercepted the Pope's composite army under Lamoricière—who had confidently expected help from Louis Napoleon—and cut off his retreat to Ancona. At Castelfidardo the Papal troops sustained utter defeat on September 18th, their commander abandoning them to make a surrender while he escaped to Ancona with a few followers. Ancona surrendered less than a week later. Meantime the other wing of the Piedmontese force came within a few hours' march of Rome, where, such was the enthusiasm for deliverance, every house exhibited the Italian colours and everyone prepared to welcome Victor Emmanuel. The Pope's keen desire to run away was only overruled with the greatest difficulty by the French representative, but unfortunately it was finally overruled; for, "Had he gone, the French garrison would have followed, and the Emperor would have regarded Victor Emmanuel's occupation as the natural sequel. Italy was within an ace of escape from all the untold evil that the presence of the Papacy at Rome has since brought to her." *

To Caroline. From Naples. September 18th, 1860."

A few words from Naples, and never mind the stamp. I left on Saturday evening and was here yesterday. Three hundred persons were on the steamer, so that although paying for the first place I had to sleep on deck the two nights. The first, it rained; not much, and I did not mind it. I was lying on a mattress, suffering always, not *debout*. I ate nothing although paying six francs for dinner. We stopped almost the whole Sunday in the harbour of Civitavecchia. Mischief might have ensued: I was on a French steamer, and there were many Neapolitan exiles [on board] Saliceti amongst others. I affected not to know him: he knew me perfectly. Another man, a sort of priest whom I have known but whose name I cannot remember, was there: evidently knowing me, and landing at Civitavecchia. It would have been unpleasant to be the last victim of Lamoricière and the Pope. However, nothing took place, and we left. The second night was better; I did not suffer and slept on deck. Nature here is bewilderingly beautiful. The sea is deep blue, strangely so; the sky likewise: the air is spring. The *golfo*, or bay, is a fairy thing: the islands all around shape it into a lake: life, all-powerful life, is breathing from everything. Ah me! Ah me! Well, I should wish to make the journey once again

* Bolton King: *History of Italian Unity*.

with you, and then to die. The town is majestic from without, but one sees, on casting a look at the forts and at the skilful way in which the town might have been made into a heap of ruins, how the King kept on.* It is full : crammed. I had to go round to six hotels before getting one room. Via Toledo—a long, long street, the fashionable one—was crowded when I went through it. Every window has a flag. The red shirts of the Garibaldians are to be seen everywhere. The Calabrese, with their pointed hats and strange, either very short or very long muskets, are very picturesque. Garibaldi is not here, but I shall see him somehow, somewhere. I came for that purpose. From the little I have been able to gather, things, in one sense, will go on. The breach between him and Cavour will become open hostility. But now, I cannot say anything positive. Nicotera is here. I have not yet seen him. I fear I shall have to be less explicit in my political diary. Letters from here are going through so many places that in one or other they must be opened.

Bless you, dear ; letters will come later [will be delayed], and that is my only regret for the present. But really, with a chance for Rome I could not leave Italy yet. Should there be none I shall.

The King [Francis II.] is still at Gaeta : Garibaldi is going there [intends to advance against the place] ; he is at Caprera now, but he has cleverly intercepted the communications between him and the Roman provinces so as to prevent his forces joining those of the French of Lamoricière.

Love to James. My news to Bessie, William and Matilda.

The lemons are gigantic ; the peaches acuminate instead of round. I feel better in my shoulder and arm. Tell me all about you.

Alas for my secret ! This morning all the Neapolitan papers relate my arrival. And alas for Garibaldi ! He is secretly in Turin to tell the King his intentions. There is cause for trembling until he comes back and we know the result. . . .

As we study the situation in which Garibaldi was by this time involved—a situation that would have tested the ability of a born and trained politician—and as we recollect that his was the type of mind whose mainspring lies in a few fiery devotions : love of country, love of nature, love of liberty ; and that he was impelled into action by the insistent inner knowledge that he possessed in an almost supreme degree the faculty for leading

* How it was that the King maintained the upper hand.

men, we may be able to sympathize with his weakness. The subtleties of the diplomatist ever remained an enigma to him, while any evidence of courage in another human being at once won his suffrage. Loathing the authority of a priesthood he overestimated the virtues inherent in a crown. Symbolically he perhaps postulated the Mitre in one scale as balancing the Crown in the other, and he threw his whole weight on the side of the Crown. Be his reasons and ideas what they may—and probably the first were strangely mixed—he sought now to tread between the plough-shares of difficulty in no flagging spirit, despite the clouds gathering on the horizon before him. For two days after his arrival in Naples the joy of success beamed in his face. His serene smile did as much to win the people as any prowess could have done. But a line of deeper care quickly marred the assurance on his brow, for he found that even the English admiral who had stood his friend was adverse to his further projects. An interview on board H.M. ship *Hannibal* with the British Minister to Naples (September 10th), disappointed though it did not move him. In answer to the Englishman's firmly expressed hope that he would attempt no attack upon Venice or Rome, he stated that he intended to reach Rome as soon as possible and, directly the city should be in his hands, offer the crown to Victor Emmanuel. It would then be the King's responsibility to liberate Venice, and he, Garibaldi, would remain one of his lieutenants. If, he said, the liberation could be worked otherwise than by fighting, so much the better; but if not there must be fighting.

The Marquis Villamarina, Sardinian ambassador to Naples, sounded the same deterrent note regarding Rome and Venice as Admiral Munday and Mr. Elliot had done. But he told Garibaldi of Piedmont's decision to invade Umbria and the Marches, which news, for the first few minutes, delighted the Liberator. Then, however, he perceived that this might well be a method of safeguarding the Pope and his French upholders. He cared nothing for the Pope retaining his seat in Rome so long as he could be shorn of temporal power and foreign bayonets; and to the task of so reducing the Papacy he had resolved to set his hand.

But so far from being able to start upon adequate military preparations for this or any other enterprise, he was compelled to send his only little body of Volunteers to subdue a Bourbonist

rising among the ignorant peasants of Ariano (September 8th). Pending other military work he turned his mind to inaugurating reforms in one of the most benighted and corrupt of cities.

It is pleasant for English Protestants to recall the fact that they owe to Garibaldi the site for a suitable church in Naples. In reply to a deputation asking permission to purchase a piece of land for this purpose the Dictator immediately bestowed one as a gift. Recognition of this gift was, however, refused on technical grounds by the Piedmontese Government until after the death of Cavour, when Baron Ricasoli ratified it. The English Church was declared to be an existing religious community and the great principle was established that Episcopalians and Protestants or every recognized denomination could hold property for religious purposes instead of being obliged to perform their Church Service either at the Consulate or in a private house.*

On September 11th, Garibaldi's Red Shirts began to reach Naples, and Admiral Persano sailed for Ancona to back up Victor Emmanuel's army operations. Instructions had come for him, but none arrived for the Liberator. Instead, the latter had to learn that Fanti, now commander-in-chief, addressing the troops that were to aggress the Papal domains, had declared that Italy "shall no longer remain subject to an audacious and fortunate adventurer." Jessie White Mario tells us that "Farini had carried out his threat of August 13th, that no more Volunteers should quit Northern Italy to join Garibaldi. Not only were public enlistments stopped, and free passages by land and sea refused, but even private citizens who hastened to join him at their own expense were refused passports, sent back from Genoa to their homes, some even forcibly arrested and imprisoned. Letters from Turin and Genoa came, warning the general that Cavour gave it to be understood that all these acts were blunders for diplomacy; that he and Garibaldi were on friendly terms, and united in their political aims. The mere idea so incensed the Dictator that he determined to make it clear that, while adhering to his programme, Italy and Victor Emmanuel, he meant to complete that programme, nor allow Cavour to cut it short. Hence, on September 15th, Garibaldi ordered the Piedmontese statute to be published in the Official Journal, with the heading—

* J. W. Mario : *Supplement to Autobiography of Garibaldi*.

'ITALY AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

'The Dictator of the Two Sicilies decrees, The constitutional statuto of the Kingdom of Italy is the fundamental law of this Southern Italy.' "

Cavour's conduct so roused Garibaldi that he sent a letter to the King begging for the Minister's dismissal while asking at the same time that the old Marquis Giorgio Pallavicini, who had languished for many years in the Austrian dungeons of the Spielberg, should be sent to him as pro-Dictator for Naples.

In the midst of his many distractions, and while he felt seething and sore, news of serious complications in Sicily was brought to him by Crispi and Depretis. Ill as he could spare the time, or be spared from the critical military situation developing on the Volturno, he rushed over to Palermo (September 16th) to ascertain the real wishes of the people. Immense efforts had been made to obtain immediate annexation of the island to the crown of Piedmont, which would of course have meant unrestrained power for Cavour to stay the chances of the Roman enterprise. Depretis, Piedmontese at heart, urged yielding to the pressure used, but Crispi stood firm. The people, on knowing that Garibaldi was in their midst, declared that what he wished they wished, and in answer to their great ovations he replied that the annexations to the "Re Galantuomo" should be declared from the Capitol of Rome.

It was during his brief absence that Mazzini arrived in Naples; and the movements of the Dictator would seem to have been none too widely known, as Mazzini supposed him to have gone to Caprera or Turin. While Garibaldi was settling matters in Sicily, Türr, "the most Cavourian" * of his generals, committed an imprudence which cost him 130 men and broke the tradition of the Red Shirts' invincibility. This reverse on the eve of an anticipated struggle, was a serious matter, and gave the Bourbon forces fresh heart, so that they determined upon a great offensive. But once more fortune favoured the Volunteers in the hesitation and delay of their opponents; for had the Bourbon generals struck immediately after their successful storming of Cajazzo, where Catabene was taken, severely

* Trevelyan : *The Making of Italy*.

wounded, things would have gone badly indeed for the cause of Italy. But their decision hung for a week.

The next letter is to Emilie; a brief recapitulation of the last, but telling her that he is probably going to share rooms with Nicotera.

A few days later he wrote to Caroline :

Of course I have nothing from you, but it is not your fault. Only two steamers leave Leghorn for this place, on Friday and Saturday; and I do not think I can have a letter now before Monday. Garibaldi is back, I am told; therefore it is not true that he was in Turin: there has been no time for reaching there and coming back. I have asked for an interview and I suppose I shall have it. Meanwhile the usual calumnies are floating about concerning my arrival here and my schemes; spread by the Moderates amongst the people. It is an annoying life. . . .

I have seen the hero. He was very friendly! But I could only have him for ten minutes. The only practical result was the assurance that he will go very soon to Rome. If he goes, I shall go "en amateur." We shall most likely find the Piedmontese there: they will hasten if they hear that Garibaldi marches. In that case, "servitore umilissimi" I shall go away. In the other case we shall fight the French out of the city and then, when Victor Emmanuel is proclaimed, I shall be free about my motives for doing so.

Nicotera is not going. He and others, like Castelli, are evidently *wanting to fight for the Republic only; they are wrong, according to me.** The Moderates are furious at my being here; and a deputation was to go to-day to Garibaldi to ask for my immediate removal.

Things here and in Sicily are going as badly as possible in every sense except the one which fates help—Unity. In all the rest, the blindness, the choice of unfit persons, the administrative anarchy, are going on, owing to the supreme weakness of Garibaldi, to a fabulous extent: to such an one that it is useless to think of mending it. The only thing is to push Garibaldi on to Rome and Venice. The rest will come as the waters find their level after the flood. Kiss Joe for me. Love to all *ours*. . . .

To Caroline. September 25th, 1860.

I receive, when nearly despairing, two sweet letters of yours, one of the 10th, the other of the 16th. They tell me of a

* The italics are mine.—Ed.

steamer sailing in two hours ; letters must be sent long before, and I have scarcely time for writing a note. I shall write a *letter* within two or three days. First, dear, do not dream of dangers. Alas ! we do not go to Rome. Garibaldi has pledged his word to me, to everybody, in private and publicly through his proclamation of the 19th to the Volunteers. Two letters of the King, dry and imperative, have changed everything. He has sent a telegram saying : “Sire, je vous obeirai” ; then a letter in the same style. He is dejected, discouraged, quotes lines of our poetry and talks of Caprera. Meanwhile Piedmontese troops are crossing the frontiers and hastening here. You may depend upon it they will bring with them a “Commissio Regio,” and to all probabilities we shall be in the hands of Cavour within six days. The weakness of the man [Garibaldi] is something fabulous. The Cabinet [Garibaldi’s Cabinet] is composed of Cavourians : he curses them and does not dissolve them. He calls Cattaneo near him, a true intellectual power, and he does nothing of him [that he advises]. The Poerio and Settembrini Party are circulating petitions for the King to come here, take possession of the land and therefore stop the movement onwards—and he does nothing against them. As for me, I am as usual an object of terror to the majority, of hatred to the Moderates, who spread everywhere that I am going to proclaim the Red Republic. They threaten to organize demonstrations against me, they cause alarming warnings to come to me and Nicotera. All this is nothing ; but the most admirable opportunity is lost again ; and Rome and Venice forsaken. Louis Napoleon increases his troops there, and he gives again to his corps the name of “*armée d’occupation de l’Italie*.” Internally all is anarchy and party strife. I have a great number of men, especially of the provinces, coming to me, and really devoted ; but Garibaldi is now and still [will be] the all-powerful man for Italy and I cannot, nor do I wish to, substitute my action to his own. I scarcely can foresee what will happen. Still, soon or late the movement will develop itself. The feeling for Unity is deeply rooted. The faults in the majority are intellectual. I am going to publish a paper and to start up a public Association. I have published an article this morning declaring again what we want and what we do not. I am doing all I can. I see fifty persons a day : I am tired to death. Libertini helps me wonderfully and very energetically. Saffi is here. Venturi is a Major, I think, somewhere. . . .

In a letter to Emilie of September 27th, he says :

Things go wrong as much as possible. Garibaldi, after plenty of waverings and steps taken towards us, has yielded to

the King and to the Moderates here. We do not go to Rome ; we do not go to Venice ; we shall have the Piedmontese immediate annexation—every thing the King and Cavour will order, with plenty of curses [on Garibaldi's part, E.A.V.] at the same time against the "Ministri scellerati" and "il re vassallo dello straniero." [The King, vassal of a foreigner.] Bertani is going to be sacrificed by him [Garibaldi] to the *Moderates*.

Of course I am doing what I can ; trying to organize the party, to establish a paper, a public Association, etc. But I fear there will be a *temps d'arrêt* in our movement. If so, if I see that the winter will pass without any step onwards, I shall go to London and come back in the spring. But all this, as yet, is uncertain.

To Caroline. October 2nd, 1860.

I have been unable, absolutely unable, to write to you these days. Mine is not life, but a whirlment like that of Francesca and Paolo. From morning to night my room is full with people : some—from Naples especially—coming through idle curiosity ; others, mostly from the provinces, through real affection and devotedness ; others, so-called writers, coming to present me with their pamphlets, or discuss ; a few most likely to spy. Friars, priests, soldiers, colonels—very few—succeed one another : then poor people who, fancying that I am a power, give petitions. I am sometimes nearly crying through exhaustion and discouragement. Of course this was unavoidable the first days. Threatened with persecution by the Moderate Party and with calumnies concerning our intentions, it was necessary to our Party that I should see and be seen : but the ordeal is too much for me. The war—affairs are known to you from the press—goes on with heavy losses which might partially be avoided were there activity in the War Ministry. Cosenz is evidently inefficient. Fancy ammunition being continuously wanted during engagements with such a town as Naples within two hours' distance ! As at Milan in 1848, the *Party question is uppermost in the minds of the Ministers ; they do not regret at all the existing disorder because it gives them a fair ground with the masses for preaching annexation ; that is, as you understand, the ceasing of Garibaldi's power* * and of all chance of our marching to Venice or Rome.

Morici has been brilliant the other day ; he stormed a battery with thirty men and without the losing one. He was promoted on the field. Nicotera went to join the camp yesterday. People are enlisting : not so much in Naples, but in the provinces. Only the poor volunteers are hurried as soon as enlisted to the camp,

* The italics are mine.—ED.

without being drilled at all, there to meet the "mitraglia" and cavalry charges, which is absurd. There are consequently panics, disorders, flights, and no wonder. The wonder is how they do something. If, at the attack the other day, a strong column which was ordered to fall at the time on Caserta, had not either missed its way or delayed its reaching through some other cause, our people would have certainly been defeated and we would have had the enemy at the gates in the morning. Happily it reached Caserta only when the whole attacking line had been repelled, and finding itself alone, was scattered, made prisoner and doomed.

As for the political position, it is bad; identical, as I said, with that of Lombardy in 1848. The Moderates are in full power. Garibaldi had yielded [consented] to all our reorganizing scheme; the morning after, he retracted. Nothing can be done without him—very little, I fear, with him. And if the King is coming, as it seems, within a few days, the most probable thing is that all will be lost and he will completely conquer Garibaldi. I am trying all I can towards the reorganization of the Party for my future chance: founding the "Associazione Unitaria," a Paper, etc. But the war-question—Rome and Venice—is indefinitely postponed. Did you hear of Kossuth's writing a letter to Garibaldi in which he advises him never to detach himself from the King, and to avoid Rome? Still, the movement cannot be stopped, and if not during the winter, it will certainly burst forth again in the spring. If so, of course as soon as an Association and a Paper are fairly organized and safe, I shall hasten to see you for two months at least, to come back in the spring. I am pledged to accompany Garibaldi the day in which he will march towards Rome or Venice.

This letter refers to the great struggle on the Volturno. The week of delay enabled Garibaldi to make certain dispositions that were enormously to help him when the onslaught came, for this time the Red Shirts had to act on the defensive. The long line of enemy positions formed, roughly, a semicircle or bow, to which his own slender forces, dangerously extended, had to make the loose cord. Garibaldi enjoyed the advantage, in this tremendous battle, of lieutenants upon whose pluck and ability he could confidently build; but great asset as this proved, the rank and file of his extraordinary army were in such plight that perhaps no other commander could have believed victory possible. Many think Garibaldi's success upon that terrible first of October the most remarkable feat of his exceptional career. "The success of the National army in holding its own against greatly superior

numbers is . . . to be attributed, apart from the valour of the Volunteers, to three qualities shown on this occasion by Garibaldi ; the personal inspiration of his presence at so many of the important points, the combined caution and vigour of his offensive-defensive tactics, and last, but not least, a sound strategy governing the disposition of his men over the whole region of the conflict from the Arches of the Valley to the gate of Capua.*

But though the cause of Italy was saved, it was saved at fearful cost. "The whole Garibaldian loss was 1800 or treble that of the Piedmontese in the Umbrian campaign."† Only when it was too late—when the fighting was over, did the Sardinian Minister at Naples, Villamarina, send forward a battalion of Piedmontese sharp-shooters, and this "apparently in spite of his instructions."†

The day after this victory Garibaldi wrote felicitating Victor Emmanuel on the brilliant successes of Cialdini, and suggesting that the King should advance to Naples through the Abruzzi. He had not been informed that the King intended sending a considerable force to Naples, but he ended his letter :

"Being at Ancona, it will be well for your Majesty to pay a visit to Naples by sea or by land ; if by land—and this will be the better plan—to march with at least a division. If advised in time, I will join my right to said division, and come in person to present my homage, and receive orders for ulterior operations. Will your Majesty promulgate a decree confirming the grades of my officers? I will see that the names of all unsuitable persons be eliminated. I remain, with affection, G. GARIBALDI."

He received orders from the King not to cross the Volturno, and he acquiesced. But distrust of the guerilla general had been fostered in the King's mind by men who sought to show that Garibaldi's resistance to immediate annexation was merely cover for republican schemes. Cavour, not only suspicious, but determined to curb Garibaldi one way or another, would on no account have Rome freed from the Temporal Power and its French supporters. On the very day when the Volunteers were pouring out their blood for Italy and the King—who was so soon to reveal the measure of his gratitude to them—Cavour summoned

* Trevelyan : *The Making of Italy*.

† Bolton King : *History of Italian Unity*.

the Piedmontese Chambers in order to obtain a decisive vote for the immediate annexation of all the provinces won by their leader, and hurried the King off to head his victorious army of regulars in the Marches.

Garibaldi wrote to entreat the King to hasten forward and secure Rome, but the wire-pulling against the deliverance of the Holy City from all the evil which Diplomacy was to entail, included the falsifying of a telegram from Bertani, who seems by this time to have become almost as much hated at Turin as Mazzini. It is not surprising that Garibaldi, with his direct soldier's mind, failed to see his way through the intricacies of his situation, for as the false version of his own and Bertani's intentions somehow obtained credence, he was now also to a great extent working at cross purposes with the puzzled people.

Mazzini concludes this letter of October 2nd to Caroline by one of his brief, graphic descriptions of scenery :

I went the other day to Mergellina, half an hour from the town ; a place from which the bay, Vesuvius, etc., are seen. The sunset was enchanting ; then the full moon arose, still more so. There is a sweetness in the outlines, in the lake-like sea, in the blue sky, in the semi-circular spreading of the town, in the lights of the boats, in the murmur of the waves, even in the surrounding Roman ruins, which I have seen nowhere [else], and which can only be felt. The *sombre* reddish light of Vesuvius is the only thing contrasting with it and gliding in with a note of fatality in this admirable concord. There is a second lower crater recently opened, and I feel certain that a third will open within a certain time still lower, threatening the town. The volcano loses in intensity, and gets weaker, which makes it forsake step by step the heights of the primitive crater and exercise its power on lower spots. There lies the danger.

I wanted to sink in the scenery, by the still moonlight landscape, but the persecution is there that, as in the museums, you are tortured and put out of temper by the guides, so in those lovely places you are never alone. One after the other, singers, players, tarantellas, prevent your resting or musing : you cannot move a step without some boy offering you prints, or if late, to light you on your way with lanterns. Mendicity is here on a high scale. I shall try to go and see Pompeii one of these days ; and it will be, I fancy, the only spot I shall see before leaving Naples.

You would have cried if you had seen some young Calabrese

Volunteers coming to me days ago ; one bursting into tears. I find myself extremely powerful amongst them : they are all republicans, only led, submitting. There is a clan feeling and tradition in Calabria similar to that of your Highlands fifty years ago : a few chiefs all-powerful : these chiefs are, in all the rest, inferior to their Volunteers and not very friendly to me. Did you notice poor Petroni's death ? Ah me ! Had we been allowed to enter the Roman provinces he would have been free, and perhaps saved.

Yes, I have been offered my *pardon* on condition of writing to the King what my line of conduct would be for the future. I answered as you suppose, and dismissed the matter. I wish I could send a copy of *Doveri* as a book. It has been forbidden by the Sardinian Government ! The terror in which I have put both Turin and Naples by my appearance, is something comic. . . .

To Emilie. From Naples. October 9th, 1860.

Bless you, dearest Emilie, I have all your notes, but I am living in such a whirlwind of things and men that I do not know how to answer. Do not complain of my silence. I can't help it. We are in full crisis. I suppose you have read by this time the letter of Pallavicini and my answer. He is now Pro-Dictator and my doom is sealed. Only they do not know how to manage it. I might go to the camp near Garibaldi, but I shall not. I do not want to conceal myself. I never do so without a hope of immediate action, and there is none here. I do therefore live publicly—although never going out—with Nicotera ; and awaiting calmly the orders of Pallavicini. Even if they do not come, it is clear that when the King is here and annexation is pronounced, I have nothing to do here that I have not the power of doing from elsewhere. The consequence of all this is that I shall most likely soon or late, vanish, unless I am *put* on a steamer. Much more than my individual liberty is near the end. Garibaldi will end, rapidly, in Caprera ; and the half of the Volunteer camp will disband.

Dear, I don't know what Venturi will do. His *brevet* appears to be a dead letter. The 5th Brigade has its Majors and it would be unwelcome to the Brigade to have a new Major superseding others who have fought in this last affair. I am sorry about his position. Even considering individual prospects, he must be something, and the military career was his career. *Pazienza*. He will see Cosenz again and it may be that something is found out for him. But there is such a *débâcle* in all departments that nobody can foresee anything.

No, dearest Emilie, I must be left to my fates. I shall never

be able to settle about time and place where to meet. Besides, I do not think your name the best safeguard possible. This moment I know nothing of myself.

How long do you think you will stop in Bellosguardo? Love to Sarina, Jeannette, etc. Poor Fabrini is dead as you know. Petroni is not, thank God. I have seen Pompeii and wished myself there with the rest, since 2000 years. Ever your most loving brother,

JOSEPH.

My advice—but it ought to come from you—for Venturi, is this: to await till the annexation is decreed; an organization of the army will take place; then he will be sure of having his *brevet* recognized. . . .

Crispi records that when Garibaldi read the letter of Pallavicini calling upon Mazzini to leave Naples, he was very angry and sent to beg Mazzini to go to see him at Caserta. Crispi was present at the interview which there took place (October 4th), and bears witness to the cordiality to each other of the two men. Garibaldi, who was resting in bed, assured his visitor that what Pallavicini had written was “on his own account” and could not be regarded as an act of the Government. “In any case,” he said, “I beg you not to leave Naples, and I assure you that no one will dare to molest you.” They then talked of the conditions of the moment and the need for completing the unity of the nation.

It may be well here to quote a few words from Mazzini’s reply to the old Marquis Giorgio: “When I landed I received a declaration, as yet unrevoked, from the dictator of this country, that I was free in the land of the free. The greatest sacrifice I could perform was made by me when, from love of unity and civil concord . . . I accepted the monarchy, ready to co-operate with her should she found that unity. . . If men loyal as you are, believe my word, it is their duty to work so as to convince, not me but those adverse to me, that the path of intolerance chalked out by them is the sole fomenting cause of anarchy. If they disbelieve a man who for thirty years has combated as he could for the nation, who has taught his accusers to whisper the name of unity, and who has never lied to a living soul, let them do so; the ingratitude of mankind is not a reason why I should voluntarily give way to their injustice, and so sanction it.”

The crisis during which he received this invitation to leave Naples was the burning question of the vote for annexation to Piedmont. The Cavourians, of whom Pallavicini became a leader, desired an open vote, yes or no, to be taken among the adult population. Should the "ayes" win in the plebiscite, Garibaldi and the Volunteers would quickly be relegated to the background, both of politics and the military field, leaving more than doubtful any attempt at the liberation of Rome or Venice.

To Caroline. From Naples. October 10th, 1860.

I have your letter of October 1st. You want the *Bulletin*. Alas, alas! the *Bulletin* continues sad and gloomy for the present. Since I wrote, *they* have won the [diplomatic] field. It is the summary. On the conviction that here is the seat of the revolutionary element, the Piedmontese have decided to come in. They *do* come in, as you know, with nearly 50,000 men; clearly, not to take Capua and Gaeta, for which 5000 added to Garibaldi's forces were sufficient. Six thousand have arrived to-day by sea: the rest is in full march by land. Fanti, Farini, Cialdini, the King, are coming. The Moderates here are frantic with joy and intolerant excitement. Pallavicini is their man; summoned by them. He has begun by dismissing all the few *Province Governatori*, Matina, De Cesaris, etc., who were ours: men who have headed the insurrection in the Provinces. The "Segretaria," which was ours, is dissolved. The "Associazione Unitaria," a public Association founded by Libertini and other friends, is dissolved to-day, although Garibaldi had approved it: Garibaldi is at the camp and ignores all this. The crusade against me has begun. Conforte and Pallavicini, finding it embarrassing to get rid of me, agreed on Pallavicini writing to me and inviting me to go. I answered "no." No further steps have been taken; only they spread the usual amount of calumnies against me and my friends amongst the people. And yesterday night there was to be a demonstration against me under my windows. After having reconsidered the matter, they went to sleep without it. Such is the position. On the 12th our paper will come out, and produce a recrudescence of rage and enmity. Meanwhile, Cavour, through Pallavicini, has decreed that the usual silent vote [for annexation] *à la Napoléon*, will take place on the 21st. No Parliament, no discussions: ayes or noes. I am told whilst I write that Garibaldi has decided to-day that a Parliament should be summoned. There would then be two contradictory decrees. *Tutto è possibile*. The provinces are dissatisfied. The metropolis is corrupted and will easily yield to the prestige of the King.



G. PETRONI

But I am greatly deceived if three months after the annexation, not to Rome but to Turin, an immense *foyer* of dissatisfaction and opposition is not fully established here.

Meanwhile, the annexation once pronounced, I dare say that some of ours will be compelled to go away. As for me, it is a wonder if I am not compelled to leave before. Dear, Maranzoni has behaved bravely and has been promoted on the field. Venturi is as yet uncertain. I think Emilie encourages him on political grounds to not take service in the army. I am rather sorry for it.

When Garibaldi's decision for an Assembly became known, Pallavicini sent in his resignation and Naples fell into a state of dangerous commotion. The faction that desired immediate annexation and Cavour's hand upon the helm, got up numberless petitions which, after another Council, made Garibaldi first bow his head in silence, then raise it to declare that if such were indeed the will of the people he would do nothing to gainsay it. On this, Crispi, who would be no party to the plebiscite, knowing what it meant, resigned from the secretaryship which he had taken over from Bertani.

The plebiscite was carried out on October 21st.

Meanwhile Mazzini snatched another brief hour amid scenes that appealed to the artist and dreamer within him. This time he visited the buried city whose inhabitants had failed to read the portents of the giant that looked down on them, and lingered until they too were all but overwhelmed :

I have seen Pompeii. What struck me is rather the general aspect of the silent, disinterred town than the details. It is the most solemn-looking cemetery of more than seventeen hundred years ago, in the loveliest spot on earth. The Vesuvius is still there, hovering threateningly on its victim. Visited by night, with a full moonlight, it would be one of the most sad and imposing sights to witness. There is a subterranean part of the House of Diomedes, a sort of cellar, for there are all the amphors still existing and stuck to the wall by the lava, in which eighteen persons took refuge. One, a girl, leant on the wall so closely that the lava has left the impression of the figure on it. It is one of the few instances of victims : almost all the population fled. Beautiful ferns have rooted themselves at the bottom of the oil or wine amphors on the lava. There was a double town, low and high. The low part is still buried and you walk on it going to the beautiful amphitheatre where the gladiators were contending

with the wild animals. I cannot now describe to you Pompeii, but I wish you were there with me, alone and without the accursed Cicerone who does nothing but talk nonsense. I thought of you all the while. . . .

This Sphinx-problem *must* be solved and I am more than ever pledged to it. The spring, I fancy, will unavoidably bring on a crisis concerning Venice or Rome or both ; and I shall be compelled to be again here. Alas, alas ! Still, my dream is now to be ten weeks or three months with you. Towards the end of the month I shall be able to decide. Nicotera has been ill ; he is better now. Jessie, whom I see now and then, is dogmatic and absolute to a point which really could not be borne were it not for the real, noble devotedness she shows to our wounded.* She blames everybody, but Mario. Taxes the Italians with cowardice, the only thing they cannot be taxed with. They fight heroically. She evinces, I do not know why, a strong, contemptuous antagonism to Georgina, [wife of Saffi, who had come to Naples at the same time as Mazzini] with whom she does not even shake hands and whom she calls "quella donna." Garibaldi acted frantically bravely during the last fight : friends of mine who saw him declared that he wanted to die. I would be perfectly safe from all bothers here if I went near him at Caserta ; but I do not want to seek protection or to compromise him when he does not ask me to go. It is very cold this morning. I hope it is not so with you, and that your cough is yielding. Bless you, dear. One fond kiss to Joe. Love to James and to the sisters. Ever yours,

JOSEPH.

The three-fourths of the Volunteers are republicans ; only bound heart and soul to Garibaldi, who, in the camp, is really admirable, and a great republican spirit is pervading the Neapolitan provinces. Time will show.

In a letter to Emilie, which seems to be about this date, he says, referring to Venturi :

I cannot in these things, advise any one but to follow his own conscience. But I think that any man who, not having given public pledges, has no fear of bringing discredit on a principle, and who *can* be useful as a military man, had better follow his career and try to get on. The moment will come when he will be really useful to our principle. . . . The great majority has now

* To whom the Neapolitans behaved with singular indifference and ingratitude. It is a satisfaction to English people to know that their compatriots did much to alleviate the sufferings in the military hospitals at Naples.

spoken clearly enough that monarchy will be chosen as the way to Unity, and there is nothing bad in bowing to the national will. . . .

To Caroline. From Naples. October 17th, 1860.

From morning to night I do nothing but seeing people ; and between two interviews I must write articles for the paper, [*Il Popolo d'Italia*] the first number of which appears this very day. The week has been stormy. Demonstrations have been taking place against me ; groups with flags and torches have amused themselves with shouting *Morte !* under my windows. Nevertheless I am living and loving. The groups were composed of the lowest rabble of the town ; the aim was to make me do through intimidation, what Pallavicini had failed to do by other means—to leave. I sent word to the Ministry that the more they were trying the less they would succeed. The agitation has been artificially got up. Garibaldi summoned one of the chief popular agitators and asked him if he knew me. No ; he had been told that I was the cause of all the troubles. Did he know my life and doings ? No. Garibaldi went on explaining, speaking in the most praiseful terms of me. The man ended by declaring that he had been ordered to get up a popular demonstration against me and had received so many ducats to pay the people. If Garibaldi would only give the same number of ducats he would make the men shout *Viva !* instead of *Morte !* The man who had bribed the *émeute* is a high employé in the actual police, called De Simone. Garibaldi ordered his arrest ; but as he left for Caserta two hours after, De Simone was immediately set free. A reaction ensued. Companies of Volunteers came to offer to put themselves at my door, etc. Yesterday night a demonstration was planned in my favour ; but of course the *Guardia Nazionale* was summoned to prevent it. All this is simply absurd. They are trying now, the Moderates, the system of Louis Phillippe. Every day the *generale* (rappel) is summoning the National Guard to repel an imaginary *émeute*, until they grow tired and yield to the suggestion of asking Garibaldi or others to send away at once the five or six men who are the cause of all their troubles. The fact is I frighten them out of their wits and that I cannot be in any place in Italy, unless triumphant or persecuted. Another fact is that I *shall* leave, only I do not want to leave precisely when they want it. . . .

When Garibaldi heard of the step ventured on by the Pro-Dictator he was not only very angry but he took prompt action,

for Pallavicini allowed it to be believed possible that through him civil war might show its head in Naples. He hastened to the city and speaking to the people from the balcony of the Forestieria, said, among other things: "These tumults are fomented by the party adverse to me and all my doings. That party stopped me in the Cattolica from coming to your aid: that party hindered me from taking the arms of the Million Musket Fund for the expedition to Sicily: that party sent La Farina to Palermo to hurry on annexation, which, had I consented, would have prevented my coming to set you free, oh people of Naples. This party has cried death to this, death to that man *of my friends*. Italians should cry death only to strangers, but among themselves there should be love and respect because all must concur in bringing about the unity of Italy."

To Emilie, October 19th, 1860. Addressed to

Mrs. Emilie Ashurst,
alle cure del Sig : Pellegrino Rosselli,
Palazzo della Posta. (Leghorn.)

Dearest Emilie, I can only write a few lines as usual. The bearer would tell you if he saw you, the life I lead, and how from nine o'clock to eleven at night I do nothing but having people coming one after another. After the invitations, the threatenings, I have had demonstrations; shoutings of "Death to Mazzini" under the windows, etc. All this does not move me much. But the time approaches in which, through my own determination, I shall leave Italy for some time, altogether. In that case the *plaid* so kindly and silently given by Sarina, will be, as it has already been, most useful. Dear, I am sad and restless: news have reached this day that a column which has been sent by Garibaldi to the province of Molise to try and put down some reactionary movement there, has been destroyed: of 500 men they say only seven escaped. Mario was with the column and his name is not among the seven. Jessie does not know anything, but if true she will soon, and she has repeatedly spoken and written about the determination of killing herself in case of Mario's death. I still hope. In a mountainous country 500 men are a power not easily destroyed: they may be scattered; but many more than seven must be living. Bless you, dearest Emilie. You wrote to me about the cigars when I had gone on smoking freely without any "partage." I have, however, offered to, although Venturi very kindly compelled me to keep more than was right. I fear he is not succeeding in his affair. Love to

Sarina and Jeannette. Everything will be at an end—for the present—at the end of the month, when the King will be there. The winter will pass without action. We shall see one another in London. Ever your loving brother

JOSEPH.

The town of Isernia, in the province or Molise, adjoining the Abruzzi, had declared for Garibaldi and the King, but on the last day of September, a number of peasants, instigated by their Bishop and led on by gendarmes from Gaeta, fell upon the neighbourhood and for a week worked wreck, ruin, and murder of the most bestial kind. Refugees, reaching Garibaldi's camp, assured him that any relieving force he could send would be seconded by friendly peasants in large numbers, who were only waiting for a lead. Garibaldi could not remain deaf to the horrible account poured out to him. He therefore at once dispatched Mario, Nullo, and Zazio, with some five hundred men, to the relief of the sufferers. But instead of meeting hundreds of the population anxious to join them, they found themselves attacked both by peasants and Bourbon regulars (October 17th), and their little band was practically cut to pieces.

Nor was it only in the district of Isernia that devastation, rapine, and murder, perpetrated under the stimulus of Bourbons and Pope, furrowed the population. Victor Emmanuel's army as it proceeded southwards met with no little evidence of the methods of those to whom the making of Italy was positive anathema, and did its best to punish the sinners when they could be laid hold of. On October 20th, General Cialdini had the satisfaction of charging and defeating a considerable force not far from the scene of the Volunteers' reverse, when the King was only forty-eight hours behind him.

A few days later Garibaldi crossed the Volturno on a temporary bridge built under fire by the British Legion, 600 strong, who had landed at Naples on the 15th. With this body, and with a number of his own North Italians, he went forward to welcome the King. On the evening of the 25th he sent two of his most esteemed followers to notify Victor Emmanuel of his approach and to offer his homage. He then marched on to a small tavern at the junction of two roads, where he awaited the arrival of His Majesty.

"Battalion after battalion went by, gazing at Garibaldi, some with unmingled enthusiasm, gratitude, and love, others with a greater or less admixture of professional jealousy and political distrust. Generals Della Rocca and Cialdini both greeted him warmly that morning and were warmly welcomed in return." * By and by the music of the Royal March apprised the Liberator of the coming of the King. The meeting between him and Victor Emmanuel appeared entirely cordial and the first exchange of words sounded simple and sincere. Members of the two widely different staffs then rode on side by side in the wake of the revolutionary hero and the monarch whose crown he had so amazingly adorned.

At a certain point the Liberator and his men turned off to make their way back to the road by which they had come, Mario silently noting the gentle melancholy in the face of his chief. Next morning they met Mario's wife who, anticipating the need of the Volunteers for hospitals north of the Volturno, had crossed over to make arrangements. "My wounded," said Garibaldi, when apprised of her object, "are all to the south of the river"; then in the gentlest way he added, "Jessie, they have sent us to the rear." During their short ride together the King had quietly informed the man to whose sword and arm he owed his new Kingdom, that he and his followers were no longer wanted.

It was the sequel to Garibaldi's experience in 1848; and it was the realization of what had been foreshadowed by the episode of 1859. The hand which at the cost of so many sears and scars had pulled the chestnuts up to the bars would of course never be acknowledged—and now that the same hand had actually pulled them out of the fire, it could be dispensed with. The chestnuts were to be enjoyed by others.

To Emilie. From Naples. October 28th, 1860.

CARA,

Here is Venturi and my blessing with him. You will not leave on the first, but on the 7th or 8th. Do not be too late. The great thing for you is to get rid of the troublesome [private] affair. As for Venturi, you will decide between yourselves. I do believe that he can if he chooses, enter the army as

* Trevelyan; *The Making of Italy*.

a major ; it will have to be reorganized,* most likely under Cosenz, and he is sure of succeeding. But if not, my advice, by right of old friendship, is that he should do *something*. A man must. Of course if possible, that is if I shall still do something and he will be free at the time, I shall employ him somehow, but all this is very uncertain, and I believe that war between Austria and Piedmont will take place before we can take any initiative. I shall be most likely out of Naples when you will leave, or soon after. On my account, therefore, he is not to come back to Naples. Whatever his decision be, I shall know where he is and keep contact with him. Things are dull here, only rumours are afloat of my arrest impending. *Non me ne do per inteso*. [I assume ignorance of it.] And I dare say the rumour will never be a reality. Garibaldi and the King have shaken hands at Sante Croce. Whether the former will persist in going [to Caprera] or the King will have persuaded him to stop, is not known. I shall see Garibaldi before leaving. The actual scheme of Cavour is war for Venice together with Louis Napoleon again. Of all bad things I can dream of it is the worst. There is no remedy except sweeping off the one or the other ; and as what concerns L. N. must be the fruit of spontaneity, I must limit myself to try and overthrow Cavour : no easy task. Dolfi is "avvilito" ; no wonder, but very weak. A man [such] as he is ought to find in himself as much energy for the country as he found faith in Ricasoli. Remember me to him, however. Give my love to Sarina and Jeannette and all. I suppose you will travel through France. You may still write here, when you receive this scrap ; not when you are out of Italy. I shall certainly be travelling ; only my journey will be very long ; and I shall have to stop one or two days here and there. Love me always as you do, dearest Emilie, and trust the perennial love of your brother,

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Naples. Seems October 30th, 1860.

DEAREST EMILIE,

I receive, very late, yours of the 21st. Did I not write to you that all is safe with Mario ? There is, most unhappily, still danger for him and others. They have been and are fighting between Capua and Gaeta, and every Volunteer falling makes my heart bleed now. There are plenty of Piedmontese troops there, quite sufficient for the purpose, and our men ought to spare themselves for the battles of Rome and Venice.

* It had become the regular army of the Piedmontese King.—E. A. V.

You speak of going to Genoa on the first ; will this scrap reach you ?

Garibaldi is dissatisfied, still more, it seems, after the first interview with the King, and persists in going [to Caprera]. I must see him before leaving, and it is very difficult. I shall try to do so within the week. Then I shall be free to decide.

Another thing which might change my mind is a possible attack from Austria. But I dare say it will not take place.

Love to Sarina and all the family. Ever your devoted

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. From Naples. November 1st, 1860. Addressed to Mrs. Stansfeld in Mazzini's writing, but evidently sent through Quadrio, for on the outside, in the fine hand of the latter, are the following words, sent as a greeting to little Joe Stansfeld : "Caro Peppino, Ti saluta con grande affetto il tuo vecchio amico, Maur : Quadrio."

Emilie writes on the 24th that you do not receive letters from me. I have always written, posting from different places. I am still here. I have not been able to see Garibaldi since his interview with the King. It was very cold on both sides and Garibaldi determined to depart. He is evidently regretting bitterly his own programme, but proud weakness forbids him to retract. Ah me ! Here, *carabinieri* parade the streets and the whole of the Piedmontese police is here. Father Gavazzi has been arrested yesterday. Meanwhile Bourbonian reaction lifts its head in plenty of places. Dear, there is no tri-coloured boot here : only in Tuscany. I shall, however, try to find it out—there perhaps. Meanwhile I am looking for your coral bracelet : a very difficult task too. The best things are in red coral, and I know you have a fancy for the pale one, which, after all, is diseased coral. I feel that I shall end in buying what you will not like.

It is cold ; cold in Naples ! Jessie, good, devoted as she is, makes me feel furious. She speaks like a soldier, insults everybody, enters ten times Nicotera's room without bowing or speaking one word to his wife, is dictatorial in her tone far more than Garibaldi himself ; and has lately taken the habit of declaring the Italians the worst race in the world and happiness to be identical with one being as far as possible from them.

How is Joe ? How are you ? I trust I shall have a letter before going. I shall write again from this place. I feel rather perplexed about my ways : steamers are crammed with people amongst whom I must be known. Then, they reach places in the middle of the day. . . .

To Caroline. November 8th, 1860.

I am still here, compelled to linger on account of the roads which I want to go through not being safe, but invaded by what they call the *reaction*, a rabble compound of poor deluded peasants, disguised gendarmes, priests, and thieves. As soon as it will be possible to pass, I shall leave. Meanwhile all is over here. Garibaldi is leaving to-day, I think; the King coming in with Garibaldi. I have had the other night a long interview at Caserta: a very friendly one. He is evidently embittered more than he says, and regretting his way although without the courage of retracing his steps. Some understanding took place concerning the future: the heavy task falling, of course, on me. A third period of our movement is beginning. Cavour aims at Venice, but with the help of Louis Napoleon. I must head and direct an agitation for Venice and Rome without and against Louis Napoleon, and try to overthrow Cavour during the winter: then try if we can raise a movement in the spring, when, if we succeed as we did in Sicily, Garibaldi will come out with some Marsala-like expedition and join us. The Venetian movement would compel Piedmont to come in, and I would, as usual, be cursed, calumniated and sent away. Still, it must be done; and then Rome will be our object. Garibaldi was going to ask the King to cancel my sentence of death. The plot had been contrived by Nicotera, Saffi, and all my friends. Happily he spoke of it and I forbade it. *Non ci mancava altro*. [It needed but that.] The King would have been praised everywhere for his magnanimity, and I would have been "his obliged." Although the word would have been avoided, it would still have been a thing of *grazia*. A King can do nothing but that. I prefer to remain the proscribed of Monarchy. There are, meanwhile, news of Nicotera's arrest being ordered: if true it will involve mine no doubt—a low revenge from Pallavicini or others, perhaps an absurd fear that we contrive something against the King! Do not trouble yourself about this. I dare say neither Nicotera nor I shall be arrested at all. . . .

For the completion of the picture briefly outlined in the foregoing letters, it is necessary to go back a month, to Victor Emmanuel's proclamation addressed to the Neapolitans from Ancona on October 9th. Throughout the space of four columns which it occupied in the newspaper, Garibaldi's name is scarcely mentioned, but the King announces that "My troops are advancing to restore order. Italy knows that I come to close the era of revolutions."

When he read this, Garibaldi understood all the peril of the situation that was bound to arise—this being the spirit of monarchy and ministry—between his own troops and those of the regular army. That situation had been foreshadowed in September, for he himself records: "Two battalions of the Sardinian army arrived [in Naples] without my having asked for them . . . ostensibly they were sent to place themselves under my orders should I wish it. I did express such a wish [on the eve of the struggle on the Volturno] and was told that I must obtain the sanction of the ambassador, who, when consulted, replied that I must get the necessary permission from Turin. Meanwhile my gallant comrades were gaining victories on the Volturno, not only without the help of a single soldier of the regular army, but deprived of the contingents which the noble youth of all Italy wished to send us, and which were being detained or even imprisoned by Cavour and Farini [in Genoa]."

As in Palermo, so now in Naples, such disorder as existed owed its origin to the interference and intrigues of emissaries of the Piedmontese Government, which was wire-pulled by Louis Napoleon; for in consequence of the complete liberty of the press insisted upon by the Dictator, and his refusal to possess any official organ, the journals and newspapers had fallen into the hands of agents of the diplomacy of Turin. The mind of the people, therefore, had become as a house divided against itself. Though Garibaldi's presence, when he was able to be in the city, his words, his obvious and clear intentions, swept the popular tide at once to him, in his absence the press and the "Moderates" discounted his influence and confused issues.

On the day that Victor Emmanuel crossed into Neapolitan territory (October 15th), Garibaldi wrote to him as follows:—

"Italy and Victor Emmanuel: In order to satisfy a wish indubitably cherished by the entire nation I have determined: That the two Sicilies, which owe their redemption to Italian blood and which have freely elected me their dictator, shall form an integral part of Italy one and indivisible under the constitutional King Victor Emmanuel and his successors. On the arrival of the King I shall place in his hands the dictatorship conferred upon me by the nation. Pro-dictators are charged to carry out this present decree."

It will be noticed that Garibaldi hereby absolutely removed

the decision of their own fate from the people; but such a step on his part is not surprising, because from the first his attitude had been that of one who was preparing the way for monarchy. That he believed Victor Emmanuel would continue him, at least for a time, in his dictatorship, does not alter the fact of his feeling himself the forerunner of monarchy. No doubt he cherished a personal attraction for the King as a man; but even stronger in his mind than that personal sentiment was the notion that the Crown symbolized Unity as nothing else symbolized it. For years past he had seen no chance of a republic establishing itself in Piedmont, where, in his view, resided the "growing point" whence, probably, constitutional liberty could spread throughout the peninsula and into Sicily. Mazzini and his followers, even to stout-hearted, tenacious old Quadrio, bowed also to this immense probability; but they held fast to the principle that any decision as to the form of government should be the people's own and not that of any one person or of any group of persons.

By this letter of October 15th, intended to avert tension between volunteers and regulars, Garibaldi inadvertently gave offence to all, and multiplied his own difficulties.

Presently, in response to representations made to him, he consented to convene the Assemblies. Writing upon this, Jessie White Mario, whose word as a contemporary, intimate with the Dictator's mind and ideas is highly valuable, says: "One would have thought that this decision would have appeased all parties, rejoiced the hearts of the staunchest partisans of Piedmontese hegemony . . . on the contrary, the most furious opposition was raised by his [Cavour's] partisans. . . . The reading of the riddle is not far to seek and this time Cavour was alone responsible. He was determined to dissolve the House [in Turin] as soon as the annexations could be compassed by love or by force, and meant naturally to appeal to the entire country. Were the people of Sicily and Naples to elect members to their provincial assemblies with the mandate to promise for or against annexation, the same individuals would, ten to one, at the general election, be sent to the national parliament. Cavour, who knew how he was regarded by the populations freed by Garibaldi and his Volunteers, realized that thus his compact, docile majority would disappear."*

* *Supp. to Autobiography of Garibaldi.*

Wearied out, puzzled and distracted by anxieties on the military side, and most solicitous, as Jessie Mario points out, to avoid all appearance of dissension, Garibaldi, instead of convening the Assemblies, at length gave orders for the people to reply by plebiscite, on October 21st, by a Yes or No, to the following formula :

“The people wills Italy to be one and indivisible, with Victor Emmanuel constitutional King, and his legitimate descendants.”

Having arrived at this decision he wrote to Mazzini : “Dear Mazzini, As we must yield it is better to yield with a good grace. Meanwhile, in regard to yourself, I choose to flatter myself that you will submit to the intimidations of no one while I am at the helm. Always yours, G. GARIBALDI.”

As the force of Piedmont advanced from Ancona into the heart of the country, the Bourbon generals, seeing the danger of being caught between two fires, withdrew (October 17th) behind the river Garigliano, which lies about 15 miles north of the Volturno, leaving some 12,000 men to hold Capua. This was the day following the meeting of Garibaldi and the King.

On October 27th Victor Emmanuel had the graciousness to pay a surprise visit to the Volunteer lines at Sant Angelo, where he hoped to find Garibaldi, but the guerilla general, really ill, had been obliged to lay up at Caserta. On the King's return across the river, the royal army divided, part going towards the Garigliano and Gaeta, and part coming to besiege the stronghold of Capua. During the preparations for the siege, Della Rocca desired the help of the Volunteers in safeguarding his lines, and to avoid a disclosure of the truth which would almost certainly have precipitated a storm, Garibaldi, superseded even from his own men, arranged that Della Rocca's orders should be given through Sirtori and that his men should suppose them coming from himself. Della Rocca felt so much impressed by this fine bit of altruism that he went to see Garibaldi, when his admiration of the Dictator found cordial expression.

The siege of Capua lasted twenty-four hours, at the end of which time 10,000 men became prisoners of war (November 2nd); but the siege of Gaeta, owing to the tactics of Louis Napoleon,—who would permit nothing to be done on the side of the sea though permitting operations by land,—was destined to drag on through the winter.

Twice, before his proclamation as King of the Two Sicilies, Victor Emmanuel arranged to review the men who, with their fallen comrades, had won him so rich a dower. On both occasions the Volunteers were drawn up "with feelings of loyalty and pride," and stood under arms for more than six hours at Caserta, waiting in vain. On the second occasion they simply learned, after the appointed hour had passed, that the King's mind had changed and he did not intend reviewing them. No excuse or apology was then or at any subsequent time vouchsafed to these King-makers.

Commander Forbes wrote that even after the heavy losses on the Volturmo and elsewhere, the Garibaldini were some 22,000 strong, of whom 10,000 could be reckoned as "first-rate troops, capable of doing anything and enduring any hardship, and willing to fight as their Chief told them, without bread and ammunition, and march their thirty miles a day. . . ."* The political faith of these men, like that of their superb officers, "may be embodied," he says, "in the magic name of Garibaldi, who had said over and over again that what he understands by a republic is the will of the majority, and that the incarnation of that majority in Italy is to be found in Victor Emmanuel; not that there may not be men of republican feelings amongst them, the result of years of oppression under monarchical rule, but they have stifled every will of their own in deference to that of Garibaldi, than whom a more honest or devoted subject the King of Italy does not possess, and Garibaldianism is with them as completely a religion as was Mohammedanism with the fanatical followers of the prophet in the earlier days of the Koran. On this day the germs of discontent which had been sown by the *hauteur* of the Piedmontese towards Garibaldi were finally developed by the studied slight offered to themselves and their chief by the King. . . . No one looks for gratitude in this world, but common decency becomes a monarch, to say nothing of policy. If the cream of the army, like their chief, seek no recompense, at least they do not wish to see him slighted."

It is not astonishing that a dangerous moment arrived. The outraged Volunteers suddenly seethed with revolt. On every side

* It must not be forgotten that in addition to these important figures, large numbers of men from all parts of Italy, and especially from the provinces most advanced in thought and education, had been prevented from swelling the ranks of the Volunteer-liberators by the forcible opposition of the Turin Government, who sought to minimize the *national* character of Volunteer action.

there resounded shouts of "To Rome ! To Rome !" "If you abandon us now, General," said some, "we shall be disbanded and you will never be allowed to reunite your army—you will never lead us to Venice or to Rome." "No," answered Garibaldi. "I have the King's word that our army shall be preserved—that Medici, Cosenz, and Bixio, with Cialdini and Sonnaz (both good friends of ours), shall organize it properly. . . . I have refused the high rank offered to me in the regular army, to keep myself free for the next campaign. You have proved your patriotism on the battle field, now prove it by promoting concord and armament. Trust me, I do what is best ; obey me."*

Once more, for Unity's sake, this man, trusting and weak as a child in some ways, sometimes unjust but, as has been justly remarked, seldom failing to be generous, put aside all other considerations and sat beside the King as Victor Emmanuel made his entry into Naples (November 7th), under deluges of rain which "ruined the triumphal arches and caused the rows of pasteboard allegorical figures to double up as if they had been shot."†

Garibaldi "distributed the medals granted by the municipality of Palermo to the survivors of his famous Thousand ; gave the Hungarian legion their colours, dilating on the intimate union between Italy and Hungary, and on the necessity that in the future they should unite their forces against their common enemies, Austria and the Pope. He refused all rank or title or any sort of decoration ; had a last interview with Mazzini on November 5th at Caserta, where their earnest talk was of Rome and the future ; recommended once more to the King his brave army of Liberators, and on November 9th left Naples with a 'To meet again on the road to Rome' for his last adieu to his Volunteers."‡

Had he known how his army was destined to be treated, had he foreseen that in twelve months from his departure the great southern provinces would be brought well nigh to revolution, that troops would be poured into Sicily, that a rule of coercion and cruelty § was to succeed his own, assuredly he would have carried to his island home an even heavier heart than he did.

Mazzini's prognostication that neither he nor Nicotera would be arrested proved correct. He left Naples at about the same

* J. W. Mario : *Supplement to Autobiography of Garibaldi*.

† Trevelyan : *The Making of Italy*.

‡ J. W. Mario : *Supplement to Autobiography of Garibaldi*.

§ See Appendix.

time as Garibaldi, made his way north and eventually arrived safely in England, though, if an assumption of the present writer's is also correct, his safety must be ascribed less to his own prudence than to the care of that Providence who is ever the friend of the brave.

Several indications point to its being on this journey that an incident occurred which throws into high relief certain of his own characteristics, and the nobility of his companions.

Somewhere, either in Italy or Switzerland, he joined Emilie, who was anxious to return to England, and Carlo Venturi, who was anxious to make the journey with her. As a deserter, years before, from the Austrian army, Venturi was far from safe in Italy, while the risks attending his life had been doubled by his adherence to Mazzini and the work he had been carrying through. It behoved him, therefore, to walk with the utmost circumspection, especially as he had not, like Mazzini, the gift of tongues. Mazzini's every step upon the continent was, of course, fraught with difficulty and peril which, though courage could minimize, prudence could not ignore. Consequently, when the three met they observed all reasonable precautions, arriving if possible at hotels during the hour when other travellers dined, so as to avoid the *salle à manger* and be able, without seeming singular, to ask for dinner in the coffee room.

One evening, having happily timed their arrival in a Swiss town where Mazzini had formerly been known, they found the place so crowded that they were driven, in the hotel that finally admitted them, to accept improvised accommodation for their meal in a wide veranda or covered way, into which opened the dining-room windows and which also served the waiters as a passage to the kitchen offices. In this veranda a splendid owl, strongly caged, and literally frantic through incessant teasing by thoughtless waiters continuously passing and repassing its prison, presented a spectacle which entirely took away their appetites. Both Mazzini and Venturi had a passion for birds and possessed curious power with them. Birds never hesitated long to trust Mazzini's overtures, while they responded with uncanny celerity to those of Venturi. He could step to the middle of a lawn, extend an arm, softly whistle, and by some subtle magic, that arm would within two minutes become the perch of a dozen shy songsters and unapproachable woodland birds. They seemed to

have no fear of him, but perched upon and nestled to him while he whistled or crooned to them in a way that appeared to delight them.

In a sort of polyglot hotel, sitting near the open window of a roomful of people, and subject to the observation of waiters, any one of whom might be a spy, it was impossible for the three to give vent to their feelings about the wretched captive save very guardedly to each other. They therefore brought their unhappy dinner to an end as quickly as possible and sought their rooms. Once upstairs, the two men declared that something must be done—that they could not leave that creature to its hideous fate. Both knew too well what the deprivation of liberty meant, and instinctively felt what it must mean to a creature of the air—also how much cruelty, even if stupid and thoughtless, could add to that affliction. But Emilie's anxiety for Mazzini and the man who had become supremely dear to her, made it difficult for her to consent to the risk they were eager so lightly to encounter. At length, however, she acquiesced, and whole-heartedly, for truly she was as intrepid as they.

Cautiously they discussed each aspect of the situation, finally devising a scheme that, risky as it might be, afforded one slender possibility of achieving their aim. Mazzini, who could do with marvellously little sleep, elected to watch, listen, and as soon as the population of the hotel should have all retired for the short night accorded in those days to the staff of such a place, rouse Venturi and Emilie, who, being much exhausted, were to seek some rest. About 2 a.m. then, feeling assured that no one in the house was stirring, he wakened the others, and, not daring to carry a light, all three stole down the stairs into the hall. Venturi had not only been a soldier but an intelligence officer, while Mazzini possessed that kind of supersense which riveted certain impressions upon his memory however rapidly those impressions had been received, so both were able to pioneer the less-endowed Emilie across the darkness towards the door of the *salle à manger*.

But midway their steps were arrested by a sound close at hand—a very human sound that might have been a slumbrous half-sigh or the note that indicates a deeper sleep. They waited, listening in a fixed stillness. Venturi said afterwards that the recollection flashed upon his mind of a beehive chair that must have been placed for the accommodation of a night porter, the likelihood of

whose presence they had completely overlooked. If this individual caught any movement made by them, if he should rouse himself, they would be lost. It was a horrible moment; but they stood their ground, held by so immense a pity for the helpless wild thing suffering to frenzy, that they were willing even to throw their own lives into the balance for it. Presently a prolonged and satisfying sound issued from the unseen beehive, and Venturi touched the others upon the arm. Stealthily, with slow caution, they reached the first solid barrier to their enterprise: the dining-room door, held by lock and bolts that creaked and wheezed, needing much delicate persuasion in the darkness. It seemed to Emilie that the porter must awake. But fortunately he slept on—touched, perhaps, by the hand of their good genius—and in time they gained the further dangers of the *salle à manger*.

Groping with elaborate caution among chairs and tables, felt rather than seen—though luckily the great shutters admitted a crack of light above their tops—they crossed the room without disaster, only to find the windows a particularly hard proposition. It seemed to Emilie, whose senses were strung to the highest pitch, that hours passed before the men happened on the springs that released the shutter bars; and these had to be prevented from falling or otherwise producing noise. But at last shutters and window were conquered and the three prepared to step into the glass veranda or passage. The owl had all the while been venting savage sounds and they feared he might betray them by some sharp or piercing cry as they appeared before him in the moonlight; but Venturi, motioning the others to keep back, stepped up to the poor creature, crooning unintelligible words, when suddenly, as though hypnotized, it became silent and motionless. He laid his hand upon the cage, and still it did not move. Then he felt at the fastening and found it securely locked. Motioning to Mazzini, he drew from his pocket his keys which Mazzini proceeded to try. None fitted, neither did any of Mazzini's own, but finally Emilie's furnished the one that succeeded.

She told the present writer that she stood there spell-bound, at first watching in a sort of icy fear of what that savage beak might do, but very soon in deep wonder, as she saw Venturi's hand pass into the cage and finger the ring that fettered the bird's foot. That ring, too, was riveted so that it could not be taken

off. Meanwhile the unhappy creature remained passive, perfectly docile to the soothing voice that never ceased to talk to it, so that it was almost impossible to credit that this was the same desperate thing which so short a time ago would have torn open any hand that came within reach. Venturi presently got out a little file and began the slow work of cutting the thick chain that linked the foot to the perch, attacking the link nearest to the bird's foot. The creature, with apparent understanding, offered no resistance, nor made the slightest difficulty.

Mazzini stepped back into the dining-room, to listen, as this tedious work began, while Emilie listened for any sign of disturbance in the kitchen premises. Most fortunately their cautious doings had aroused no one, and as the lengthy task neared completion, Venturi signed that he might need their help. At last he was able to lay the chain in the bottom of the cage, then he passed a hand gently upwards to the bird's breast, and Emilie, watching in an amazement that made her forget all peril, saw him firmly grasp its legs and lift them from the perch. Then slowly, and still crooning, he managed to draw the creature through the narrow cage door without disturbing its feathers. He placed the fingers of his other hand within the large claws that instantly closed upon them, let go of its legs, steadily bore the creature to the outside air, crooning to it all the time, then slowly raised his arm, and feeling the bird poise, altered his tone and with soft emphasis spoke the word "Via!" The owl leaned a little forward, spread its wings, seemed to take a brief survey round, and quickly, with a splendid sweep, rose and soared away.

"He will carry that fetter all his life," said Venturi.

"But it will not hold him down," answered Emilie. "He will love freedom more than ever."

Thankfully they turned back to their unfinished task. The cage was soon relocked, all traces that could reveal their work effaced, the dining-room windows re-negotiated, the door re-fastened, and then, to the welcome music of the porter's snores, the relieved conspirators remounted the dark staircase.

Next morning wonder and excitement pervaded the staff of the hotel. The three responsible parties, compelled by prudence to make a very early start, were at once drawn into the question, but could only add their expressions of marvel to the rest. They agreed that the bird's escape was so strange as almost to seem

a miracle : that if he had been released by any human agency it was hardly to be believed that some one had not heard—there were dogs outside. . . . Any one within the house could not have managed . . . all doors and windows were locked—showed no sign of tampering. . . . Then some one recollected a legend of ill-luck attending the capture of a great owl, and even the impossibility of retaining one a prisoner. . . . Owls were devils' servants and brought misfortune, even death. . . . This one's devil had released him. . . . No, no, that was not it (this from the women servants) ; the padrone's wife had been ill ; in the night she took a turn for the better. . . . It was her saint who took the devil's tool away. . . . The saints always interfered if . . . And then it was remembered how she had always hated the owl being there. . . . Ah, certainly it was the saints who had interfered. . . .

In which conclusion it seems not impossible to agree.

APPENDIX A

Letter from Joseph Mazzini to the people of Edinburgh. (Addressed to the Secretary of the Committee for Aiding the Emancipation of Italy.)

London, March 2nd, 1857.

Sir,—You and your friends have strenuously exerted yourselves to prepare the way for my friend Miss White's Lectures. It is but fair for me to thank you, and to state candidly the reasons which made me urge Miss White to undertake the task. My aim is very earnest,—and you are in earnest in your wish to help our cause. I may therefore speak quite frankly.

I want two things: moral help especially, for a not very distant future; and some material help, if possible, for the present. The latter is the complement and the proof of the moral feeling. *Spoken* sympathy is not a very strong encouragement to a nation who, like ours, has been too often bitterly deceived and abandoned by friends who urged her applaudingly on the career; but when tested by some real sacrifice, it produces a real increase of energy within those to whom it is addressed, and I know that the courage and perseverance of my Italian working men would be redoubled the day in which I could be enabled to tell them "You have thousands of friends in Great Britain, and there is the proof."

The opinion that Italy must *exist*,—that one bond of brotherhood must unite all her sons—that a single national flag must float for them all from Rome, the city of the Capitol and the Vatican—is now, thanks to the long series of our martyrs, universal in my country. The opinion that there is no foundation of a nationality in diplomacy, in foreign governments, or in the Piedmontese monarchy (which latter may possibly follow, but cannot initiate the struggle)—that we must strike the first blow—that it is only by a mighty insurrectionary rising that we can reach the aim,—is every day gaining ground in Italy, and linking together in a collective work the majority of our patriots. It is clear that these two opinions will in a short time lead to an open, bold National Movement.

The help I ask for cannot by itself *lead* to this; there is therefore no question of moral responsibility involved on you in giving it. The help I ask for can, however, do much towards

strengthening the Movement, towards helping it to unity, towards making the blow more decisive; you may help me when the movement may have commenced, to concentrate immediately on our land a mass of useful military elements now scattered by exile throughout Europe. You may enable me to set at freedom men baptized by their suffering and influence to be leaders; men who are now in prison, and upon whom perhaps our tyrants would revenge our first victory. You may, by increasing thus the influence of men whose intentions you can trust, by enabling them to spread the same watchword right and left, avert a great deal of that anarchical feeling which threatens every violent commotion, and which might, through isolation and despair, hurry the men engaged in the struggle to seek for help where the ideal of liberty is spoiled by wild, absurd, and immoral doctrines. Is not all this enough with earnest men to make help a *duty*?

The fulfilment of this duty I now claim from you in the name of our long sufferings and of our constant struggle,—in the name of the services rendered by Italy to the cause of European civilization,—in the name of the oppressed nations to which our own liberty would be a stepping-stone—in the name of the most sacred of liberties, the liberty of conscience, which can only be proclaimed for the whole of Europe by the overthrow of the Papacy at Rome, —in the name of your own Principle which must be represented as well in your internal development,—in the name, allow me to say, of the sin you committed when in 1849 you allowed your Government to approve and sanction the re-establishment, by foreign troops, of Papal tyranny in Rome, thus crushing our liberty in the bud.

The international policy pursued by your Government has long been false to the natural tendencies of the British Nation. That policy will last as long as secrecy in international transactions is permitted; it will die only when new nations arising, shall proclaim, as we certainly shall, publicity—that is a continuous intercourse between the rulers and the people, to be the law of freedom.

Meanwhile the only way for you of nobly protesting is, to found your own international life—to declare your sympathy—to pave the way by acts for the New Alliances, which will replace in the future your own Britain on that honourable basis of policy which has been forsaken since the days of Cromwell.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

APPENDIX B

To James Stansfeld, Swan Brewery. January 30th, 1859.

DEAR JAMES,

The question is this :

The Bonapartist-Sardinian war against Austria in Italy is a settled fact. We know the terms, the time, everything of it.

The war, if successful, will give to Louis Napoleon a greater hold than he has ever had of the French mind, through a military glory and territorial increase. The Lombardo-Sardinian Kingdom will be, morally, a French dependency. Through other, more Southern, schemed acquisitions, the Mediterranean will be a "French Lake."

Every patriot, every believer in Liberty ought therefore to ask himself: Is it good for Europe and for my own country, that despotism should gain such a signal victory and conquer such a step in its European influence?

The next question ought to be: Where is the element for resistance to it?

Evidently the element is in our National Party.

We are Italians, anti-Bonapartist, and believers in Freedom, not as a merely local fact, but as a *principle*, as a European Right. An initiative of our own would be the exclusion of all despotic schemes and the starting-point for all Nationalities.

Should people not feel inclined to believe in our principles, in our ideas, let them believe in our interest. It is clear that the permanency of our victory can only be sought for in the general rising, in a re-drawn map of Europe.

On that map one point for us is vital: the East. Its question is, for us, identical with Austria.

We have long ago expressed our belief that the European Turkish Empire must fall; that we ought to avoid its falling in the hands of the Tsar; that the indigenous elements ought to be masters there; that a federation of nationalities ought to be substituted to the Othmanic rule; and that Greece ought to be at its head. I have always taken every opportunity for stating my belief in these future prospects of the Hellenic race.

But the Greeks ought by this time to feel that it is utterly

impossible for them to rise and reconquer their own provinces, unless a European conflagration takes place, or an Italian insurrection diverts the forces of their enemies, and then helps them avowedly or secretly : both, in turn of time.

Any Greek insurrection will have, as during the Crimean war, the Powers against itself. And as to hope from Russia, every intellectual Greek *must* see that Russia wants Byzantium for herself.

On these grounds I applied, during the Crimean war, to some Greeks for some help to our National Movement. I was answered that, in their heart they were siding by us, but that any knowledge of their contact with the European revolutionary element would damage their cause with the Powers ! Meanwhile, they were invaded.

In the actual circumstances, I would feel disposed, had I any chance, to renew my appeal. It seems strange to me that the Greeks do not see at once that our cause is their cause—that an initiative is wanted for all Nationalities—that Italy is now the ground for it—and that the strategic law, the concentration of all possible forces on a given point, ought to lead them to tend a fraternal help to our National Party.

Proposals have been started of a loan of £2000 or £3000, without any interest, but with three English good securities, etc. All such proposals are useless. The three English securities, if I could find them, would advance the sum themselves. It must be a patriotic *bonâ fide* concern, or nothing.

There ought to be a Greek Subscription, privately managed. There ought to be a written compact from myself and our Committee, guaranteeing the sum, if we succeed—a financial help from us, then, if required—and a Hellenic policy immediately adopted by revolutionized Italy. Of course a number, equal to the amount or more, of our National Loan notes might be given to the Subscribers.

Mr. Dilberoglou, whom I know and esteem, is an intellectual patriot, and is influential especially amongst the Manchester Greeks. He ought to help ; and if you can speak to him about the subject I shall be grateful.

Your affectionate

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

APPENDIX C

GARIBALDI had asked the King to continue him one year in office. This was refused, and the answer to his request for decorations for his officers, procrastinated. In the sequel, the Volunteer army was of course disbanded, and in such a manner that never again could it rally to its adored leader. All the men appointed by Garibaldi were superseded, and everything was done that could be done by Cavour to efface any influence Garibaldi may have possessed with the King. Everywhere the name of the Liberator gave place to names that held no charm for the people—names of men who had no fellow-feeling with the population the tenor of whose lives they came to change. South and North mingled like oil and water. The people wept for Garibaldi and wilfully spurned the hands that had taken the reins from him. A population who had been *led*, and who, by skill, might, so to speak, have been driven on the snaffle, would do nothing but jib under the curb. Cavour and his nominees found themselves, in default of being competent to lead, compelled to use the curb, and to add to the curb various means of coercion. The Sicilians, who before Garibaldi's arrival had been exempt from conscription, had enlisted willingly enough under him, but "under the harsh rule of the Piedmontese governors, many hid themselves in the mountains and the sulphur mines. The most cruel punishments were invented for the real or supposed absentees. Troops were poured into the island. A deaf and dumb man was seared with hot irons and otherwise put to the torture; whole villages were deprived of water; a house supposed to harbour a *renitente alla leva* was fired: the three inmates were burned to death." *

The men appointed to govern the island had to fly at the end of a few weeks, and one of them, La Farina, declared that at least 8000 soldiers were needed for Palermo alone. In Naples matters

* J. W. Mario.

went even worse than in Sicily, for here Bourbonism soon showed its head under the frock of the priesthood, and Muratism scented a new chance. The peasantry, deplorably poor and truly ignorant, began to adhere to those who could offer a strong, definite lead, namely, the clergy and the aristocrats. Piedmont was not liked: northern ideas and methods were deeply and actively disliked, and strong reaction in favour of the Bourbons was the outward and visible sign of this aversion rather than evidence of any positive love for the fallen House. In the towns, where of course the liberals were mostly to be found, the men who could best help in a real settlement quickly became angered and disgusted by a policy which found fitting expression in the attempt to suppress Garibaldi's Hymn. Everywhere the pioneers of the new Italy—the men who had bled and suffered to force on Unity, were seen, by the few who honoured them, to be officially slighted when present and persistently discounted when absent. The King hardly showed himself during the time he remained in Naples, so failed to impress the popular imagination as the Symbol of an Italy one and indivisible. The Lieutenants chosen by his Government were unfortunately selected: promises made were, or seemed to be broken, and in a situation that pre-eminently demanded a sympathetic one-man rule, things could but go for a long time, from bad to worse. The work of Mazzini was not yet over.

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